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OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

T. WARTON.

Whence various scenes and prospects wide below,
Still teach his musing mind with fancies high to glow.

Ode 2. Morning.

Drawn by Rich.d Westall R.A. *Engraved by N. Schiavonetti.*

Published 1.st Jan.y 1809, by John Sharpe; Piccadilly.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS;

INCLUDING THE MOST ESTEEMED

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

The Greek and Roman Authors.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, F.S.A.

VOL. XXVII.

CONTAINING

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AND SMOLLETT, BRUCE, AND LOGAN.

LONDON:

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1818.

THE

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OF

THOMAS WARTON, B.D.

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ENCOMIUMS ON THOMAS WARTON.

FROM HUDDESFORD'S SALMAGUNDI.

MARK the career of Rhedycina's bard!—
Glean'd from antiquity's exhaustless mine,
He bade the gems of science brighter shine;
His care retriev'd each venerable name
Reft by oblivion from the rolls of fame,
And with new glory crown'd the strains sublime
That echoed from the harps of elder time.
'Twas his, 'midst mouldering palms of chivalry,
To braid the deathless blooms of Poësy;
On learning's gloom the rays of taste to pour,
And gild with genuine wit the social hour;
Affection and applause alike he shar'd,
All lov'd the man, all venerate the Bard:
Ev'n prejudice his fate afflicted hears,
And letter'd Envy sheds reluctant tears.
Of genius, taste, philanthropy, and sense,
Candour and wit—behold the recompense!
No sinecure, no venerable stall,
He fills, o'er-canopied with crimson pall,
No choir obsequious waits his dread commands,
Where supple vergers pace with silver wands;
Where soft reclines in velvet pomp supreme,
Divinity, entranc'd in mitrous dream,
No coin his meed—for classics' fobs unfit—
For, ah! what fellowship has wealth with wit!
Such worth the laurel could alone repay,
Profan'd by Cibber, and contemn'd by Gray;
Yet hence its wreath shall new distinction claim,
And, though it gave not, take from WARTON fame!

FROM POEMS BY GENTLEMEN OF DEVON AND CORNWALL.

PENSIVE around the common-room,
While WARTON 'snuffs his pipe's perfume;'
Too oft the College-Head, whose name
Can never grace the rolls of Fame,
Struts dignified—with not a sprig
Of bay-leaves stuck about his wig!
"Lo there (indignant Genius cries)
In yon clipt shade a WARTON lies!
How oft, while Eve her landscape drew,
He hail'd my steps to yonder yew!
For him I wove, in Fancy's loom,
A texture of perennial bloom!
For him, with joy the' assembled Nine
Their amplest wreath conspir'd to twine!
Yet what, alas! but idle praise,
Rewards my sweetest minstrel's lays?"

FROM AVON.—A POEM.

WHILE Cam's bright honours courtly bards rehearse,
Chaste Isis triumphs in her WARTON's verse:
Hears every Græcian, every Latian rill,
Their murmurs soften'd by the Muses' skill.

THE

TRIUMPH OF ISIS,

OCCASIONED BY

ISIS, AN ELEGY. 1749.

Quid mihi nescio quam, proprio cum Tybride, Romam
Semper in ore geris? Referunt si vera parentes,
Hanc urbem insano nullus qui marte petivit,
Lætatus violasse redit. Nec numina sedem
Destituunt.—— CLAUDIAN.

On closing flowers when genial gales diffuse
The fragrant tribute of refreshing dews,
When chants the milk-maid at her balmy pail,
And weary reapers whistle o'er the vale;
Charm'd by the murmurs of the quivering shade,
O'er Isis' willow-fringed banks I stray'd;
And calmly musing through the twilight way,
In pensive mood I fram'd the doric lay.
When lo! from opening clouds a golden gleam
Pour'd sudden splendors o'er the shadowy stream;
And from the wave arose it's guardian queen,
Known by her sweeping stole of glossy green;
While in the coral crown, that bound her brow,
Was wove the delphic laurel's verdant bough.
As the smooth surface of the dimply flood
The silver-slipper'd virgin lightly trod;
From her loose hair the dropping dew she press'd,
And thus mine ear in accents mild address'd:

'No more, my son, the rural reed employ,
Nor trill the tinkling strain of empty joy;
No more thy love-resounding sonnets suit
To notes of pastoral pipe, or oaten flute.
For hark! high-thron'd on yon majestic walls,
To the dear Muse afflicted Freedom calls:
When Freedom calls, and Oxford bids thee sing,
Why stays thy hand to strike the sounding string?
While thus, in Freedom's and in Phœbus' spite,
The venal sons of slavish Cam unite;
To shake yon towers when Malice rears her crest,
Shall all my sons in silence idly rest? [cause;
'Still sing, O Cam, your favourite Freedom's
Still boast of Freedom, while you break her laws:
To power your songs of gratulation pay,
To courts address soft flattery's servile lay.
What though your gentle Mason's plaintive verse
Has hung with sweetest wreaths Musæus' herse;
What though your vaunted bard's ingenuous woe,
Soft as my stream, in tuneful numbers flow;
Yet strove his Muse, by fame or envy led,
To tear the laurels from a sister's head?—
Misguided youth! with rude unclassic rage
To blot the beauties of thy whiter page!
A rage that sullies e'en thy guiltless lays,
And blasts the vernal bloom of half thy bays.
'Let Granta[1] boast the patrons of her name,
Each splendid fool of fortune and of fame:
Still of preferment let her shine the queen,
Prolific parent of each bowing dean:
Be her's each prelate of the pamper'd cheek,
Each courtly chaplain, sanctified and sleek:

[1] Cambridge. The Saxon name of the town was Grantan Bridge, or Granta Bridge.

Still let the drones of her exhaustless hive
On rich pluralities supinely thrive:
Still let her senates titled slaves revere,
Nor dare to know the patriot from the peer;
No longer charm'd by Virtue's lofty song,
Once heard sage Milton's manly tones among,
Where Cam, meandering through the matted reeds,
With loitering wave his groves of laurel feeds.
'Tis ours, my son, to deal the sacred bay,
Where Honour calls, and Justice points the way;
To wear the well-earn'd wreath that merit brings,
And snatch a gift beyond the reach of kings.
Scorning and scorn'd by courts, yon Muse's bower
Still nor enjoys, nor seeks, the smile of power.
Though wakeful Vengeance watch my crystal spring,
Though Persecution wave her iron wing,
And, o'er yon spiry temples as she flies,
'These destin'd seats be mine,' exulting cries;
Fortune's fair smiles on Isis still attend:
And, as the dews of gracious Heaven descend
Unask'd, unseen, in still but copious showers,
Her stores on me spontaneous Bounty pours.
See, Science walks with recent chaplets crown'd;
With fancy's strain my fairy shades resound;
My Muse divine still keeps her 'custom'd state,
The mien erect, and high majestic gait:
Green, as of old, each oliv'd portal smiles,
And still the Graces build my Grecian piles:
My Gothic spires in ancient glory rise,
And dare with wonted pride to rush into the skies.
'Ev'n late, when Radcliffe's delegated train
Auspicious shone in Isis' happy plain[2];

[2] The Radcliffe Library was dedicated on the 13th of April, 1749; the same year in which this poem was written.

When yon proud dome, fair Learning's amplest
Beneath its Attic roofs receiv'd the Nine; [shrine,
Was Rapture mute, or ceas'd the glad acclaim,
To Radcliffe due, and Isis' honour'd name?
What free-born crowds adorn'd the festive-day,
Nor blush'd to wear my tributary bay!
How each brave breast with honest ardors heav'd,
When Sheldon's fane [3] the patriot band receiv'd;
While, as we loudly hail'd the chosen few,
Rome's awful senate rush'd upon the view!

'O may the day in latest annals shine,
That made a Beaufort and a Harley mine:
That bade them leave the loftier scene awhile,
The pomp of guiltless state, the patriot toil,
For bleeding Albion's aid the sage design,
To hold short dalliance with the tuneful Nine.
Then Music left her silver sphere on high,
And bore each strain of triumph from the sky;
Swell'd the loud song, and to my chiefs around
Pour'd the full pæans of mellifluous sound.
My naiads blithe the dying accents caught,
And listening danc'd beneath their pearly grot:
In gentler eddies play'd my conscious wave,
And all my reeds their softest whispers gave;
Each lay with brighter green adorn'd my bowers,
And breathed a fresher fragrance on my flowers.

'But, lo! at once the pealing concerts cease,
And crowded theatres are hush'd in peace.
See, on yon sage how all attentive stand,
To catch his darting eye, and waving hand.
Hark! he begins, with all a Tully's art,
To pour the dictates of a Cato's heart:

[3] The theatre, built by Abp. Sheldon about 1670.

Skill'd to pronounce what noblest thoughts inspire,
He blends the speaker's with the patriot's fire;
Bold to conceive, nor timorous to conceal,
What Britons dare to think, he dares to tell.
'Tis his alike the ear and eye to charm,
To win with action, and with sense to warm;
Untaught in flowery periods to dispense
The lulling sounds of sweet impertinence:
In frowns or smiles he gains an equal prize,
Nor meanly fears to fall, nor creeps to rise;
Bids happier days to Albion be restor'd,
Bids ancient Justice rear her radiant sword;
From me, as from my country, claims applause,
And makes an Oxford's, a Britannia's cause.

'While arms like these my stedfast sages wield,
While mine is Truth's impenetrable shield;
Say, shall the puny champion fondly dare
To wage, with force like this, scholastic war?
Still vainly scribble on with pert pretence,
With all the rage of pedant impotence?
Say, shall I foster this domestic pest,
This parricide, that wounds a mother's breast?

'Thus in some gallant ship, that long has bore
Britain's victorious cross from shore to shore,
By chance, beneath her close sequester'd cells,
Some low-born worm, a lurking mischief dwells;
Eats his blind way, and saps with secret guile
The deep foundations of the floating pile:
In vain the forest lent its stateliest pride,
Rear'd her tall mast, and fram'd her knotty side;
The martial thunder's rage in vain she stood,
With every conflict of the stormy flood;
More sure the reptile's little arts devour,
Than wars, or waves, or Eurus' wintry power.

'Ye fretted pinnacles, ye fanes sublime,
Ye towers that wear the mossy vest of time;
Ye massy piles of old munificence,
At once the pride of learning and defence;
Ye cloisters pale, that, lengthening to the sight,
To contemplation, step by step, invite;
Ye high-arch'd walks, where oft the whispers clear
Of harps unseen have swept the poet's ear;
Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays
Her holy hymns of ever-echoing praise;
Lo! your lov'd Isis, from the bordering vale,
With all a mother's fondness bids you hail!—
Hail, Oxford, hail! of all that's good and great,
Of all that's fair, the guardian and the seat;
Nurse of each brave pursuit, each generous aim,
By truth exalted to the throne of fame!
Like Greece in science and in liberty,
As Athens learn'd, as Lacedemon free!

'Ev'n now, confess'd to my adoring eyes,
In awful ranks thy gifted sons arise.
Tuning to knightly tale his British reeds,
Thy genuine bards immortal Chaucer leads:
His hoary head o'erlooks the gazing quire,
And beams on all around celestial fire.
With graceful step see Addison advance,
The sweetest child of Attic elegance:
See Chillingworth the depths of doubt explore,
And Selden ope the rolls of ancient lore:
To all but his belov'd embrace denied,
See Locke lead Reason, his majestic bride:
See Hammond pierce Religion's golden mine,
And spread the treasur'd stores of truth divine.

'All who to Albion gave the arts of peace,
And best the labours plann'd of letter'd ease:

Who taught with truth, or with persuasion mov'd;
Who sooth'd with numbers, or with sense improv'd;
Who rang'd the powers of reason, or refin'd,
All that adorn'd or humaniz'd the mind;
Each priest of health, that mix'd the balmy bowl,
To rear frail man, and stay the fleeting soul;
All crowd around, and echoing to the sky,
'Hail, Oxford, hail!' with filial transport cry.
'And see yon sapient train! with liberal aim,
'Twas theirs new plans of liberty to frame;
And on the gothic gloom of slavish sway
To shed the dawn of intellectual day.
With mild debate each musing feature glows,
And well-weigh'd counsels mark their meaning [brows.
'Lo! these the leaders of thy patriot line;'
A Raleigh, Hampden, and a Somers shine.
These from thy source the bold contagion caught,
Their future sons the great example taught:
While in each youth the' hereditary flame
Still blazes, unextinguish'd and the same!
'Nor all the tasks of thoughtful peace engage,
'Tis thine to form the hero as the sage.
I see the sable-suited Prince advance
With lilies crown'd, the spoils of bleeding France,
Edward[4]! The Muses, in yon cloister'd shade,
Bound on his maiden thigh the martial blade;
Bade him the steel for British freedom draw,
And Oxford taught the deeds that Cressy saw.
'And see, great Father of the sacred band,
The Patriot King[5] before me seems to stand.

[4] Edward the Black Prince, was a member of Queen's College.

[5] Alfred: to whom tradition ascribes the foundation of the university of Oxford.

He by the bloom of this gay vale beguil'd,
That cheer'd with lively green the shaggy wild,
Hither of yore, forlorn forgotten maid,
The Muse in prattling infancy convey'd;
From vandal rage the helpless virgin bore,
And fix'd her cradle on my friendly shore:
Soon grew the maid beneath his fostering hand,
Soon stream'd her blessings o'er the' enlighten'd
land.
Though simple was the dome where first to dwell
She deign'd, and rude her early Saxon cell,
Lo! now she holds her state in sculptur'd bowers,
And proudly lifts to Heaven her hundred towers.
'Twas Alfred first, with letters and with laws,
Adorn'd, as he advanc'd, his country's cause:
He bade relent the Briton's stubborn soul,
And sooth'd to soft society's controul
A rough untutor'd age. With raptur'd eye,
Elate he views his laurell'd progeny:
Serene he smiles to find, that not in vain
He form'd the rudiments of learning's reign:
Himself he marks in each ingenuous breast,
With all the founder in the race exprest:
Conscious he sees fair Freedom still survive
In yon bright domes, ill-fated fugitive!
(Glorious, as when the goddess pour'd the beam
Unsullied on his ancient diadem;)
Well-pleas'd, that at his own Pierian springs
She rests her weary feet, and plumes her wings;
That here at last she takes her destin'd stand,
Here deigns to linger, ere she leave the land.'

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF

FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES. 1751.

O FOR the warblings of the doric ote, [tide!
That wept the youth deep-whelm'd in ocean's
Or Mulla's muse, who chang'd her magic note
To chant how dear the laurell'd Sidney died!
Then should my woes in worthy strain be sung,
And with due cypress-crown thy herse, O Frederic! hung.

But though my novice-hands are all too weak
To grasp the sounding pipe, my voice unskill'd
The tuneful phrase of poesy to speak,
Uncouth the cadence of my carols wild;
A nation's tears shall teach my song to trace
The Prince that deck'd his crown with every milder grace.

How well he knew to turn from flattery's shrine,
To drop the sweeping pall of sceptred pride;
Led by calm thought to paths of eglantine,
And rural walks on Isis' tufted side;
To rove at large amid the landscapes still, [hill!
Where Contemplation sate on Clifden's beech-clad

How, lock'd in pure affection's golden band,
Through sacred wedlock's unambitious ways,
With even step he walk'd, and constant hand,
His temples binding with domestic bays:
Rare pattern of the chaste connubial knot,
Firm in a palace kept, as in the clay-built cot!

How with discerning choice, to nature true,
He cropp'd the simple flowers, or violet,
Or crocus-bud, that with ambrosial hue
The banks of silver Helicon beset:
Nor seldom wak'd the Muse's living lyre
To sounds that call'd around Aonia's listening quire!

How to the Few with sparks ethereal stor'd,
He never barr'd his castle's genial gate, [board,
But bade sweet Thomson share the friendly
Soothing with verse divine the toil of state!
Hence fir'd, the Bard forsook the flowery plain,
And deck'd the regal masque, and tried the tragic strain.

ON THE DEATH OF

KING GEORGE THE SECOND.

TO MR. SECRETARY PITT[1]. 1761.

So stream the sorrows that embalm the brave,
The tears that Science sheds on Glory's grave!
So pure the vows which classic duty pays,
To bless another Brunswick's rising rays!
O Pitt! if chosen strains have power to steal
Thy watchful breast awhile from Britain's weal;
If votive verse from sacred Isis sent
Might hope to charm thy manly mind, intent
On patriot plans, which ancient freedom drew,
Awhile with fond attention deign to view

[1] Afterwards Earl of Chatham. This and the two following poems close the collections of Oxford Verses on their respective occasions; and were written while the Author was Poetry-Professor.

This ample wreath, which all the' assembled Nine
With skill united have conspir'd to twine.
Yes, guide and guardian of thy country's cause!
Thy conscious heart shall hail with just applause
The duteous Muse, whose haste officious brings
Her blameless offering to the shrine of kings:
Thy tongue, well tutor'd in historic lore,
Can speak her office and her use of yore:
For such the tribute of ingenuous praise
Her harp dispens'd in Grecia's golden days;
Such were the palms, in isles of old renown,
She cull'd, to deck the guiltless monarch's crown;
When virtuous Pindar told, with Tuscan gore
How scepter'd Hiero [2] stain'd Sicilia's shore,
Or to mild Theron's [3] raptur'd eye disclos'd
Bright vales, where spirits of the brave repos'd:
Yet still beneath the throne, unbrib'd, she sate,
The decent handmaid, not the slave of state;
Pleas'd in the radiance of the regal name
To blend the lustre of her country's fame:
For, taught like ours, she dar'd, with prudent pride,
Obedience from dependence to divide:
Though princes claim'd her tributary lays,
With truth severe she temper'd partial praise;
Conscious she kept her native dignity,
Bold as her flights, and as her numbers free.
And sure if e'er the Muse indulg'd her strains,
With just regard to grace heroic reigns,

[2] Hiero was Tyrant of Syracuse, about 500 years before Christ. His victories at the Grecian-games are the subjects of the 1st Olympic, and of the 1st, 2d, and 3d Pythian Odes of Pindar.

[3] Theron was Tyrant of Agrigentum; his victories are celebrated in the 2d and 3d Olympic Odes.

Where could her glance a theme of triumph own
So dear to fame—as George's trophied throne?
At whose firm base, thy stedfast soul aspires
To wake a mighty nation's ancient fires:
Aspires to baffle Faction's specious claim,
Rouse England's rage, and give her thunder aim.
Once more the main her conquering banners sweep,
Again her commerce darkens all the deep.
Thy fix'd resolve renews each firm decree
That made, that kept of yore, thy country free.
Call'd by thy voice, nor deaf to war's alarms,
Its willing youth the rural empire arms:
Again the lords of Albion's cultur'd plains
March the firm leaders of their faithful swains;
As erst stout archers, from the farm or fold,
Flam'd in the van of many a baron bold.
Nor thine the pomp of indolent debate,
The war of words, the sophistries of state;
Nor frigid caution checks thy free design,
Nor stops thy stream of eloquence divine:
For thine the privilege, on few bestow'd,
To feel, to think, to speak, for public good.
In vain Corruption calls her venal tribes;
One common cause one common end prescribes:
Nor fear nor fraud, or spares or screens the foe,
But spirit prompts, and valour strikes, the blow.
O Pitt! while honour points thy liberal plan,
And o'er the minister exalts the man,
Isis congenial greets thy faithful sway,
Nor scorns to bid a statesman grace her lay.
For 'tis not hers, by false connexions drawn,
At splendid Slavery's sordid shrine to fawn:
Each native effort of the feeling breast,
To friends, to foes, in equal fear, suppress:

'Tis not for her to purchase or pursue
The phantom-favours of the cringing crew.
More useful toils her studious hours engage,
And fairer lessons fill her spotless page.
Beneath ambition, but above disgrace,
With nobler arts she forms the rising race.
With happier tasks, and less refin'd pretence,
In elder times, she woo'd Munificence
To rear her arched roofs in regal guise,
And lift her temples nearer to the skies;
Princes and prelates stretch'd the social hand,
To form, diffuse, and fix her high command:
From kings she claim'd, yet scorn'd to seek the prize;
From kings, like George, benignant, just, and wise!
Lo, this her genuine lore.—Nor thou refuse
This humble present of no partial Muse,
From that calm bower[4], which nurs'd thy thoughtful youth
In the pure precepts of Athenian truth;
Where first the form of British Liberty
Beam'd in full radiance on thy musing eye;
That form, whose mien sublime, with equal awe,
In the same shade unblemish'd Somers saw:
Where once (for well she lov'd the friendly grove
Which every classic grace had learn'd to rove)
Her whispers wak'd sage Harrington, to feign
The blessings of her visionary reign;
That reign, which now no more, an empty theme,
Adorns Philosophy's ideal dream,
But crowns at last, beneath a George's smile,
In full reality, this favour'd isle.

[4] Trinity-College, Oxford: in which also Lord Somers, and James Harrington, author of the Oceana, were educated. W.

ON THE

MARRIAGE OF THE KING. 1761.

TO HER MAJESTY.

When first the kingdom to thy virtues due,
Rose from the billowy deep in distant view;
When Albion's isle, old Ocean's peerless pride,
Tower'd in imperial state above the tide;
What bright ideas of the new domain
Form'd the fair prospect of thy promis'd reign!
And well with conscious joy thy breast might beat,
That Albion was ordain'd thy regal seat:
Lo! this the land, where Freedom's sacred rage
Has glow'd untam'd through many a martial age.
Here patriot Alfred, stain'd with Danish blood,
Rear'd on one base the king's, the people's good:
Here Henry's archers fram'd the stubborn bow,
That laid Alanzon's haughty helmet low;
Here wak'd the flame, that still superior braves
The proudest threats of Gaul's ambitious slaves:
Here Chivalry, stern school of valour old,
Her noblest feats of knightly fame enroll'd;
Heroic champions caught the clarion's call,
And throng'd the feast in Edward's banner'd hall;
While chiefs, like George, approv'd in worth alone,
Unlock'd chaste beauty's adamantine zone.
Lo! the fam'd isle, which hails thy chosen sway,
What fertile fields her temperate suns display!
Where Property secures the conscious swain,
And guards, while Plenty gives, the golden grain:
Hence with ripe stores her villages abound,
Her airy downs with scatter'd sheep resound;

Fresh are her pastures with unceasing rills,
And future navies crown her darksome hills.
To bear her formidable glory far,
Behold her opulence of hoarded war!
See, from her ports a thousand banners stream;
On every coast her vengeful lightnings gleam!
Meantime, remote from Ruin's armed hand,
In peaceful majesty her cities stand;
Whose splendid domes, and busy streets, declare,
Their firmest fort, a king's parental care.

And O! blest Queen, if e'er the magic powers
Of warbled truth have won thy musing hours;
Here Poësy, from awful days of yore,
Has pour'd her genuine gifts of raptur'd lore.
Mid oaken bowers, with holy verdure wreath'd,
In druid-songs her solemn spirit breath'd:
While cunning bards at ancient banquets sung
Of paynim foes defied, and trophies hung.
Here Spenser tun'd his mystic minstrelsy,
And dress'd in fairy robes a Queen like thee.
Here, boldly mark'd with every living hue,
Nature's unbounded portrait Shakspeare drew:
But chief, the dreadful group of human woes
The daring artist's tragic pencil chose;
Explor'd the pangs that rend the royal breast,
Those wounds that lurk beneath the tissued vest!
Lo! this the land, whence Milton's muse of fire
High soar'd, to steal from Heaven a seraph's lyre;
And told the golden ties of wedded love
In sacred Eden's amaranthine grove.

Thine too, majestic Bride, the favour'd clime,
Where Science sits enshrin'd in roofs sublime.
O mark, how green her wood of ancient bays
O'er Isis' marge in many a chaplet strays!

Thither, if haply some distinguish'd flower
Of these mix'd blooms, from that ambrosial bower,
Might catch thy glance, and rich in Nature's hue,
Entwine thy diadem with honour due;
If seemly gifts the train of Phœbus pay,
To deck imperial Hymen's festive day;
Thither thyself shall haste, and mildly deign
To tread with nymph-like step the conscious plain;
Pleas'd in the muse's nook, with decent pride,
To throw the sceptred pall of state aside:
Nor from the shade shall George be long away,
That claims Charlotta's love, and courts her stay.
These are Britannia's praises. Deign to trace
With rapt reflection Freedom's favourite race!
But though the generous isle, in arts and arms,
Thus stand supreme, in nature's choicest charms;
Though George and Conquest guard her sea-girt throne,
One happier blessing still she calls her own;
And, proud to cull the fairest wreath of Fame,
Crowns her chief honours with a Charlotte's name.

ON THE BIRTH OF

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

(WRITTEN AFTER THE INSTALLATION AT WINDSOR, IN 1762.)

Imperial dome of Edward, wise and brave!
Where warlike Honour's brightest banners wave;
At whose proud tilts, unmatch'd for hardy deeds,
Heroic kings have frown'd on barbed steeds:

Though now no more thy crested chiefs advance
In arm'd array, nor grasp the glittering lance;
Though Knighthood boasts the martial pomp no
That grac'd its gorgeous festivals of yore; [more,
Say, conscious dome, if e'er thy marshall'd knights
So nobly deck'd their old majestic rites,
As when, high thron'd amid thy trophied shrine,
George shone the leader of the garter'd line?
Yet future triumphs, Windsor, still remain;
Still may thy bowers receive as brave a train:
For lo! to Britain and her favour'd Pair,
Heaven's high command has sent a sacred heir!
Him the bold pattern of his patriot-sire
Shall fill with early fame's immortal fire:
In life's fresh spring, ere buds the promis'd prime,
His thoughts shall mount to virtue's meed sublime:
The patriot-sire shall catch, with sure presage,
Each liberal omen of his opening age;
Then to thy courts shall lead, with conscious joy,
In stripling beauty's bloom, the princely boy;
There firmly wreathe the braid of heavenly die,
True valour's badge, around his tender thigh.
Meantime, thy royal piles that rise elate
With many an antique tower, in massy state,
In the young champion's musing mind shall raise
Vast images of Albion's elder days.
While, as around his eager glance explores
Thy chambers, rough with war's constructed stores,
Rude helms, and bruised shields, barbaric spoils
Of ancient chivalry's undaunted toils;
Amid the dusky trappings, hung on high,
Young Edward's sable mail shall strike his eye;
Shall fire the youth, to crown his riper years
With rival Cressys, and a new Poitiers;

On the same wall, the same triumphal base,
His own victorious monuments to place.
  Nor can a fairer kindred title move
His emulative age to glory's love
Than Edward, laureate prince. In letter'd truth,
Oxford, sage mother, school'd his studious youth:
Her simple institutes, and rigid lore,
The royal nursling unreluctant bore;
Nor shunn'd, at pensive eve, with lonesome pace
The cloister's moonlight-chequer'd floor to trace;
Nor scorn'd to mark the sun, at matins due,
Stream through the storied window's holy hue.
  And O, young Prince! be thine his moral praise;
Nor seek in fields of blood his warrior bays.
War has its charms terrific. Far and wide
When stands the' embattled host in banner'd pride;
O'er the vext plain when the shrill clangors run,
And the long phalanx flashes in the sun;
When now no dangers of the deathful day
Mar the bright scene, nor break the firm array;
Full oft, too rashly glows with fond delight
The youthful breast, and asks the future fight;
Nor knows that Horror's form, a spectre wan,
Stalks, yet unseen, along the gleamy van.
  May no such rage be thine: no dazzling ray
Of specious fame thy stedfast feet betray:
Be thine domestic glory's radiant calm,
Be thine the sceptre wreath'd with many a palm!
Be thine the throne with peaceful emblems hung,
The silver lyre to milder conquest strung!
  Instead of glorious feats achiev'd in arms,
Bid rising arts display their mimic charms!
Just to thy country's fame, in tranquil days,
Record the past, and rouse to future praise:

Before the public eye, in breathing brass,
Bid thy fam'd father's mighty triumphs pass:
Swell the broad arch with haughty Cuba's fall,
And clothe with Minden's plain the' historic hall.
Then mourn not, Edward's dome, thine ancient [boast,
Thy tournaments, and listed combats lost!
From Arthur's board, no more, proud castle, mourn
Adventurous Valour's gothic trophies torn!
Those elfin charms, that held in magic night
Its elder fame, and dimm'd its genuine light,
At length dissolve in Truth's meridian ray,
And the bright Order bursts to perfect day:
The mystic round, begirt with bolder peers,
On Virtue's base its rescued glory rears;
Sees Civil Prowess mightier acts achieve,
Sees meek Humanity distress relieve;
Adopts the Worth that bids the conflict cease,
And claims its honours from the Chiefs of Peace.

ON

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS' PAINTED WINDOW,

AT NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD. 1782.

'Ah, stay thy treacherous hand, forbear to trace
Those faultless forms of elegance and grace!
Ah, cease to spread the bright transparent mass,
With Titian's pencil, o'er the speaking glass!
Nor steal, by strokes of art with truth combin'd,
The fond illusions of my wayward mind:
For long, enamour'd of a barbarous age,
A faithless truant to the classic page;

Long have I lov'd to catch the simple chime
Of minstrel-harps, and spell the fabling rhyme;
To view the festive rites, the knightly play,
That deck'd heroic Albion's elder day;
To mark the mouldering halls of barons bold,
And the rough castle, cast in giant mould;
With gothic manners gothic arts explore,
And muse on the magnificence of yore.

'But chief, enraptur'd have I lov'd to roam,
A lingering votary, the vaulted dome,
Where the tall shafts, that mount in massy pride,
Their mingling branches shoot from side to side;
Where elfin sculptors, with fantastic clew,
O'er the long roof their wild embroidery drew;
Where Superstition with capricious hand
In many a maze the wreathed window plann'd,
With hues romantic ting'd the gorgeous pane,
To fill with holy light the wondrous fane;
To aid the builder's model, richly rude,
By no Vitruvian symmetry subdued;
To suit the genius of the mystic pile:
Whilst as around the far-retiring aisle,
And fretted shrines, with hoary trophies hung,
Her dark illumination wide she flung,
With new solemnity, the nooks profound,
The caves of death, and the dim arches frown'd.
From bliss long felt unwillingly we part:
Ah, spare the weakness of a lover's heart!
Chase not the phantoms of my fairy dream,
Phantoms that shrink at Reason's painful gleam!
That softer touch, insidious artist, stay,
Nor to new joys my struggling breast betray!'

Such was a pensive bard's mistaken strain.—
But, oh, of ravish'd pleasures why complain?

No more the matchless skill I call unkind,
That strives to disenchant my cheated mind,
For when again I view thy chaste design,
The just proportion, and the genuine line;
Those native portraitures of Attic art,
That from the lucid surface seem to start;
Those tints, that steal no glories from the day,
Nor ask the sun to lend his streaming ray:
The doubtful radiance of contending dyes,
That faintly mingle, yet distinctly rise;
'Twixt light and shade the transitory strife;
The feature blooming with immortal life:
The stole in casual foldings taught to flow,
Not with ambitious ornaments to glow;
The tread majestic, and the beaming eye,
That lifted, speaks its commerce with the sky;
Heaven's golden emanation, gleaming mild
O'er the mean cradle of the Virgin's child:
Sudden, the sombrous imagery is fled,
Which late my visionary rapture fed:
Thy powerful hand has broke the gothic chain,
And brought my bosom back to truth again;
To truth, by no peculiar taste confin'd,
Whose universal pattern strikes mankind;
To truth, whose bold and unresisted aim
Checks frail caprice, and fashion's fickle claim;
To truth, whose charms deception's magic quell,
And bind coy Fancy in a stronger spell.

Ye brawny Prophets, that in robes so rich,
At distance due, possess the crisped nich;
Ye rows of Patriarchs, that sublimely rear'd
Diffuse a proud primeval length of beard:
Ye Saints, who, clad in crimson's bright array,
More pride than humble poverty display:

Ye Virgins meek, that wear the palmy crown
Of patient faith, and yet so fiercely frown:
Ye Angels, that from clouds of gold recline,
But boast no semblance to a race divine:
Ye Tragic Tales of legendary lore,
That draw devotion's ready tear no more;
Ye Martyrdoms of unenlighten'd days,
Ye Miracles, that now no wonder raise:
Shapes, that with one broad glare the gazer strike,
Kings, Bishops, Nuns, Apostles, all alike!
Ye Colours, that the' unwary sight amaze,
And only dazzle in the noontide blaze!
No more the sacred window's round disgrace,
But yield to Grecian groups the shining space.
Lo, from the canvass Beauty shifts her throne,
Lo, Picture's powers a new formation own!
Behold, she prints upon the crystal plain,
With her own energy, the' expressive stain!
The mighty Master spreads his mimic toil
More wide, nor only blends the breathing oil;
But calls the lineaments of life complete
From genial alchymy's creative heat;
Obedient forms to the bright fusion gives,
While in the warm enamel Nature lives.
  Reynolds, 'tis thine, from the broad window's height,
To add new lustre to religious light:
Not of its pomp to strip this ancient shrine,
But bid that pomp with purer radiance shine:
With arts unknown before, to reconcile
The willing Graces to the gothic pile.

MONODY,

WRITTEN NEAR STRATFORD UPON AVON.

Avon! thy rural views, thy pastures wild,
The willows that o'erhang thy twilight edge,
Their boughs entangling with the' embattled sedge;
Thy brink with watery foliage quaintly fring'd,
Thy surface with reflected verdure ting'd;
Soothe me with many a pensive pleasure mild.
But while I muse, that here the bard divine,
Whose sacred dust yon high-arch'd aisles inclose,
Where the tall windows rise in stately rows
Above the' embowering shade,
Here first, at Fancy's fairy-circled shrine,
Of daisies pied his infant-offering made;
Here playful yet, in stripling years unripe,
Fram'd of thy reeds a shrill and artless pipe:
Sudden thy beauties, Avon, all are fled,
As at the waving of some magic wand;
An holy trance my charmed spirit wings,
And awful shapes of warriors and of kings
People the busy mead,
Like spectres swarming to the wisard's hall;
And slowly pace, and point with trembling hand
The wounds ill-cover'd by the purple pall.
Before me Pity seems to stand,
A weeping mourner, smote with anguish sore,
To see Misfortune rend in frantic mood
His robe, with regal woes embroider'd o'er.
Pale Terror leads the visionary band,
And sternly shakes his sceptre, dropping blood.

THE
PLEASURES OF MELANCHOLY. 1745.

———Præcipe lugubres
Cantus, Melpomene!———

MOTHER of musings, Contemplation sage,
Whose grotto stands upon the topmost rock
Of Teneriff; 'mid the tempestuous night,
On which, in calmest mediation held,
Thou hear'st with howling winds the beating rain
And drifting hail descend; or if the skies
Unclouded shine, and through the blue serene
Pale Cynthia rolls her silver-axled car,
Whence gazing stedfast on the spangled vault
Raptur'd thou sitt'st, while murmurs indistinct
Of distant billows soothe thy pensive ear
With hoarse and hollow sounds; secure, self-blest,
There oft thou listen'st to the wild uproar
Of fleets encountering, that in whispers low
Ascends the rocky summit, where thou dwell'st
Remote from man, conversing with the spheres!
O lead me, queen sublime, to solemn glooms
Congenial with my soul; to cheerless shades,
To ruin'd seats, to twilight cells and bow'rs,
Where thoughtful Melancholy loves to muse,
Her favourite midnight haunts. The laughing scenes
Of purple Spring, where all the wanton train
Of Smiles and Graces seem to lead the dance
In sportive round, while from their hands they show'r
Ambrosial blooms and flowers, no longer charm.
Tempé, no more I court thy balmy breeze,
Adieu, green vales! ye broider'd meads, adieu!

Beneath yon ruin'd abbeys moss-grown piles
Oft let me sit, at twilight hour of eve,
Where through some western window the pale moon
Pours her long-levell'd rule of streaming light;
While sullen sacred silence reigns around, [bow'r
Save the lone screech-owl's note, who builds his
Amid the mouldering caverns dark and damp,
Or the calm breeze, that rustles in the leaves
Of flaunting ivy, that with mantle green
Invests some wasted tower. Or let me tread
Its neighbouring walk of pines, where mus'd of old
The cloister'd brothers: through the gloomy void,
That far extends beneath their ample arch,
As on I pace, religious horror wraps
My soul in dread repose. But when the world
Is clad in Midnight's raven-colour'd robe,
'Mid hollow charnel let me watch the flame
Of taper dim, shedding a livid glare
O'er the wan heaps; while airy voices talk
Along the glimmering walls; or ghostly shape
At distance seen, invites with beckoning hand
My lonesome steps, through the far-winding vaults.
Nor undelightful is the solemn noon
Of night, when haply wakeful from my couch
I start: lo, all is motionless around!
Roars not the rushing wind; the sons of men
And every beast in mute oblivion lie;
All nature's hush'd in silence and in sleep.
O then how fearful is it to reflect,
That through the still globe's awful solitude,
No being wakes but me! till stealing sleep
My drooping temples bathes in opiate dews.
Nor then let dreams, of wanton folly born,
My senses lead through flowery paths of joy;

But let the sacred Genius of the night
Such mystic visions send, as Spenser saw,
When through bewildering Fancy's magic maze,
To the fell house of Busyrane, he led
The' unshaken Britomart; or Milton knew,
When in abstracted thought he first conceiv'd
All Heaven in tumult, and the Seraphim
Come towering, arm'd in adamant and gold.
Let others love soft Summer's evening smiles,
As listening to the distant water-fall,
They mark the blushes of the streaky west:
I choose the pale December's foggy glooms.
Then, when the sullen shades of evening close,
Where through the room a blindly-glimmering gleam
The dying embers scatter, far remote [roof
From Mirth's mad shouts, that through the' illumin'd
Resound with festive echo, let me sit,
Blest with the lowly cricket's drowsy dirge.
Then let my thought contemplative explore
This fleeting state of things, the vain delights,
The fruitless toils, that still our search elude,
As through the wilderness of life we rove.
This sober hour of silence will unmask
False Folly's smile, that like the dazzling spells
Of wily Comus cheat the' unweeting eye
With blear illusion, and persuade to drink
That charmed cup, which Reason's mintage fair
Unmoulds, and stamps the monster on the man.
Eager we taste, but in the luscious draught
Forget the poisonous dregs that lurk beneath.
Few know that elegance of soul refin'd,
Whose soft sensation feels a quicker joy
From Melancholy's scenes, than the dull pride
Of tasteless splendor and magnificence

Can e'er afford. Thus Eloise, whose mind
Had languish'd to the pangs of melting love,
More genuine transport found, as on some tomb
Reclin'd, she watch'd the tapers of the dead;
Or through the pillar'd aisles, amid pale shrines
Of imag'd saints, and intermingled graves,
Mus'd a veil'd votaress; than Flavia feels,
As through the mazes of the festive ball,
Proud of her conquering charms, and beauty's blaze,
She floats amid the silken sons of dress,
And shines the fairest of the' assembled fair.

When azure noontide cheers the dædal globe,
And the blest regent of the golden day
Rejoices in his bright meridian tower,
How oft my wishes ask the night's return,
That best befriends the melancholy mind.
Hail, sacred Night! thou too shalt share my song:
Sister of ebon-sceptred Hecat, hail!
Whether in congregated clouds thou wrap'st
Thy viewless chariot, or with silver crown
Thy beaming head encirclest, ever hail!
What though beneath thy gloom the sorceress train,
Far in obscured haunt of Lapland moors,
With rhymes uncouth the bloody cauldron bless;
Though Murder wan beneath thy shrouding shade
Summons her slow-ey'd votaries to devise
Of secret slaughter, while by one blue lamp
In hideous conference sit the listening band,
And start at each low wind, or wakeful sound:
What though thy stay the pilgrim curseth oft,
As all benighted in Arabian wastes
He hears the wilderness around him howl
With roaming monsters, while on his hoar head
The black-descending tempest ceaseless beats;

Yet more delightful to my pensive mind
Is thy return, than blooming Morn's approach,
Ev'n then, in youthful pride of opening May,
When from the portals of the saffron east
She sheds fresh roses, and ambrosial dews.
Yet not ungrateful is the morn's approach,
When dropping wet she comes, and clad in clouds,
While through the damp air scowls the louring
south,
Blackening the landscape's face, that grove and hill
In formless vapours undistinguish'd swim:
The' afflicted songsters of the sadden'd groves
Hail not the sullen gloom; the waving elms
That, hoar through time, and rang'd in thick array,
Enclose with stately row some rural hall,
Are mute, nor echo with the clamors hoarse
Of rooks rejoicing on their airy boughs;
While to the shed the dripping poultry crowd,
A mournful train: secure the village-hind
Hangs o'er the crackling blaze, nor tempts the storm;
Fix'd in the' unfinish'd furrow rests the plough:
Rings not the high wood with enliven'd shouts
Of early hunter: all is silence drear;
And deepest sadness wraps the face of things.
Through Pope's soft song though all the Graces
And happiest art adorn his Attic page; [breathe,
Yet does my mind with sweeter transport glow,
As at the root of mossy trunk reclin'd,
In magic Spenser's wildly-warbled song
I see deserted Una wander wide
Through wasteful solitudes, and lurid heaths,
Weary, forlorn; than when the fated fair
Upon the bosom bright of silver Thames
Launches in all the lustre of brocade,

Amid the splendors of the laughing Sun.
The gay description palls upon the sense,
And coldly strikes the mind with feeble bliss.
Ye youths of Albion's beauty-blooming isle,
Whose brows have worn the wreath of luckless love,
Is there a pleasure like the pensive mood,
Whose magic wont to soothe your soften'd souls?
O tell how rapturous the joy, to melt
To Melody's assuasive voice; to bend
The' uncertain step along the midnight mead,
And pour your sorrows to the pitying moon,
By many a slow trill from the bird of woe
Oft interrupted; in embowering woods
By darksome brook to muse, and there forget
The solemn dulness of the tedious world,
While Fancy grasps the visionary fair:
And now no more the' abstracted ear attends
The water's murmuring lapse, the' entranced eye
Pierces no longer through the extended rows
Of thick-rang'd trees; till haply from the depth
The woodman's stroke, or distant tinkling team,
Or heifers rustling through the brake, alarms
The' illuded sense, and mars the golden dream.
These are delights that absence drear has made
Familiar to my soul, e'er since the form
Of young Sapphira, beauteous as the Spring,
When from her violet-woven couch awak'd
By frolic Zephyr's hand, her tender cheek
Graceful she lifts, and blushing from her bow'r
Issues to clothe in gladsome-glistering green
The genial globe, first met my dazzled sight.
These are delights unknown to minds profane,
And which alone the pensive soul can taste.
The taper'd choir, at the late hour of pray'r,

Oft let me tread, while to the' according voice
The many-sounding organ peals on high,
The clear slow-dittied chant, or varied hymn,
Till all my soul is bath'd in ecstasies,
And lapp'd in Paradise. Or let me sit
Far in sequester'd aisles of the deep dome,
There lonesome listen to the sacred sounds,
Which, as they lengthen through the gothic vaults,
In hollow murmurs reach my ravish'd ear.
Nor when the lamps, expiring, yield to night,
And solitude returns; would I forsake
The solemn mansion; but attentive mark
The due clock swinging slow with sweepy sway,
Measuring Time's flight with momentary sound.
Nor let me fail to cultivate my mind
With the soft thrillings of the tragic Muse,
Divine Melpomene, sweet Pity's nurse,
Queen of the stately step, and flowing pall.
Now let Monimia mourn with streaming eyes
Her joys incestuous, and polluted love:
Now let soft Juliet in the gaping tomb
Print the last kiss on her true Romeo's lips,
His lips yet reeking from the deadly draught:
Or Jaffier kneel for one forgiving look.
Nor seldom let the Moor on Desdemone
Pour the misguided threats of jealous rage.
By soft degrees the manly torrent steals
From my swoln eyes; and at a brother's woe
My big heart melts in sympathizing tears.
What are the splendors of the gaudy court,
Its tinsel trappings, and its pageant pomps?
To me far happier seems the banish'd lord,
Amid Siberia's unrejoicing wilds
Who pines all lonesome, in the chambers hoar

Of some high castles shut, whose windows dim
In distant ken discover trackless plains,
Where Winter ever whirls his icy car;
While still repeated objects of his view,
The gloomy battlements, and ivied spires,
That crown the solitary dome, arise;
While from the topmost turret the slow clock,
Far heard along the' inhospitable wastes,
With sad-returning chime awakes new grief;
Ev'n he far happier seems than is the proud,
The potent Satrap, whom he left behind
Mid Moscow's golden palaces, to drown
In ease and luxury the laughing hours.
  Illustrious objects strike the gazer's mind
With feeble bliss, and but allure the sight,
Nor rouse with impulse quick the' unfeeling heart.
Thus seen by shepherd from Hymettus' brow,
What dædal landscapes smile! here palmy groves,
Resounding once with Plato's voice, arise,
Amid whose umbrage green her silver head
The' unfading olive lifts; here vine-clad hills
Lay forth their purple store, and sunny vales
In prospect vast their level laps expand,
Amid whose beauties glistering Athens towers.
Though through the blissful scenes Ilissus roll
His sage-inspiring flood, whose winding marge
The thick-wove laurel shades; though roseate Morn
Pour all her splendors on the' empurpled scene;
Yet feels the hoary hermit truer joys,
As from the cliff, that o'er his cavern hangs,
He views the piles of fall'n Persepolis
In deep arrangement hide the darksome plain.
Unbounded waste! the mouldering obelisk

Here, like a blasted oak, ascends the clouds;
Here Parian domes their vaulted halls disclose,
Horrid with thorn; where lurks the' unpitying thief,
Whence flits the twilight-loving bat at eve,
And the deaf adder wreathes her spotted train,
The dwellings once of elegance and art.
Here temples rise, amid whose hallow'd bounds
Spires the black pine, while through the naked street,
Once haunt of tradeful merchants, springs the grass:
Here columns heap'd on prostrate columns, torn
From their firm base, increase the mouldering mass.
Far as the sight can pierce, appear the spoils
Of sunk magnificence! a blended scene
Of moles, fanes, arches, domes, and palaces,
Where, with his brother Horror, Ruin sits.
O come then, Melancholy, queen of thought!
O come with saintly look, and stedfast step,
From forth thy cave embower'd with mournful yew,
Where ever to the curfew's solemn sound
Listening thou sitt'st, and with thy cypress bind
Thy votary's hair, and seal him for thy son.
But never let Euphrosyne beguile
With toys of wanton mirth my fixed mind,
Nor in my path her primrose-garland cast.
Though mid her train the dimpled Hebe bare
Her rosy bosom to the' enamour'd view;
Though Venus, mother of the Smiles and Loves,
And Bacchus, ivy-crown'd, in citron bow'r
With her on nectar-streaming fruitage feast:
What though 'tis hers to calm the louring skies,
And at her presence mild the' embattled clouds
Disperse in air, and o'er the face of Heav'n
New day diffusive gleam at her approach;

Yet are these joys that Melancholy gives,
Than all her witless revels happier far;
These deep-felt joys, by Contemplation taught.
Then ever, beauteous Contemplation, hail!
From thee began, auspicious maid, my song,
With thee shall end; for thou art fairer far
Than are the nymphs of Cirrha's [1] mossy grot;
To loftier rapture thou canst wake the thought,
Than all the fabling poet's boasted pow'rs.
Hail, queen divine! whom, as tradition tells,
Once in his evening-walk a druid found,
Far in a hollow glade of Mona's woods;
And piteous bore with hospitable hand
To the close shelter of his oaken bow'r.
There soon the sage admiring mark'd the dawn
Of solemn musing in your pensive thought;
For when a smiling babe, you lov'd to lie
Oft deeply listening to the rapid roar
Of wood-hung Menai [2], stream of druids old.

[1] The town and plain of Cirrha, or Cyrrha, are in Phocis, at the foot of Mount Parnassus.

[2] Menai, or Menen, the strait which divides the isle of Anglesey from Caernarvonshire.

INSCRIPTIONS.

IN A HERMITAGE,

AT ANSLEY HALL, IN WARWICKSHIRE.

BENEATH this stony roof reclin'd,
I soothe to peace my pensive mind;
And while, to shade my lowly cave,
Embowering elms their umbrage wave;
And while the maple dish is mine,
The beechen cup, unstain'd with wine;
I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

Within my limits lone and still
The blackbird pipes in artless trill;
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
The wren has wove her mossy nest;
From busy scenes, and brighter skies,
To lurk with innocence, she flies;
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
Nor aught suspects the silvan cell.

At morn I take my custom'd round,
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound;
And every opening primrose count,
That trimly paints my blooming mount:
Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy solitude,
I teach in winding wreaths to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

At eve, within yon studious nook,
I ope my brass-embossed book,
Pourtray'd with many a holy deed
Of martyrs, crown'd with heavenly meed:
Then, as my taper waxes dim,
Chant, ere I sleep, my measur'd hymn;
And, at the close, the gleams behold
Of parting wings bedropt with gold.

While such pure joys my bliss create,
Who but would smile at guilty state?
Who but would wish his holy lot
In calm Oblivion's humble grot?
Who but would cast his pomp away,
To take my staff, and amice gray;
And to the world's tumultuous stage
Prefer the blameless hermitage?

ON A

BEAUTIFUL GROTTO NEAR THE WATER.

The Graces sought in yonder stream
To cool the fervid day,
When Love's malicious godhead came,
And stole their robes away.

Proud of the theft, the little god
Their robes bade Delia wear;
While they, asham'd to stir abroad,
Remain all naked here.

OVER A

CALM AND CLEAR SPRING

IN BLENHEIM GARDENS.

HERE quench your thirst, and mark in *me*
An emblem of true Charity;
Who, while my bounty I bestow,
Am neither heard nor seen to flow.

EPITAPH

ON MR. HEAD.

OH spare his youth, O stay thy threatening hand,
Nor break too soon young wedlock's early band!
But if his gentle and ingenuous mind,
The generous temper, and the taste refin'd,
A soul unconscious of corruption's stain,
If learning, wit, and genius plead in vain;
O let the mourning Bride, to stop thy spear,
Oppose the meek resistance of a tear!
And when to soothe thy force his virtues fail,
Let weeping faith and widow'd love prevail!

TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES.

JOB,

CHAPTER XXXIX.

DECLARE, if heavenly wisdom bless thy tongue,
When teems the Mountain-Goat with promis'd
young?
The stated seasons tell, the month explain,
When feels the bounding Hind a mother's pain;
While, in the' oppressive agonies of birth,
Silent they bow the sorrowing head to earth?
Why crop their lusty see l the verdant food?
Why leave their dams to search the gloomy wood?
Say, whence the Wild-Ass wantons o'er the plain,
Sports uncontrol'd, unconscious of the rein?
'Tis his o'er scenes of solitude to roam,
The waste his house, the wilderness his home:
He scorns the crowded city's pomp and noise,
Nor heeds the driver's rod, nor hears his voice;
At will on every various verdure fed,
His pasture o'er the shaggy cliffs is spread.
Will the fierce Unicorn obey thy call,
Enslav'd to man, and patient of the stall?
Say, will he stubborn stoop thy yoke to bear,
And through the furrow drag the tardy share?
Say, canst thou think, O wretch of vain belief!
His labouring limbs will draw thy weighty sheaf?
Or canst thou tame the temper of his blood,
With faithful feet to trace the destin'd road?

Who paints the Peacock's train with radiant eyes,
And all the bright diversity of dyes?
Whose hand the stately Ostrich has supplied
With glorious plumage, and her snowy pride?
Thoughtless she leaves amid the dusty way
Her eggs, to ripen in the genial ray; [blood,
Nor heeds, that some fell beast, who thirsts for
Or the rude foot, may crush the future brood.
In her no love the tender offspring share,
No soft remembrance, no maternal care:
For God has steel'd her unrelenting breast,
Nor feeling sense, nor instinct mild impress'd,
Bade her the rapid-rushing steed despise,
Outstrip the rider's rage, and tower amidst the skies.
Didst thou the Horse with strength and beauty deck?
Hast thou in thunder cloth'd his nervous neck?
Will he, like groveling grasshoppers afraid,
Start at each sound, at every breeze dismay'd?
A cloud of fire his lifted nostrils raise,
And breathe a glorious terror as they blaze.
He paws indignant, and the valley spurns,
Rejoicing in his might, and for the battle burns.
When quivers rattle, and the frequent spear
Flies flashing, leaps his heart with languid fear?
Swallowing with fierce and greedy rage the ground,
"Is this, (he cries) the trumpet's warlike sound?"
Eager he scents the battle from afar,
And all the mingling thunder of the war.
Flies the fierce Hawk by thy supreme command,
To seek soft climates, and a southern land?
Who bade the' aspiring Eagle mount the sky,
And build her firm aërial nest on high?
On the bare cliff, or mountain's shaggy steep,
Her fortress of defence she dares to keep;

Thence darts her radiant eye's pervading ray,
Inquisitive to ken the distant prey;
Seeks with her thirsty brood the' ensanguin'd plain,
There bathes her beak in blood, companion of the
slain.

A PASTORAL

IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER.

(FROM THEOCRITUS, IDYLL. XX.)

As late I strove Lucilla's lip to kisse,
She with discurtesie reprov'd my will;
'Dost thou, (she said) affect so pleasant blisse,
A simple shepherd, and a losell vile?
Not Fancy's hand should join my courtly lip
To thine, as I myself were fast asleep.'

As thus she spake, full proud and boasting lasse,
And as a peacocke pearke, in dalliance
She bragly turned her ungentle face,
And all disdaining ey'd my shape askaunce:
But I did blush, with grief and shame yblent,
Like morning-rose with hoary dewe besprent.

'Tell me, my fellows all, am I not fair?
Has fell enchantress blasted all my charms?
Whilom, mine head was sleek with tressed haire,
My laughing eyne did shoot out love's alarms:
E'en Kate did deemen me the fairest swain,
When erst I won this girdle on the plain.

My lip with vermeil was embellished,
My bagpipe's notes loud and delicious were;
The milk-white lily, and the rose so red,
Did on my face depeinten lively cheere;

My voice as soote as mounting larke did shrill,
My look was blythe as Margaret's at the mill.

But she forsooth, more fair than Madge or Kate,
A dainty maid, did deign not shepherd's love;
Nor wist what Thenot told us swains of late,
That Venus sought a shepherd in a grove;
Nor that a heavenly God, who Phœbus hight,
To tend his flock with shepherds did delight.

Ah! 'tis that Venus with accurst despight,
That all my dolour and my shame has made!
Nor does remembrance of her own delight,
For me one drop of pity sweet persuade!
Aye hence the glowing rapture may she miss;
Like me be scorn'd, nor ever taste a kiss!

FROM HORACE.

(BOOK III. OD. XIII.)

Ye waves, that gushing fall with purest stream,
Blandusian fount; to whom the products sweet
  Of richest vines belong,
    And fairest flowers of Spring;

To thee a chosen victim will I kill,
A Goat, who, wanton in lascivious youth,
  Just blooms with budding horn,
    And destines future war,

Elate in vainest thought: but, ah! too soon
His reeking blood with crimson shall pollute
  Thy icy-flowing flood,
    And tinge thy crystal clear.

Thy sweet recess the sun in mid-day hour
Can ne'er invade; thy streams the labour'd ox
  Refresh with cooling draught,
    And glad the wandering herds.

Thy name shall shine with endless honour grac'd,
While on my shell I sing the hanging oak,
  That o'er thy cavern deep
    Waves his imbowering head.

HORACE,

(BOOK III. OD. XVIII.)

AFTER THE MANNER OF MILTON.

FAUNUS, who lov'st to chase the light-foot Nymphs,
Propitious guard my fields and sunny farm,
  And nurse with kindly care
    The promise of my flock.

So to thy power a Kid shall yearly bleed,
And the full bowl to genial Venus flow;
  And on thy rustic shrine
    Rich odours incense breathe:

So through the vale the wanton herds shall bound,
When thy December comes, and on the green
  The steer in traces loose
    With the free village sport:

No more the lamb shall fly the' insidious wolf,
The woods shall shed their leaves, and the glad hind
  The ground, where once he dug,
    Shall beat in sprightly dance.

ODES.

TO SLEEP.

On this my pensive pillow, gentle Sleep!
Descend, in all thy downy plumage drest:
Wipe with thy wing these eyes that wake to weep,
And place thy crown of poppies on my breast.

O steep my senses in oblivion's balm,
And soothe my throbbing pulse with lenient hand;
This tempest of my boiling blood becalm!—
Despair grows mild at thy supreme command

Yet, ah! in vain, familiar with the gloom,
And sadly toiling through the tedious night,
I seek sweet slumber, while that virgin bloom,
For ever hovering haunts my wretched sight.

Nor would the dawning day my sorrows charm:
Black midnight and the blaze of noon alike
To me appear, while with uplifted arm
Death stands prepar'd, but still delays, to strike.

THE HAMLET.

WRITTEN IN WHICHWOOD FOREST.

The hinds how blest, who ne'er beguil'd
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn wild;
Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
For splendid care, and guilty gain!

When morning's twilight-tinctur'd beam
Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
They rove abroad in ether blue,
To dip the scythe in fragrant dew;
The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell,
That nodding shades a craggy dell.

Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear:
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue:
In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds,
They spy the squirrel's airy bounds;
And startle from her ashen spray,
Across the glen, the screaming jay:
Each native charm their steps explore
Of Solitude's sequester'd store.

For them the moon with cloudless ray
Mounts, to illume their homeward way:
Their weary spirits to relieve,
The meadows incense breathe at eve.
No riot mars the simple fare,
That o'er a glimmering hearth they share;
But when the curfew's measur'd roar
Duly, the darkening valleys o'er,
Has echoed from the distant town,
They wish no beds of cygnet-down,
No trophied canopies, to close
Their drooping eyes in quick repose.

Their little sons, who spread the bloom
Of health around the clay-built room,
Or through the primros'd coppice stray,
Or gambol in the new-mown hay:

Or quaintly braid the cowslip-twine,
Or drive afield the tardy kine;
Or hasten from the sultry hill,
To loiter at the shady rill;
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest,
To rob the raven's ancient nest.

Their humble porch with honied flowers
The curling woodbine's shade imbowers:
From the small garden's thymy mound
Their bees in busy swarms resound:
Nor fell Disease, before his time,
Hastes to consume life's golden prime:
But when their temples long have wore
The silver crown of tresses hoar;
As studious still calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flowery turf they sleep.

WRITTEN AT VALE-ROYAL[1] *ABBEY,*

IN CHESHIRE.

As evening slowly spreads his mantle hoar,
No ruder sounds the bounded valley fill,
Than the faint din, from yonder sedgy shore,
Of rushing waters, and the murmuring mill.

How sunk the scene, where cloister'd Leisure mus'd!
Where war-worn Edward paid his awful vow;
And, lavish of magnificence, diffus'd
His crowded spires o'er the broad mountain's brow!

[1] A monastery for Cistercian Monks, founded by King Edward I. about the year 1300, in consequence of a vow, which he made when in danger of being shipwrecked, during his return from a crusade.

The golden fans, that o'er the turrets strown,
Quick-glancing to the sun, wild music made,
Are reft, and every battlement o'ergrown
With knotted thorns, and the tall sapling's shade.

The prickly thistle sheds its plumy crest,
And matted nettles shade the crumbling mass,
Where shone the pavement's surface smooth, imprest
With rich reflection of the storied glass.

Here hardy chieftains slept in proud repose,
Sublimely shrin'd in gorgeous imagery;
And through the lessening aisles, in radiant rows,
Their consecrated banners hung on high.

There oxen browze, and there the sable yew
Through the dun void displays its baleful glooms;
And sheds in lingering drops ungenial dew
O'er the forgotten graves and scatter'd tombs.

By the slow clock, in stately-measur'd chime,
That from the massy tower tremendous toll'd,
No more the plowman counts the tedious time,
Nor distant shepherd pens his twilight fold.

High o'er the trackless heath at midnight seen,
No more the windows, rang'd in long array,
(Where the tall shaft and fretted nook between
Thick ivy twines) the taper'd rites betray.

Ev'n now, amid the wavering ivy-wreaths,
(While kindred thoughts the pensive sounds inspire)
When the weak breeze in many a whisper breathes,
I seem to listen to the chanting quire.

As o'er these shatter'd towers intent we muse,
Though rear'd by Charity's capricious zeal,
Yet can our breasts soft Pity's sigh refuse,
Or conscious Candour's modest plea conceal?

For though the sorceress, Superstition blind,
Amid the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
O'er the dim roofs, to cheat the tranced mind,
Oft bade her visionary gleams arise:

Though the vain hours unsocial Sloth beguil'd,
While the still cloister's gate Oblivion lock'd;
And through the chambers pale, to slumbers mild
Wan Indolence her drowsy cradle rock'd:

Yet hence, enthron'd in venerable state,
Proud Hospitality dispens'd her store:
Ah, see, beneath yon tower's unvaulted gate,
Forlorn she sits upon the brambled floor!

Her ponderous vase, with gothic portraiture
Emboss'd, no more with balmy moisture flows;
Mid the mix'd shards o'erwelm'd in dust obscure,
No more, as erst, the golden goblet glows.

Sore beat by storms in Glory's arduous way,
Here might Ambition muse, a pilgrim sage;
Here raptur'd see, Religion's evening ray
Gild the calm walks of his reposing age.

Here ancient Art her dædal fancies play'd
In the quaint mazes of the crisped roof;
In mellow glooms the speaking pane array'd,
And rang'd the cluster'd column, massy proof.

Here Learning, guarded from a barbarous age,
Hover'd awhile, nor dar'd attempt the day;
But patient trac'd upon the pictur'd page
The holy legend, or heroic lay.

Hither the solitary minstrel came,
An honour'd guest, while the grim evening sky
Hung louring, and around the social flame
Tun'd his bold harp to tales of chivalry.

Thus sings the Muse, all pensive and alone;
Nor scorns, within the deep fane's inmost cell,
To pluck the gray moss from the mantled stone,
Some holy founder's mouldering name to spell.

Thus sings the Muse:—yet partial as she sings,
With fond regret surveys these ruin'd piles:
And with fair images of ancient things
The captive bard's obsequious mind beguiles.

But much we pardon to the' ingenuous Muse;
Her fairy shapes are trick'd by Fancy's pen:
Severer Reason forms far other views,
And scans the scene with philosophic ken.

From these deserted domes new glories rise;
More useful institutes, adorning man,
Manners enlarg'd, and new civilities,
On fresh foundations build the social plan.

Science, on ampler plume, a bolder flight
Essays, escap'd from Superstition's shrine;
While freed Religion, like primeval light
Bursting from chaos, spreads her warmth divine.

SOLITUDE,

AT AN INN. 1769.

Oft upon the twilight plain,
Circled with thy shadowy train,
While the dove at distance coo'd,
Have I met thee, Solitude!
Then was loneliness to me
Best and true society.
But, ah! how alter'd is thy mien
In this sad deserted scene!

Here all thy classic pleasures cease,
Musing mild, and thoughtful peace:
Here thou com'st in sullen mood,
Not with thy fantastic brood
Of magic shapes and visions airy,
Beckon'd from the land of Fairy:
Mid the melancholy void
Not a pensive charm enjoy'd!
No poetic being here
Strikes with airy sounds mine ear;
No converse here, to fancy cold,
With many a fleeting form I hold;
Here all inelegant and rude
Thy presence is, sweet Solitude!

SENT TO MR. UPTON,

ON HIS EDITION OF THE FAERIE QUEENE.

As oft, reclin'd on Cherwell's shelving shore,
I trac'd romantic Spenser's moral page,
And soothed my sorrows with the dulcet lore
Which Fancy fabled in her elfin age;

Much would I grieve, that envious Time so soon
O'er the lov'd strain had cast his dim disguise;
As lowering clouds, in April's brightest noon,
Mar the pure splendors of the purple skies.

Sage Upton came, from every mystic tale
To chase the gloom that hung o'er fairy ground:
His wisard hand unlocks each guarded vale,
And opes each flowery forest's magic bound.

Thus, never knight with mortal arms essay'd
The castle of proud Busyrane to quell,
Till Britomart her beamy shield display'd,
And broke with golden spear the mighty spell:

The dauntless maid with hardy step explor'd
Each room, array'd in glistering imagery:
And through the' inchanted chamber, richly stor'd,
Saw Cupid's stately mask come sweeping by.—

At this, where'er, in distant region sheen,
She roves, embower'd with many a spangled bough,
Mild Una, lifting her majestic mien,
Braids with a brighter wreath her radiant brow.

At this, in hopeless sorrow drooping long,
Her painted wings Imagination plumes;
Pleas'd that her laureate votary's rescued song
Its native charm and genuine grace resumes.

THE SUICIDE.

Beneath the beech, whose branches bare,
Smit with the lightning's livid glare,
O'erhang the craggy road,
And whistle hollow as they wave;
Within a solitary grave,
A slayer of himself holds his accurs'd abode.

Lour'd the grim morn, in murky dyes,
Damp mists involv'd the scowling skies,
And dimm'd the struggling day;
As by the brook, that lingering laves
Yon rush-grown moor with sable waves,
Full of the dark resolve he took his sullen way.

I mark'd his desultory pace,
His gestures strange, and varying face,
With many a mutter'd sound;
And ah! too late aghast I view'd
The reeking blade, the hand embrued;
He fell, and groaning grasp'd in agony the ground.

Full many a melancholy night
He watch'd the slow return of light;
And sought the powers of sleep,
To spread a momentary calm
O'er his sad couch, and in the balm
Of bland oblivion's dews his burning eyes to steep.

Full oft, unknowing and unknown,
He wore his endless noons alone,
Amid the' autumnal wood:
Oft was he wont, in hasty fit,
Abrupt the social board to quit,
And gaze with eager glance upon the tumbling flood.

Beckoning the wretch to torments new,
Despair, for ever in his view,
A spectre pale, appear'd;
While, as the shades of eve arose,
And brought the day's unwelcome close,
More horrible and huge her giant-shape she rear'd.

"Is this, (mistaken Scorn will cry)
Is this the youth whose genius high
Could build the genuine rhyme?
Whose bosom mild the favouring Muse
Had stor'd with all her ample views,
Parent of fairest deeds, and purposes sublime."

Ah! from the Muse that bosom mild
By treacherous magic was beguil'd,
To strike the deathful blow:
She fill'd his soft ingenuous mind
With many a feeling too refin'd,
And rous'd to livelier pangs his wakeful sense of woe.

Though doom'd hard penury to prove,
And the sharp stings of hopeless love,
To griefs congenial prone;
More wounds than nature gave he knew,
While misery's form his fancy drew
In dark ideal hues, and horrors not its own.

Then wish not o'er his earthy tomb
The baleful nightshade's lurid bloom
To drop its deadly dew:
Nor oh! forbid the twisted thorn,
That rudely binds his turf forlorn,
With Spring's green-swelling buds to vegetate anew.

What though no marble-piled bust
Adorn his desolated dust,
With speaking sculpture wrought?
Pity shall woo the weeping Nine,
To build a visionary shrine,
Hung with unfading flowers, from fairy regions [brought.

What though refus'd each chanted rite?
Here viewless mourners shall delight
To touch the shadowy shell:
And Petrarch's harp, that wept the doom
Of Laura, lost in early bloom,
In many a pensive pause shall seem to ring his knell.

To soothe a lone, unhallow'd shade,
This votive dirge sad duty paid,
  Within an ivied nook :
Sudden the half-sunk orb of day
More radiant shot its parting ray,
And thus a cherub-voice my charm'd attention took:

'Forbear, fond bard, thy partial praise;
Nor thus for guilt in specious lays
  The wreath of glory twine:
In vain with hues of gorgeous glow
Gay Fancy gives her vest to flow, [fine.
Unless Truth's matron-hand the floating folds con-

'Just Heaven, man's fortitude to prove,
Permits through life at large to rove
  The tribes of hell-born Woe :
Yet the same Power that wisely sends
Life's fiercest ills, indulgent lends
Religion's golden shield to break the' embattled foe.

'Her aid divine had lull'd to rest
Yon foul self-murderer's throbbing breast,
  And stay'd the rising storm;
Had bade the sun of Hope appear
To gild his darken'd hemisphere,
And give the wonted bloom to Nature's blasted form.

'Vain man! 'tis Heaven's prerogative
To take, what first it deign'd to give,
  Thy tributary breath :
In awful expectation plac'd,
Await thy doom, nor impious haste
To pluck from God's right hand his instruments of
  death.'

SENT TO A FRIEND [1],

ON HIS LEAVING A FAVOURITE VILLAGE IN HAMPSHIRE. 1750.

Ah mourn, thou lov'd retreat! No more
Shall classic steps thy scenes explore!
When morn's pale rays but faintly peep
O'er yonder oak-crown'd airy steep,
Who now shall climb its brows, to view
The length of landscape, ever new,
Where Summer flings, in careless pride,
Her varied vesture far and wide?
Who mark, beneath, each village-charm,
Or grange, or elm-encircled farm:
The flinty dove-cote's crowded roof,
Watch'd by the kite that sails aloof:
The tufted pines, whose umbrage tall
Darkens the long-deserted hall:
The veteran beech, that on the plain
Collects at eve the playful train:
The cot that smokes with early fire,
The low-roof'd fane's embosom'd spire?

Who now shall indolently stray
Through the deep forest's tangled way;
Pleas'd at his custom'd task to find
The well-known hoary-tressed hind,
That toils with feeble hands to glean
Of wither'd boughs his pittance mean?

[1] His brother, Dr. Joseph Warton: who, at the time of this Ode being written, was just leaving his residence at Wynslade, near Basingstoke, and going abroad with Charles Duke of Bolton. The first Sonnet alludes to the same event.

Who mid thy nooks of hazle sit,
Lost in some melancholy fit;
And listening to the raven's croak,
The distant flail, the falling oak?
Who, through the sunshine and the shower,
Descry the rainbow-painted tower?
Who, wandering at return of May,
Catch the first cuckow's vernal lay?
Who musing waste the summer-hour,
Where high o'er-arching trees embower
The grassy lane, so rarely pac'd,
With azure flowerets idly grac'd?
Unnotic'd now, at twilight's dawn
Returning reapers cross the lawn;
Nor fond attention loves to note
The wether's bell from folds remote;
While, own'd by no poetic eye,
Thy pensive evenings shade the sky!

For lo! the Bard, who rapture found
In every 'rural sight or sound;'
Whose genius warm, and judgment chaste,
No charm of genuine nature pass'd;
Who felt the Muse's purest fires,
Far from thy favour'd haunt retires:
Who peopled all thy vocal bowers
With shadowy shapes, and airy powers.

Behold, a dread repose resumes,
As erst, thy sad sequester'd glooms!
From the deep dell, where shaggy roots
Fringe the rough brink with wreathed shoots,
The' unwilling Genius flies forlorn,
His primrose-chaplet rudely torn.

With hollow shriek the Nymphs forsake
The pathless copse, and hedge-row brake:
Where the delv'd mountain's headlong side
Its chalky entrails opens wide,
On the green summit, ambush'd high,
No longer Echo loves to lie.
No pearl-crown'd Maids, with wily look,
Rise beckoning from the reedy brook.
Around the glow-worm's glimmering bank,
No Fairies run in fiery rank;
Nor brush, half-seen, in airy tread,
The violet's unprinted head.
But Fancy, from the thickets brown,
The glades that wear a conscious frown,
The forest-oaks, that, pale and lone,
Nod to the blast with hoarser tone,
Rough glens, and sullen waterfalls,
Her bright ideal offspring calls.

So by some sage inchanter's spell,
(As old Arabian fablers tell)
Amid the solitary wild,
Luxuriant gardens gaily smil'd;
From sapphire rocks the fountains stream'd,
With golden fruit the branches beam'd;
Fair forms, in every wondrous wood,
Or lightly tripp'd, or solemn stood;
And oft, retreating from the view,
Betray'd, at distance, beauties new:
While gleaming o'er the crisped bowers
Rich spires arose, and sparkling towers.
If bound on service new to go
The master of the magic show,
His transitory charm withdrew,
Away the' illusive landscape flew:

Dun clouds obscur'd the groves of gold,
Blue lightning smote the blooming mold:
In visionary glory rear'd,
The gorgeous castle disappear'd;
And a bare heath's unfruitful plain
Usurp'd the wizard's proud domain.

MORNING.

THE AUTHOR CONFINED TO COLLEGE. 1745.

Scribimus inclusi.———
PERS. Sat. I. ver. 13.

ONCE more the vernal sun's ambrosial beams
The fields as with a purple robe adorn:
Cherwell, thy sedgy banks and glistering streams
All laugh and sing, at mild approach of morn;
Through the deep groves I hear the chanting birds,
And through the clover'd vale the various-lowing herds.

Up mounts the mower from his lowly thatch,
Well pleas'd the progress of the Spring to mark,
The fragrant breath of breezes pure to catch,
And startle from her couch the early lark;
More genuine pleasure soothes his tranquil breast,
Than high-thron'd kings can boast, in eastern glory drest.

The pensive poet through the green-wood steals,
Or treads the willow'd marge of murmuring [brook;
Or climbs the steep ascent of airy hills;
There sits him down beneath a branching oak,

Whence various scenes, and prospects wide below,
Still teach his musing mind with fancies high to
glow.

But I, nor with the day awake to bliss,
(Inelegant to me fair Nature's face,
A blank the beauty of the morning is,
And grief and darkness all for light and grace;)
Nor bright the sun, nor green the meads appear,
Nor colour charms mine eye, nor melody mine ear.

Me, void of elegance and manners mild,
With leaden rod, stern Discipline restrains;
Stiff Pedantry, of learned Pride the child,
My roving genius binds in gothic chains;
Nor can the cloister'd Muse expand her wing,
Nor bid these twilight roofs with her gay carols ring.

THE COMPLAINT OF CHERWELL[1].
1761.

All pensive from her osier-woven bower
Cherwell arose. Around her darkening edge
Pale Eve began the steaming mist to pour,
And breezes fann'd by fits the rustling sedge:
She rose, and thus she cried in deep despair,
And tore the rushy wreath that bound her streaming hair:

'Ah! why, (she cried) should Isis share alone
The tributary gifts of tuneful fame!

[1] One of the rivers at Oxford. This ode first appeared in the Oxford collection of verses on the death of George II. in the name of John Chichester, brother to the Earl of Donegall, Gent. Com. of Trin. Coll. It was afterwards published in the first edition of Warton's Poems.

Shall every song her happier influence own,
And stamp with partial praise her favourite name?
While I, alike to those proud domes allied,
Nor hear the Muse's call, nor boast a classic tide.

'No chosen son of all yon fabling band
Bids my loose locks their glossy length diffuse;
Nor sees my coral-cinctur'd stole expand
Its folds, besprent with Spring's unnumber'd hues:
No poet builds my grotto's dripping cell,
Nor studs my crystal throne with many a speckled shell.

'In Isis' vase if Fancy's eye discern
Majestic towers emboss'd in sculpture high;
Lo! milder glories mark my modest urn,
The simple scenes of pastoral imagery:
What though she pace sublime, a stately queen?
Mine is the gentle grace, the meek retiring mien.

'Proud Nymph! since late the Muse thy triumphs sung,
No more with mine thy scornful naiads play,
(While Cynthia's lamp o'er the broad vale is hung)
Where meet our streams, indulging short delay;
No more, thy crown to braid, thou deign'st to take
My cress-born flowers, that float in many a shady [lake.

'Vain bards! can Isis win the raptur'd soul,
Where Art each wilder watery charm invades?
Whose waves, in measur'd volumes taught to roll,
Or stagnant sleep, or rush in white cascades:
Whose banks with echoing industry resound,
Fenc'd by the foam-beat pier, and torrent-braving mound.

'Lo! here no Commerce spreads the fervent toil,
To pour pollution o'er my virgin tide;
The freshness of my pastures to defile,
Or bruise the matted groves that fringe my side:
But Solitude, on this sequester'd bank,
'Mid the moist lilies sits, attir'd in mantle dank.

'No ruder sounds my grazing herds affright,
Nor mar the milk-maid's solitary song:
The jealous halcyon wheels her humble flight,
And hides her emerald wing my reeds among;
All unalarm'd, save when the genial May [hay.
Bids wake my peopled shores, and rears the ripen'd

'Then scorn no more this unfrequented scene;
So to new notes shall my coy Echo string
Her lonely harp. Hither the brow serene,
And the slow pace of Contemplation bring:
Nor call in vain inspiring Ecstasy,
To bid her visions meet the frenzy-rolling eye.

'Whate'er the theme; if unrequited Love
Seek, all unseen, his bashful griefs to breathe;
Or Fame to bolder flights the bosom move,
Waving aloft the glorious epic wreath;
Here hail the Muses: from the busy throng
Remote, where Fancy dwells, and Nature prompts
the song.'

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

WITH dalliance rude young Zephyr woos
Coy May: full oft with kind excuse
The boisterous boy the Fair denies,
Or with a scornful smile complies.

Mindful of disaster past,
And shrinking at the northern blast,
The sleety storm returning still,
The morning hoar, and evening chill;
Reluctant comes the timid Spring.
Scarce a bee, with airy ring,
Murmurs the blossom'd boughs around,
That clothe the garden's southern bound:
Scarce a sickly straggling flower
Decks the rough castle's rifted tower:
Scarce the hardy primrose peeps
From the dark dell's entangled steeps.
O'er the field of waving broom
Slowly shoots the golden bloom;
And, but by fits, the furze-clad dale
Tinctures the transitory gale:
While from the shrubbery's naked maze,
Where the vegetable blaze
Of Flora's brightest 'broidery shone,
Every chequer'd charm is flown;
Save that the lilac hangs to view
Its bursting gems in clusters blue.

Scant along the ridgy land
The beans their new-born ranks expand:
The fresh-turn'd soil with tender blades
Thinly the sprouting barley shades:
Fringing the forest's devious edge,
Half rob'd appears the hawthorn-hedge;
Or to the distant eye displays
Weakly green its budding sprays.

The swallow, for a moment seen,
Skims in haste the village-green:

From the gray moor, on feeble wing,
The screaming plovers idly spring:
The butterfly, gay-painted soon,
Explores awhile the tepid noon;
And fondly trusts its tender dyes
To fickle suns, and flattering skies.

Fraught with a transient, frozen shower,
If a cloud should haply lour,
Sailing o'er the landscape dark,
Mute on a sudden is the lark:
But when gleams the sun again
O'er the pearl-besprinkled plain,
And from behind his watery veil
Looks through the thin descending hail,
She mounts, and, lessening to the sight,
Salutes the blithe return of light,
And high her tuneful track pursues
'Mid the dim rainbow's scatter'd hues.

Where in venerable rows
Widely waving oaks inclose
The moat of yonder antique hall,
Swarm the rooks with clamorous call;
And to the toils of nature true,
Wreathe their capacious nests anew.

Musing through the lawny park,
The lonely poet loves to mark
How various greens in faint degrees
Tinge the tall groups of various trees;
While, careless of the changing year,
The pine cerulean, never sere,
Towers distinguish'd from the rest,
And proudly vaunts her winter-vest.

Within some whispering osier-isle,
Where Glym's[1] low banks neglected smile;
And each trim meadow still retains
The wintry torrent's oozy stains:
Beneath a willow, long forsook,
The fisher seeks his custom'd nook;
And bursting through the crackling sedge,
That crowns the current's cavern'd edge,
He startles from the bordering wood
The bashful wild-duck's early brood.

O'er the broad downs, a novel race,
Frisk the lambs with faltering pace,
And with eager bleatings fill
The foss that skirts the beacon'd hill.

His free-born vigour yet unbroke
To lordly man's usurping yoke,
The bounding colt forgets to play,
Basking beneath the noon-tide ray,
And stretch'd among the daisies pied
Of a green dingle's sloping side:
While far beneath, where nature spreads
Her boundless length of level meads,
In loose luxuriance taught to stray,
A thousand tumbling rills inlay
With silver veins the vale, or pass
Redundant through the sparkling grass.

Yet, in these presages rude,
Midst her pensive solitude,
Fancy, with prophetic glance,
Sees the teeming months advance;

[1] The Glym is a small river in Oxfordshire, which flowed through Mr. Warton's parish of Kiddington.

The field, the forest, green and gay,
The dappled slope, the tedded hay;
Sees the reddening orchard blow,
The harvest wave, the vintage flow;
Sees June unfold his glossy robe
Of thousand hues o'er all the globe;
Sees Ceres grasp her crown of corn,
And Plenty load her ample horn.

ON THE

APPROACH OF SUMMER.

Te, dea, te fugiunt venti, te nubila cœli
Adventumque tuum; tibi suaveis dædala tellus
Summittit flores; tibi rident æquora ponti;
Placatumque nitet diffuso lumine cœlum.

LUCRET.

HENCE, iron-sceptred Winter, haste
To bleak Siberian waste!
Haste to thy polar solitude;
'Mid cataracts of ice, [rude,
Whose torrents dumb are stretch'd in fragments
From many an airy precipice,
Where, ever beat by sleety showers,
Thy gloomy gothic castle towers;
Amid whose howling aisles and halls,
Where no gay sun-beam paints the walls,
On ebon-throne thou lov'st to shroud
Thy brows in many a murky cloud.

Ev'n now, before the vernal heat,
Sullen I see thy train retreat:

Thy ruthless host stern Eurus guides,
That on a ravenous tiger rides,
Dim-figur'd on whose robe are shown
Shipwrecks, and villages o'erthrown:
Grim Auster, dropping all with dew,
In mantle clad of watchet hue:
And Cold, like Zemblan savage seen,
Still threatening with his arrows keen;
And next, in furry coat embost
With icicles, his brother Frost.

Winter, farewell! thy forests hoar,
Thy frozen floods delight no more:
Farewell the fields, so bare and wild!
But come, thou rose-cheek'd cherub mild,
Sweetest Summer! haste thee here,
Once more to crown the gladden'd year.
Thee April blithe, as long of yore,
Bermudas' lawns he frolic'd o'er,
With musky nectar-trickling wing,
(In the new world's first dawning spring)
To gather balm of choicest dews,
And patterns fair of various hues,
With which to paint, in changeful dye,
The youthful earth's embroidery;
To cull the essence of rich smells
In which to dip his new-born bells;
Thee, as he skim'd with pinions fleet,
He found an infant, smiling sweet;
Where a tall citron's shade imbrown'd
The soft lap of the fragrant ground.
There, on an amaranthine bed,
Thee with rare nectarine fruits he fed;
Till soon beneath his forming care,
You bloom'd a goddess debonaire;

And then he gave the blessed isle
Aye to be sway'd beneath thy smile:
There plac'd thy green and grassy shrine,
With myrtle bower'd and jessamine:
And to thy care the task assign'd
With quickening hand, and nurture kind,
His roseate infant-births to rear,

Till Autumn's mellowing reign appear.
Haste thee, nymph! and, hand in hand,
With thee lead a buxom band;
Bring fantastic-footed Joy,
With Sport, that yellow-tressed boy;
Leisure, that through the balmy sky
Chases a crimson butterfly.
Bring Health, that loves in early dawn
To meet the milk-maid on the lawn;
Bring Pleasure, rural nymph; and Peace,
Meek, cottage-loving shepherdess!
And that sweet stripling, Zephyr, bring,
Light, and for ever on the wing.
Bring the dear Muse, that loves to lean
On river-margins, mossy green.
But who is she, that bears thy train,
Pacing light the velvet plain?
The pale pink binds her auburn hair,
Her tresses flow with pastoral air;
'Tis May, the Grace—confest she stands,
By branch of hawthorn in her hands:
Lo! near her trip the lightsome Dews,
Their wings all ting'd in iris-hues;
With whom the powers of Flora play,
And paint with pansies all the way.

Oft when thy season, sweetest Queen,
Has dress'd the groves in livery green;

When in each fair and fertile field
Beauty begins her bower to build;
While Evening, veil'd in shadows brown,
Puts her matron-mantle on,
And mists in spreading steams convey,
More fresh, the fumes of new-shorn hay;
Then, Goddess, guide my pilgrim-feet
Contemplation hoar to meet,
As slow he winds in useful mood,
Near the rush'd marge of Cherwell's flood;
Or o'er old Avon's magic edge,
Whence Shakspeare cull'd the spiky sedge,
All playful yet, in years unripe,
To frame a shrill and simple pipe.
There through the dusk but dimly seen,
Sweet evening-objects intervene:
His wattled cotes the shepherd plants,
Beneath her elm the milk-maid chants,
The woodman, speeding home, awhile
Rests him at a shady stile.
Nor wants there fragrance to dispense
Refreshment o'er my soothed sense;
Nor tangled woodbines' balmy bloom,
Nor grass besprent to breathe perfume:
Nor lurking wild-thyme's spicy sweet
To bathe in dew my roving feet:
Nor wants there note of Philomel,
Nor sound of distant-tinkling bell:
Nor lowings faint of herds remote,
Nor mastiff's bark from bosom'd cot:
Rustle the breezes lightly borne
O'er deep embattled ears of corn:
Round ancient elm, with humming noise,
Full loud the chaffer-swarms rejoice.

Meantime, a thousand dies invest
The ruby chambers of the West!
That all aslant the village-tower
A mild reflected radiance pour,
While, with the level-streaming rays
Far seen its arched windows blaze;
And the tall grove's green top is dight
In russet tints, and gleams of light:
So that the gay scene by degrees
Bathes my blithe heart in ecstasies;
And Fancy to my ravish'd sight
Pourtrays her kindred visions bright.
At length the parting light subdues
My soften'd soul to calmer views,
And fainter shapes of pensive joy,
As twilight dawns, my mind employ,
Till from the path I fondly stray
In musings lap'd, nor heed the way;
Wandering through the landscape still,
Till Melancholy has her fill;
And on each moss-wove border damp
The glow-worm hangs his fairy lamp.

But when the Sun, at noon-tide hour,
Sits throned in his highest tow'r;
Me, heart-rejoicing Goddess, lead
To the tann'd haycock in the mead:
To mix in rural mood among
The nymphs and swains, a busy throng;
Or, as the tepid odours breathe,
The russet piles to lean beneath:
There as my listless limbs are thrown
On couch more soft than palace-down;
I listen to the busy sound
Of mirth and toil, that hums around;

And see the team shrill-tinkling pass,
Alternate o'er the furrow'd grass.

But ever, after summer-show'r,
When the bright Sun's returning pow'r,
With laughing beam has chas'd the storm,
And cheer'd reviving Nature's form;
By sweet-brier hedges, bath'd in dew,
Let me my wholesome path pursue:
There issuing forth, the frequent snail
Wears the dank way with slimy trail,
While, as I walk, from pearled bush
The sunny-sparkling drop I brush;
And all the landscape fair I view
Clad in robe of fresher hue:
And so loud the blackbird sings,
That far and near the valley rings.
From shelter deep of shaggy rock
The shepherd drives his joyful flock;
From bowering beech the mower blithe
With new-born vigour grasps the sithe;
While o'er the smooth unbounded meads
His last faint gleam the rainbow spreads.

But ever against restless heat,
Bear me to the rock-arch'd seat,
O'er whose dim mouth an ivied oak
Hangs nodding from the low-brow'd rock:
Haunted by that chaste nymph alone,
Whose waters cleave the smoothed stone;
Which, as they gush upon the ground,
Still scatter misty dews around:
A rustic, wild, grotesque alcove,
Its side with mantling woodbines wove;

Cool as the cave where Clio dwells,
Whence Helicon's fresh fountain wells;
Or noon-tide grot where Silvan sleeps
On hoar Lycæum's piny steeps.

Me, Goddess, in such cavern lay,
While all without is scorch'd in day;
Sore sighs the weary swain, beneath
His withering hawthorn on the heath;
The drooping hedger wishes eve,
In vain, of labour short reprieve!
Meantime, on Afric's glowing sands,
Smote with keen heat, the traveller stands:
Low sinks his heart, while round his eye
Measures the scenes that boundless lie,
Ne'er yet by foot of mortal worn,
Where Thirst, wan pilgrim, walks forlorn.
How does he wish some cooling wave
To slake his lips, or limbs to lave!
And thinks, in every whisper low,
He hears a bursting fountain flow.

Or bear me to yon antique wood,
Dim temple of sage Solitude!
There within a nook most dark,
Where none my musing mood may mark,
Let me in many a whisper'd rite
The genius old of Greece invite,
With that fair wreath my brows to bind,
Which for his chosen imps he twin'd,
Well nurtur'd in Pierian lore,
On clear Ilissus' laureate shore.—
Till high on waving nest reclin'd,
The raven wakes my tranced mind!

Or to the forest-fringed vale,
Where widow'd turtles love to wail,
Where cowslips, clad in mantle meek,
Nod their tall heads to breezes weak:
In the midst, with sedges gray
Crown'd, a scant rivulet winds its way,
And trembling through the weedy wreaths,
Around an oozy freshness breathes.
O'er the solitary green,
Nor cot, nor loitering hind is seen:
Nor aught alarms the mute repose,
Save that by fits an heifer lows:
A scene might tempt some peaceful sage
To rear him a lone hermitage;
Fit place his pensive eld might choose
On virtue's holy lore to muse.

Yet still the sultry noon to' appease,
Some more romantic scene might please;
Or fairy bank, or magic lawn,
By Spenser's lavish pencil drawn:
Or bower in Vallombrosa's shade,
By legendary pens pourtray'd.
Haste, let me shroud from painful light,
On that hoar hill's aërial height,
In solemn state, where waving wide,
Thick pines with darkening umbrage hide
The rugged vaults, and riven towers
Of that proud castle's painted bowers,
Whence Hardyknute, a baron bold,
In Scotland's martial days of old,
Descended from the stately feast,
Begirt with many a warrior guest,
To quell the pride of Norway's king,
With quivering lance and twanging string.

As through the caverns dim I wind,
Might I that holy legend find,
By fairies spelt in mystic rhymes,
To teach enquiring later times,
What open force, or secret guile,
Dash'd into dust the solemn pile.

But when mild Morn in saffron-stole
First issues from her eastern-goal,
Let not my due feet fail to climb
Some breezy summit's brow sublime,
Whence Nature's universal face
Illumin'd smiles with new-born grace;
The misty streams that wind below
With silver-sparkling lustre glow;
The groves and castled cliffs appear
Invested all in radiance clear;
O! every village charm beneath!
The smoke that mounts in azure wreath!
O beauteous, rural interchange!
The simple spire, and elmy grange!
Content, indulging blissful hours,
Whistles o'er the fragrant flowers,
And cattle, rous'd to pasture new,
Shake jocund from their sides the dew.

'Tis thou, alone, O Summer mild!
Canst bid me carol wood-notes wild:
Whene'er I view thy genial scenes;
Thy waving woods, embroider'd greens;
What fires within my bosom wake,
How glows my mind the reed to take!
What charms like thine the muse can call,
With whom 'tis youth and laughter all!
With whom each field's a paradise,
And all the globe a bower of bliss!

With thee conversing, all the day,
I meditate my lightsome lay.
These pedant cloisters let me leave,
To breathe my votive song at eve,
In valleys, where mild whispers use
Of shade and stream, to court the muse;
While wandering o'er the brook's dim verge,
I hear the stock-dove's dying dirge.

But when life's busier scene is o'er,
And Age shall give the tresses hoar,
I'd fly soft Luxury's marble dome,
And make an humble thatch my home,
Which sloping hills around inclose,
Where many a beech and brown oak grows;
Beneath whose dark and branching bowers
Its tides a far-fam'd river pours:
By Nature's beauties taught to please,
Sweet Tusculane of rural ease!
Still grot of Peace! in lowly shed
Who loves to rest her gentle head.
For not the scenes of Attic art
Can comfort care, or soothe the heart:
Nor burning cheek, nor wakeful eye,
For gold and Tyrian purple fly.

Thither, kind Heaven, in pity lent,
Send me a little, and content;
The faithful friend, and cheerful night,
The social scene of dear delight:
The conscience pure, the temper gay,
The musing eve, and idle day.
Give me beneath cool shades to sit,
Rapt with the charms of classic wit:

To catch the bold heroic flame,
That built immortal Græcia's fame.
Nor let me fail, meantime, to raise
The solemn song to Britain's praise:
To spurn the shepherd's simple reeds,
And paint heroic ancient deeds:
To chant fam'd Arthur's magic tale,
And Edward, stern in sable mail;
Or wandering Brutus' lawless doom,
Or brave Bonduca, scourge of Rome.

O ever to sweet Poësy
Let me live true votary!
She shall lead me by the hand,
Queen of sweet smiles, and solace bland!
She from her precious stores shall shed
Ambrosial flowerets o'er my head:
She, from my tender youthful cheek,
Can wipe, with lenient finger meek,
The secret and unpitied tear,
Which still I drop in darkness drear.
She shall be my blooming bride;
With her, as years successive glide,
I'll hold divinest dalliance,
For ever held in holy trance.

THE CRUSADE.

King Richard the first, celebrated for his achievements in the Crusades, was no less distinguished for his patronage of the Provincial minstrels, and his own compositions in their species of poetry. Returning from one of his expeditions in the Holy Land, in disguise, he was imprisoned in a castle of Leopold duke of Austria. His favourite minstrel, Blondel de Nesle, having traversed all Germany in search of his master, at length came to a castle, in which he found there was only one prisoner, and whose name was unknown. Suspecting that he had made the desired discovery, he seated himself under a window of the prisoner's apartment; and began a song, or ode, which the King and himself had formerly composed together. When the prisoner, who was King Richard, heard the song, he knew that Blondel must be the singer: and when Blondel paused about the middle, the King began the remainder, and completed it. The following ode is *supposed* to be this joint composition of the Minstrel and King Richard. W.

BOUND for holy Palestine,
Nimbly we brush'd the level brine,
All in azure steel array'd;
O'er the wave our weapons play'd,
And made the dancing billows glow;
High upon the trophied prow,
Many a warrior-minstrel swung
His sounding harp, and boldly sung:

'Syrian virgins, wail and weep,
English Richard ploughs the deep!
Tremble, watchmen, as ye spy,
From distant towers, with anxious eye,
The radiant range of shield and lance
Down Damascus' hills advance:

From Sion's turrets as afar
Ye ken the march of Europe's war!
Saladin, thou paynim king,
From Albion's isle revenge we bring!
On Acon's [1] spiry citadel,
Though to the gale thy banners swell,
Pictur'd with the silver moon;
England shall end thy glory soon!
In vain, to break our firm array,
Thy brazen drums hoarse discord bray:
Those sounds our rising fury fan:
English Richard in the van,
On to victory we go,
A vaunting infidel the foe.'

Blondel led the tuneful band,
And swept the wire with glowing hand.
Cyprus, from her rocky mound,
And Crete, with piny verdure crown'd,
Far along the smiling main
Echoed the prophetic strain.

Soon we kiss'd the sacred earth
That gave a murder'd Saviour birth;
Then, with ardour fresh endued,
Thus the solemn song renew'd.

'Lo, the toilsome voyage past,
Heaven's favour'd hills appear at last!
Object of our holy vow,
We tread the Tyrian valleys now.
From Carmel's almond-shaded steep
We feel the cheering fragrance creep:

[1] A city and fortress of Syria, now called St. John d'Acre.

O'er Engaddi's shrubs of balm
Waves the date-empurpled palm,
See Lebanon's aspiring head
Wide his immortal umbrage spread!
Hail Calvary, thou mountain hoar,
Wet with our Redeemer's gore!
Ye trampled tombs, ye fanes forlorn,
Ye stones, by tears of pilgrims worn;
Your ravish'd honours to restore,
Fearless we climb this hostile shore!
And thou, the sepulchre of God!
By mocking pagans rudely trod,
Bereft of every awful rite,
And quench'd thy lamps that beam'd so bright;
For thee, from Britain's distant coast,
Lo, Richard leads his faithful host!
Aloft in his heroic hand,
Blazing, like the beacon's brand,
O'er the far-affrighted fields,
Resistless Kaliburn [2] he wields.
Proud Saracen, pollute no more
The shrines by martyrs built of yore!
From each wild mountain's trackless crown
In vain thy gloomy castles frown:
Thy battering engines, huge and high,
In vain our steel-clad steeds defy;
And, rolling in terrific state,
On giant-wheels harsh thunders grate.
When eve has hush'd the buzzing camp,
Amid the moon-light vapours damp,

[2] Kaliburn is the sword of King Arthur; which, as the monkish historians say, came into the possession of Richard the First; and was given by that monarch, in the crusades, to Tancred King of Sicily, as a royal present of inestimable value, about the year 1190. See the following Ode. W.

Thy necromantic forms, in vain,
Haunt us on the tented plain:
We bid those spectre-shapes avaunt,
Ashtaroth, and Termagaunt;
With many a demon, pale of hue,
Doom'd to drink the bitter dew
That drops from Macon's sooty tree,
'Mid the dread grove of ebony.
Nor magic charms, nor fiends of hell,
The Christian's holy courage quell.

'Salem, in ancient majesty
Arise, and lift thee to the sky!
Soon on thy battlements divine
Shall wave the badge of Constantine.
Ye barons, to the sun unfold
Our Cross with crimson wove and gold!'

THE GRAVE OF KING ARTHUR.

King Henry the Second, having undertaken an expedition into Ireland, to suppress a rebellion raised by Roderick King of Connaught, commonly called O'Connor Dun, or 'the brown Monarch of Ireland,' was entertained, in his passage through Wales, with the songs of the Welsh Bards. The subject of their poetry was King Arthur, whose history had been so disguised by fabulous inventions, that the place of his burial was in general scarcely known or remembered. But in one of these Welsh poems, sung before Henry, it was recited, that King Arthur, after the battle of Camlan, in Cornwall, was interred at Glastonbury Abbey, before the high altar, yet without any external mark or memorial. Afterwards Henry visited the abbey, and commanded the spot, described by the Bard, to be opened: when digging near twenty feet deep, they found the body, deposited under a large stone, inscribed with Arthur's name. This is the ground-work of the following Ode: but, for the better accommodation of the story to our present purpose, it is told with some slight variations from the Chronicle of Glastonbury. The castle of Cilgarran, where this discovery is supposed to have been made, now a romantic ruin, stands on a rock descending to the river Teivi, in Pembrokeshire; and was built by Roger Montgomery, who led the van of the Normans at Hastings. W.

STATELY the feast, and high the cheer:
Girt with many an armed peer,
And canopied with golden pall,
Amid Cilgarran's castle-hall,
Sublime in formidable state,
And warlike splendour, Henry sate;
Prepar'd to stain the briny flood
Of Shannon's lakes with rebel blood.

Illumining the vaulted roof,
A thousand torches flam'd aloof:

From massy cups, with golden gleam
Sparkled the red metheglin's stream:
To grace the gorgeous festival,
Along the lofty-window'd hall,
The storied tapestry was hung:
With minstrelsy the rafters rung
Of harps, that with reflected light
From the proud gallery glitter'd bright:
While gifted bards, a rival throng,
(From distant Mona, nurse of song,
From Teivi, fring'd with umbrage brown,
From Elvy's vale, and Cader's crown,
From many a shaggy precipice
That shades Ierne's hoarse abyss,
And many a sunless solitude
Of Radnor's inmost mountains rude,)
To crown the banquet's solemn close,
Themes of British glory chose;
And to the strings of various chime
Attemper'd thus the fabling rhyme:

'O'er Cornwall's cliffs the tempest roar'd,
High the screaming sea-mew soar'd;
On Tintaggel's [1] topmost tower
Darksome fell the sleety shower;
Round the rough castle shrilly sung
The whirling blast, and wildly flung
On each tall rampart's thundering side
The surges of the tumbling tide:

[1] Tintaggel or Tintadgel Castle, where King Arthur is said to have been born, and to have chiefly resided. Some of its huge fragments still remain, on a rocky peninsula cape, of a prodigious declivity towards the sea, and almost inaccessible from the land side, on the northern coasts of Cornwall. W.

When Arthur rang'd his red-cross ranks
On conscious Camlan's crimson'd banks:
By Mordred's faithless guile decreed
Beneath a Saxon spear to bleed!
Yet in vain a paynim foe
Arm'd with fate the mighty blow;
For when he fell, an elfin queen,
All in secret, and unseen,
O'er the fainting hero threw
Her mantle of ambrosial blue;
And bade her spirits bear him far,
In Merlin's agate-axled car,
To her green isle's enamell'd steep,
Far in the navel of the deep.
O'er his wounds she sprinkled dew
From flowers that in Arabia grew:
On a rich inchanted bed
She pillow'd his majestic head;
O'er his brow, with whispers bland,
Thrice she wav'd an opiate wand;
And to soft music's airy sound,
Her magic curtains clos'd around.
There, renew'd the vital spring,
Again he reigns a mighty king;
And many a fair and fragrant clime,
Blooming in immortal prime,
By gales of Eden ever fann'd,
Owns the monarch's high command:
Thence to Britain shall return,
(If right prophetic rolls I learn)
Borne on Victory's spreading plume,
His ancient sceptre to resume;
Once more, in old heroic pride,
His barbed courser to bestride;

His knightly table to restore,
And brave the tournaments of yore.'

They ceas'd; when on the tuneful stage
Advanc'd a bard, of aspect sage:
His silver tresses, thin besprent,
To age a graceful reverence lent;
His beard, all white as spangles frore
That clothe Plinlimmon's forests hoar,
Down to his harp descending flow'd;
With Time's faint rose his features glow'd;
His eyes diffus'd a soften'd fire,
And thus he wak'd the warbling wire:

'Listen, Henry, to my rede!
Not from fairy realms I lead
Bright-rob'd Tradition, to relate
In forged colours Arthur's fate;
Though much of old romantic lore
On the high theme I keep in store:
But boastful Fiction should be dumb,
Where Truth the strain might best become.
If thine ear may still be won
With songs of Uther's glorious son,
Henry, I a tale unfold,
Never yet in rhyme enroll'd,
Nor sung nor harp'd in hall or bower;
Which in my youth's full early flower,
A minstrel, sprung of Cornish line,
Who spoke of kings from old Locrine,
Taught me to chant, one vernal dawn,
Deep in a cliff-encircled lawn,
What time the glistening vapours fled
From cloud-envelop'd Clyder's [2] head;

[2] Or Glyder, a mountain in Caernarvonshire. W.

And on its sides the torrents gray
Shone to the morning's orient ray.

'When Arthur bow'd his haughty crest,
No princess, veil'd in azure vest,
Snatch'd him, by Merlin's potent spell,
In groves of golden bliss to dwell;
Where, crown'd with wreaths of misletoe,
Slaughter'd kings in glory go:
But when he fell, with winged speed,
His champions, on a milk-white steed,
From the battle's hurricane,
Bore him to Joseph's towered fane,
In the fair vale of Avalon[3]:
There, with chanted orison,
And the long blaze of tapers clear,
The stoled fathers met the bier:
Through the dim aisles, in order dread
Of martial woe, the chief they led,
And deep intomb'd in holy ground,
Before the altar's solemn bound.
Around no dusky banners wave,
No mouldering trophies mark the grave:
Away the ruthless Dane has torn
Each trace that Time's slow touch had worn;
And long, o'er the neglected stone,
Oblivion's veil its shade has thrown:
The faded tomb, with honour due,
'Tis thine, O Henry, to renew!
Thither, when Conquest has restor'd
Yon recreant isle, and sheath'd the sword,

[3] Glastonbury Abbey, said to be founded by Joseph of Arimathea, in a spot anciently called the island, or valley of Avalonia.

When Peace with palm has crown'd thy brows,
Haste thee, to pay thy pilgrim-vows,
There, observant of my lore,
The pavement's hallow'd depth explore;
And thrice a fathom underneath
Dive into the vaults of death.
There shall thine eye, with wild amaze,
On his gigantic stature gaze;
There shalt thou find the monarch laid,
All in warrior-weeds array'd;
Wearing in death his helmet-crown,
And weapons huge of old renown.
Martial prince, 'tis thine to save
From dark oblivion Arthur's grave!
So may thy ships securely stem
The western frith: thy diadem
Shine victorious in the van,
Nor heed the slings of Ulster's clan:
Thy Norman pike-men win their way
Up the dun rocks of Harald's bay [4]:
And from the steeps of rough Kildare
Thy prancing hoofs the falcon scare:
So may thy bow's unerring yew
Its shafts in Roderic's heart imbrew [5].'

Amid the pealing symphony
The spiced goblets mantled high;
With passions new the song impress'd
The listening king's impatient breast:

[4] The bay of Dublin. Harald, or Harsager, The Fair-haired, King of Norway, is said, in the life of Gryffudh ap Conan, Prince of North Wales, to have conquered Ireland, and to have founded Dublin. W.

[5] Henry is supposed to have succeeded in this enterprise, chiefly by the use of the long bow, with which the Irish were entirely unacquainted. W.

Flash the keen lightnings from his eyes;
He scorns awhile his bold emprise;
Ev'n now he seems, with eager pace,
The consecrated floor to trace,
And ope, from its tremendous gloom,
The treasure of the wondrous tomb:
Ev'n now he burns in thought to rear,
From its dark bed, the ponderous spear,
Rough with the gore of Pictish kings:
Ev'n now fond hope his fancy wings,
To poise the monarch's massy blade,
Of magic-temper'd metal made;
And drag to day the dinted shield
That felt the storm of Camlan's field.
O'er the sepulchre profound
Ev'n now, with arching sculpture crown'd,
He plans the chantry's choral shrine,
The daily dirge, and rites divine.

FOR MUSIC.

ON THE 2D OF JULY, 1751, BEING THE ANNIVERSARY APPOINTED BY THE LATE LORD CREW, BISHOP OF DURHAM, FOR THE COMMEMORATION OF BENEFACTORS TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Quique sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat;
Quique pii vates, et Phœbo digna locuti;
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes:
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo;
Omnibus his— VIRGIL.

WHERE shall the Muse, that on the sacred shell,
Of men in arts and arms renown'd,
The solemn strain delights to swell;

Oh! where shall Clio choose a race,
Whom Fame with every laurel, every grace,
Like those of Albion's envied isle, has crown'd?
Daughter and mistress of the sea,
All-honour'd Albion hail!
Where'er thy Commerce spreads the swelling sail,
Ne'er shall she find a land like thee,
So brave, so learned, and so free;
All-honour'd Albion hail!

But in this princely land of all that's good and great,
Would Clio seek the most distinguish'd seat,
Most blest, where all is so sublimely blest,
That with superior grace o'erlooks the rest,
Like a rich gem in circling gold enshrin'd;
Where Isis' waters wind
Along the sweetest shore,
That ever felt fair Culture's hands,
Or Spring's embroider'd mantle wore,
Lo! where majestic Oxford stands;
Virtue's awful throne!
Wisdom's immortal source!
Thee well her best belov'd may boasting Albion own,
Whence each fair purpose of ingenuous praise,
All that in thought or deed divine is deem'd,
In one unbounded tide, one unremitted course,
From age to age has still successive stream'd;
Where Learning and where Liberty have nurs'd,
For those that in their ranks have shone the first,
Their most luxuriant growth of ever-blooming bays.

In ancient days, when she, the Queen endued
With more than female fortitude,
Bonduca led her painted ranks to fight;
Oft times, in adamantine arms array'd,
Pallas descended from the realms of light,

Imperial Britonesse! thy kindred aid.
As once, all-glowing from the well-fought day,
The Goddess sought a cooling stream,
By chance, inviting with their glassy gleam,
Fair Isis' waters flow'd not far away.
Eager she view'd the wave,
On the cool bank she bar'd her breast,
To the soft gale her locks ambrosial gave;
And thus the watery nymph address'd:
'Hear, gentle nymph, whoe'er thou art,
Thy sweet refreshing stores impart:
A goddess from thy mossy brink
Asks of thy crystal stream to drink:
Lo! Pallas asks the friendly gift;
Thy coral-crowned tresses lift,
Rise from the wave, propitious power,
O listen from thy pearly bower.'

Her accents Isis' calm attention caught,
As lonesome, in her secret cell,
In ever-varying hues, as mimic fancy taught,
She rang'd the many-tinctur'd shell:
Then from her work arose the Nais mild;
She rose, and sweetly smil'd
With many a lovely look,
That whisper'd soft consent:
She smil'd, and gave the goddess in her flood
To dip her casque, though dy'd in recent blood;
While Pallas, as the boon she took,
Thus pour'd the grateful sentiment:
'For this, thy flood the fairest name
Of all Britannia's streams shall glide,
Best favourite of the sons of fame,
Of every tuneful breast the pride:

For on thy borders, bounteous queen,
Where now the cowslip paints the green
With unregarded grace,
Her wanton herds where nature feeds,
As lonesome o'er the breezy reeds
She bends her silent pace;
Lo! there, to wisdom's Goddess dear,
A far-fam'd city shall her turrets rear,
There all her force shall Pallas prove;
Of classic leaf with every crown,
Each olive, meed of old renown,
Each ancient wreath, which Athens wove,
I'll bid her blooming bowers abound;
And Oxford's sacred seats shall tower
To thee, mild Nais of the flood,
The trophy of my gratitude!
The temple of my power!'

Nor was the pious promise vain;
Soon illustrious Alfred came, [plain.
And pitch'd fair Wisdom's tent on Isis' plenteous
Alfred, on thee shall all the Muses wait,
Alfred, majestic name,
Of all our praise the spring!
Thee all thy sons shall sing,
Deck'd with the martial and civic wreath:
In notes most awful shall the trumpet breathe
To thee, great Romulus of Learning's richest state!

Nor Alfred's bounteous hand alone,
Oxford, thy rising temples own:
Soon many a sage munificent,
The prince, the prelate, laurel-crowned crowd,
Their ample bounty lent
To build the beauteous monument,
That Pallas vow'd.

And now she lifts her head sublime,
Majestic in the moss of time;
Nor wants there Græcia's better part,
'Mid the proud piles of ancient art,
Whose fretted spires, with ruder hand,
Wainflet and Wickham bravely plann'd;
Nor decent doric to dispense
New charms 'mid old magnificence;
And here and there soft Corinth weaves
Her dædal coronet of leaves; [sky,
While, as with rival pride, their towers invade the
Radcliffe and Bodley seem to vie,
Which shall deserve the foremost place,
Or gothic strength or attic grace.

O Isis! ever will I chant thy praise:
Not that thy sons have struck the golden lyre
With hands most skilful; have their brows entwin'd
With every fairest flower of Helicon,
The sweetest swans of all the' harmonious choir;
And bade the musing mind
Of every science pierce the pathless ways,
And from the rest the wreath of wisdom won:
But that thy sons have dar'd to feel
For Freedom's cause a sacred zeal;
With British breast, and patriot pride,
Have still Corruption's cup defied;
In dangerous days untaught to fear,
Have held the name of honour dear.

But chief on this illustrious day,
The Muse her loudest Pæans loves to pay.
Erewhile she strove with accents weak
In vain to build the lofty rhyme;
At length, by better days of bounty cheer'd,
She dares unfold her wing.

Hail hour of transport most sublime!
In which, the man rever'd,
Immortal Crew commands to sing,
And gives the pipe to breathe, the string to speak.

Blest prelate, hail!
Most pious patron, most triumphant theme!
From whose auspicious hand
On Isis' towers new beauties beam,
New praise her Nursing Fathers gain;
Immortal Crew!
Blest prelate, hail!
Ev'n now fir'd Fancy sees thee lead
To Fame's high-seated fane
The shouting band!
O'er every hallow'd head
Fame's choicest wreaths she sees thee spread;
Alfred superior smiles the solemn scene to view;
And bids the Goddess lift
Her loudest trumpet to proclaim,
O Crew! thy consecrated gift,
And echo with his own, in social strains, thy name.

ON

HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1785.

Amid the thunder of the war,
True Glory guides no echoing car;
Nor bids the sword her bays bequeath,
Nor stains with blood her brightest wreath;
No plumed hosts her tranquil triumphs own;
Nor spoils of murder'd multitudes she brings,
To swell the state of her distinguish'd kings,
And deck her chosen throne.

On that fair throne, to Britain dear,
With the flowering olive twin'd,
High she hangs the hero's spear,
And there with all the palms of peace combin'd,
Her unpollated hands the milder trophy rear.
To kings like these, her genuine theme,
The Muse a blameless homage pays;
To George, of kings like these supreme,
She wishes honour'd length of days,
Nor prostitutes the tribute of her lays.

'Tis his to bid neglected genius glow,
And teach the regal bounty how to flow.
His tutelary sceptre's sway
The vindicated arts obey,
And hail their patron-king;
'Tis his to judgment's steady line
Their flights fantastic to confine,
And yet expand their wing;
The fleeting forms of fashion to restrain,
And bind capricious Taste in Truth's eternal chain.
Sculpture, licentious now no more,
From Greece her great example takes;
With Nature's warmth the marble wakes,
And spurns the toys of modern lore:
In native beauty simply plann'd,
Corinth, thy tufted shafts ascend;
The Graces guide the painter's hand,
His magic mimicry to blend.

While such the gifts his reign bestows,
Amid the proud display,
Those gems around the throne he throws,
That shed a softer ray:

While from the summits of sublime renown
He wafts his favour's universal gale,
With those sweet flowers he binds a crown,
That bloom in Virtue's humble vale:
With rich munificence the nuptial tie
Unbroken he combines,
Conspicuous in a nation's eye
The sacred pattern shines.
Fair Science to reform, reward, and raise,
To spread the lustre of domestic praise,
To foster Emulation's holy flame,
To build Society's majestic frame,
Mankind to polish, and to teach,
Be this the monarch's aim;
Above Ambition's giant-reach
The monarch's meed to claim.

FOR

THE NEW YEAR, 1786.

'Dear to Jove, a genial isle
Crowns the broad Atlantic wave;
The seasons there in mild assemblage smile,
And vernal blossoms clothe the fruitful prime:
There, in many a fragrant cave,
Dwell the Spirits of the brave,
And braid with amaranth their brows sublime:—'
So feign'd the Grecian bards, of yore;
And veil'd in Fable's fancy-woven vest
A visionary shore,
That faintly gleam'd on their prophetic eye
Through the dark volume of futurity:

Nor knew that in the bright attire they dress'd
Albion, the green-hair'd heroine of the West;
Ere yet she claim'd old Ocean's high command,
And snatch'd the trident from the Tyrant's hand.

Vainly flow'd the mystic rhyme?—
Mark the deeds from age to age,
That fill her trophy-pictur'd page:
And see, with all its strength, untam'd by time,
Still glows her valour's veteran rage.
O'er Calpe's [1] cliffs, and steepy towers,
When stream'd the red sulphureous showers,
And Death's own hand the dread artillery threw.
While far along the midnight main
Its glaring arch the flaming volley drew;
How triumph'd Elliot's patient train,
Baffling their vain confederate foes;
And met the' unwonted fight's terrific form;
And hurling back the burning war, arose
Superior to the fiery storm!

Is there an ocean that forgets to roll,
Beneath the torpid pole,
Nor to the brooding tempest heaves?
Her hardy keel the stubborn billow cleaves.
The rugged Neptune of the wintry brine
In vain his adamantine breast-plate wears:
To search coy Nature's guarded mine,
She bursts the barriers of the' indignant ice;
O'er sunless bays the beam of Science bears:
And rousing far around the polar deep,
Where Drake's bold ensigns fear'd to sweep,
She sees new nations flock to some fell sacrifice.

[1] Gibraltar.

She speeds, at George's sage command,
Society from deep to deep,
And zone to zone she binds;
From shore to shore, o'er every land,
The golden chain of commerce winds.

Meantime her patriot-cares explore
Her own rich woof's exhaustless store;
Her native fleece new fervour feels,
And wakens all its whirling wheels,
And mocks the rainbow's radiant dye;
More wide the labours of the loom she spreads,
In firmer bands domestic commerce weds,
And calls her Sister-isle to share the tie:
Nor heeds the violence that broke
From filial realms her old parental yoke!

Her cities, throng'd with many an Attic dome,
Ask not the banner'd bastion, massy proof;
Firm as the castle's feudal roof,
Stands the Briton's social home.—
Hear, Gaul, of England's liberty the lot!
Right, Order, Law, protect her simplest plain;
Nor scorn to guard the shepherd's nightly fold,
And watch around the forest-cot.
With conscious certainty, the swain
Gives to the ground his trusted grain,
With eager hope the reddening harvest eyes;
And claims the ripe autumnal gold,
The meed of toil, of industry the prize.
For ours the King, who boasts a parent's praise,
Whose hand the people's sceptre sways;
Ours is the Senate, not a specious name,
Whose active plans pervade the civil frame:
Where bold debate its noblest war displays,

And, in the kindling strife, unlocks the tide
Of manliest eloquence, and rolls the torrent wide.

Hence then, each vain complaint, away,
Each captious doubt, and cautious fear!
Nor blast the new-born year,
That anxious waits the Spring's slow-shooting ray:
Nor deem that Albion's honours cease to bloom.
With candid glance, the' impartial Muse,
Invok'd on this auspicious morn,
The present scans, the distant scene pursues,
And breaks Opinion's speculative gloom:
Interpreter of ages yet unborn,
Full right she spells the characters of Fate,
That Albion still shall keep her wonted state!
Still in eternal story shine,
Of Victory the sea-beat shrine;
The source of every splendid art,
Of old, of future worlds, the universal mart.

FOR

HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1786.

When Freedom nurs'd her native fire
In ancient Greece, and rul'd the lyre;
Her bards, disdainful, from the tyrant's brow
The tinsel gifts of flattery tore;
But paid to guiltless power their willing vow:
And to the throne of virtuous kings,
Tempering the tone of their vindictive strings,
From truth's unprostituted store,
The fragrant wreath of gratulation bore.

'Twas thus Alcæus smote the manly chord;
  And Pindar on the Persian Lord
  His notes of indignation hurl'd,
And spurn'd the minstrel-slaves of eastern sway,
From trembling Thebes extorting conscious shame;
But o'er the diadem, by Freedom's flame
Illum'd, the banner of renown unfurl'd:
  Thus to his Hiero decreed,
'Mongst the bold chieftains of the Pythian game,
The brightest verdure of Castalia's bay;
  And gave an ampler meed
Of Pisan palms, than in the field of Fame
Were wont to crown the car's victorious speed:
And hail'd his sceptred champion's patriot zeal,
Who mix'd the monarch's with the people's weal;
  From civil plans who claim'd applause,
And train'd obedient realms to Spartan laws.

And he, sweet master of the Doric oat,
  Theocritus, forsook awhile
  The graces of his pastoral isle,
  The lowing vale, the bleating cote,
  The clusters on the sunny steep,
  And Pan's own umbrage, dark and deep,
  The caverns hung with ivy-twine,
  The cliffs that wav'd with oak and pine,
  And Etna's hoar romantic pile:
  And caught the bold Homeric note,
  In stately sounds exalting high
  The reign of bounteous Ptolemy:
  Like the plenty-teeming tide
  Of his own Nile's redundant flood,
  O'er the cheer'd nations, far and wide,
Diffusing opulence and public good;

While in the richly-warbled lays
Was blended Berenice's name;
Pattern fair of female fame,
Softening with domestic life
Imperial splendor's dazzling rays,
The queen, the mother, and the wife!

To deck with honour due this festal day,
O for a strain from these sublimer bards!
Who free to grant, yet fearless to refuse
Their awful suffrage, with impartial aim
Invok'd the jealous panegyric Muse;
Nor, but to genuine worth's severer claim,
Their proud distinction deign'd to pay,
Stern arbiters of glory's bright awards!
For peerless bards like these alone,
The bards of Greece might best adorn,
With seemly song the Monarch's natal morn;
Who, thron'd in the magnificence of peace,
Rivals their richest regal theme;
Who rules a people like their own,
In arms, in polish'd arts supreme;
Who bids his Britain vie with Greece.

FOR

THE NEW YEAR, 1787.

In rough magnificence array'd,
When ancient Chivalry display'd
The pomp of her heroic games;
And crested chiefs, and tissued dames,
Assembled, at the clarion's call,
In some proud castle's high-arch'd hall,

To grace romantic glory's genial rites:
Associate of the gorgeous festival,
  The Minstrel struck his kindred string,
  And told of many a steel-clad King,
Who to the turney train'd his hardy knights;
  Or bore the radiant red-cross shield
  'Mid the bold peers of Salem's field;
  Who travers'd pagan climes to quell
  The wisard foe's terrific spell;
    In rude affrays untaught to fear
    The Saracen's gigantic spear.
  The listening champions felt the fabling rhyme
With fairy trappings fraught, and shook their
        plumes sublime.

  Such were the themes of regal praise
  Dear to the Bard of elder days;
  The songs, to savage virtue dear,
  That won of yore the public ear!
  Ere Polity, sedate and sage,
  Had quench'd the fires of feudal rage,
Had stem'd the torrent of eternal strife,
And charm'd to rest an unrelenting age.—
  No more, in formidable state,
  The castle shuts its thundering gate;
New colours suit the scenes of soften'd life;
  No more, bestriding barbed steeds,
    Adventurous Valour idly bleeds:
    And now the Bard in alter'd tones
    A theme of worthier triumph owns;
    By social imagery beguil'd;
    He moulds his harp to manners mild;
  Nor longer weaves the wreath of war alone,
Nor hails the hostile forms that grac'd the gothic
        throne.

And now he tunes his plausive lay
To Kings, who plant the civic bay;
Who choose the patriot sovereign's part,
Diffusing commerce, peace, and art;
Who spread the virtuous pattern wide,
And triumph in a nation's pride;
Who seek coy Science in her cloister'd nook,
Where Thames, yet rural, rolls an artless tide;
Who love to view the vale divine[1],
Where revel Nature and the Nine,
And clustering towers the tufted grove o'erlook;
To Kings, who rule a filial land,
Who claim a People's vows and pray'rs,
Should Treason arm the weakest hand[2]?
To these his heartfelt praise he bears,
And with new rapture hastes to greet
This festal morn, that longs to meet,
With luckiest auspices, the laughing Spring;
And opes her glad career, with blessings on her wing!

ON

HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTY-DAY, 1787.

The noblest Bards of Albion's choir
Have struck of old this festal lyre.
Ere Science, struggling oft in vain,
Had dar'd to break her gothic chain,
Victorious Edward gave the vernal bough
Of Britain's bay to bloom on Chaucer's brow:
Fir'd with the gift, he chang'd to sounds sublime
His Norman minstrelsy's discordant chime;

[1] Nuneham, near Oxford, the seat of the Earl of Harcourt.
[2] Allusive to a maniac's attempt on the King's life.

In tones majestic hence he told
The banquet of Cambuscan bold;
And oft he sung (howe'er the rhyme
Has moulder'd to the touch of time)
His martial master's knightly board,
And Arthur's ancient rites restor'd;
The prince in sable steel that sternly frown'd,
And Gallia's captive king, and Cressy's wreath
renown'd.

Won from the shepherd's simple meed,
The whispers wild of Mulla's reed,
Sage Spenser wak'd his lofty lay
To grace Eliza's golden sway:
O'er the proud theme new lustre to diffuse,
He chose the gorgeous allegoric Muse,
And call'd to life old Uthers' elfin-tale,
And rov'd through many a necromantic vale;
Pourtraying chiefs that knew to tame
The goblin's ire, the dragon's flame,
To pierce the dark enchanted hall,
Where Virtue sate in lonely thrall.
From fabling Fancy's inmost store
A rich romantic robe he bore;
A veil with visionary trappings hung,
And o'er his Virgin-Queen the fairy texture flung.

At length the matchless Dryden came,
To light the Muses' clearer flame;
To lofty numbers grace to lend,
And strength with melody to blend;
To triumph in the bold career of song,
And roll the' unwearied energy along.
Does the mean incense of promiscuous praise,
Does servile fear, disgrace his regal bays?

I spurn his panegyric-strings,
His partial homage, tun'd to kings!
Be mine, to catch his manlier chord,
That paints the' impassion'd Persian lord,
By glory fir'd, to pity sued,
Rous'd to revenge, by love subdued;
And still, with transport new, the strains to trace,
That chant the Theban pair, and Tancred's deadly [vase.

Had these blest Bards been call'd, to pay
The vows of this auspicious day,
Each had confess'd a fairer throne,
A mightier sovereign than his own!
Chaucer had made his hero-monarch yield
The martial fame of Cressy's well-fought field
To peaceful prowess, and the conquests calm,
That braid the sceptre with the patriot's palm:
His chaplets of fantastic bloom,
His colourings, warm from Fiction's loom,
Spenser had cast in scorn away,
And deck'd with truth alone the lay;
All real here, the Bard had seen
The glories of his pictur'd Queen!
The tuneful Dryden had not flatter'd here,
His lyre had blameless been, his tribute all sincere!

FOR

THE NEW YEAR, 1788.

Rude was the pile, and massy proof,
That first uprear'd its haughty roof

On Windsor's brow sublime, in warlike state:
The Norman [1] tyrant's jealous hand
The giant-fabric proudly plann'd:
With recent victory elate,
'On this majestic steep, (he cried)
A regal fortress, threatening wide,
Shall spread my terrors to the distant hills;
Its formidable shade shall throw
Far o'er the broad expanse below,
Where winds yon mighty flood, and amply fills
With flowery verdure, or with golden grain,
The fairest fields that deck my new domain!
And London's towers, that reach the watchman's eye,
Shall see with conscious awe my bulwark climb the [sky.'

Unchang'd, through many a hardy race,
Stood the rough dome in sullen grace;
Still on its angry front defiance frown'd:
Though monarchs kept their state within,
Still murmur'd with the martial din
The gloomy gateway's arch profound;
And armed forms, in airy rows,
Bent o'er the battlements their bows,
And blood-stain'd banners crown'd its hostile head;
And oft its hoary ramparts wore
The rugged scars of conflict sore;
What time, pavilion'd on the neighbouring mead,
The' indignant Barons rang'd in bright array
Their feudal bands, to curb despotic sway:
And leagu'd a Briton's birthright to restore,
From John's reluctant grasp the roll of freedom bore.

[1] William the First; by whom a castle was first erected at Windsor, in order to serve as a defence of his newly-acquired power.

When lo, the King, that wreath'd his shield
With lilies pluck'd on Cressy's field,
Heav'd from its base the mouldering Norman [frame !—
New glory cloth'd the' exulting steep,
The portals tower'd with ampler sweep ;
And Valour's soften'd Genius came,
Here held his pomp, and trail'd the pall
Of triumph through the trophied hall;
And War was clad awhile in gorgeous weeds;
Amid the martial pageantries,
While Beauty's glance adjudg'd the prize,
And beam'd sweet influence on heroic deeds.
Nor long, ere Henry's holy zeal, to breathe
A milder charm upon the scenes beneath,
Rear'd in the watery glade his classic shrine,
And call'd his stripling squire, to woo the willing [Nine.
To this imperial seat to lend
Its pride supreme, and nobly blend
British magnificence with Attic art;
Proud Castle, to thy banner'd bowers,
Lo ! Picture bids her glowing powers
Their bold historic groups impart :
She bids the' illuminated pane,
Along thy lofty-vaulted fane,
Shed the dim blaze of radiance richly clear.—
Still may such arts of Peace engage
Their Patron's care ! But should the rage
Of war to battle rouse the new-born year,
Britain arise, and wake the slumbering fire ;
Vindictive dart thy quick-rekindling ire !
Or, arm'd to strike, in mercy spare the foe ;
And lift thy thundering hand, and then withhold
the blow !

ON

HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1788.

What native Genius taught the Britons bold
  To guard their sea-girt cliffs of old?
  'Twas Liberty; she taught disdain
  Of death, of Rome's imperial chain:
She bade the druid-harp to battle sound,
In tones prophetic through the gloom profound
Of forests hoar, with holy foliage hung;
From grove to grove the pealing prelude rung;
Belinus call'd his painted tribes around,
  And, rough with many a veteran scar,
Swept the pale legions with the scythed car,
  While baffled Cæsar fled, to gain
An easier triumph on Pharsalia's plain;
And left the stubborn isle to stand elate
Amidst a conquer'd world, in lone majestic state!

A kindred spirit soon to Britain's shore
  The sons of Saxon Elva bore;
  Fraught with the' unconquerable soul,
  Who died, to drain the warrior-bowl,
In that bright Hall, where Odin's gothic throne
With the broad blaze of brandish'd falchions shone;
Where the long roofs rebounded to the din
Of spectre-chiefs, who feasted far within:
Yet, not intent on deathful deeds alone,
  They felt the fires of social zeal,
The peaceful wisdom of the public weal;
  Though nurs'd in arms and hardy strife,
They knew to frame the plans of temper'd life;
The king's, the people's balanc'd claims to found
On one eternal base, indissolubly bound.

Sudden, to shake the Saxons' mild domain,
  Rush'd in rude swarms the robber Dane,
  From frozen wastes, and cavern's wild,
  To genial England's scenes beguil'd;
And in his clamorous van exulting came
The demons foul of Famine and of Flame:
Witness the sheep-clad summits, roughly crown'd
With many a frowning foss and airy mound,
Which yet his desultory march proclaim!—
  Nor ceas'd the tide of gore to flow,
Till Alfred's laws allur'd the' intestine foe;
  And Harold calm'd his headlong rage
To brave Achievement, and to counsel sage;
For oft in savage breasts the buried seeds
Of brooding virtue live, and freedom's fairest deeds!

But see, triumphant o'er the southern wave,
  The Norman sweeps!—Though first he gave
  New grace to Britain's naked plain,
  With Arts and Manners in his train;
And many a fane he rear'd, that still sublime
In massy pomp has mock'd the stealth of time;
And castle fair, that, stript of half its tow'rs,
From some broad steep in shatter'd glory lours:
Yet brought he slavery from a softer clime;
  Each eve, the curfeu's notes severe
(That now but soothes the musing poet's ear)
  At the new tyrant's stern command,
Warn'd to unwelcome rest a wakeful land;
While proud Oppression o'er the ravish'd field
High rais'd his armed hand, and shook the feudal
    shield.

Stoop'd then that Freedom to despotic sway,
  For which in many a fierce affray

The Britons bold, the Saxons bled,
His Danish javelins Leswin led
O'er Hastings' plain, to stay the Norman yoke?
She felt, but to resist, the sudden stroke:
The tyrant-baron grasp'd the patriot steel,
And taught the tyrant-king its force to feel;
And quick revenge the regal bondage broke.
And still, unchang'd and uncontroll'd,
Its rescued rights shall the dread empire hold:
For lo, revering Britain's cause,
A King new lustre lends to native laws,
The sacred Sovereign of this festal day
On Albion's old renown reflects a kindred ray!

FOR

HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1789.

As when the demon of the summer-storm
Walks forth the noontide landscape to deform,
Dark grows the vale, and dark the distant grove,
And thick the bolts of angry Jove
Athwart the watery welkin glide,
And streams the' aërial torrent far and wide:
If by short fits the struggling ray
Should dart a momentary day,
The' illumin'd mountain glows awhile,
By faint degrees the radiant glance
Purples the' horizon's pale expanse,
And gilds the gloom with hasty smile!
Ah! fickle smile, too swiftly past!
Again resounds the sweeping blast,
With hoarser din the demon howls;
Again the blackening concave scowls:

Sudden the shades of the meridian night
Yield to the triumph of rekindling light ;
The reddening sun regains his golden sway,
And Nature stands reveal'd in all her bright array.

Such was the changeful conflict, that possess'd
With trembling tumult every British breast,
When Albion, towering in the van sublime
Of Glory's march, from clime to clime
Envied, belov'd, rever'd, renown'd,
Her brows with every blissful chaplet bound,
When, in her mid career of state,
She felt her monarch's awful fate!
Till Mercy from the' Almighty throne
Look'd down on man, and waving wide
Her wreath, that, in the rainbow dyed,
With hues of soften'd lustre shone,
And bending from her sapphire cloud
O'er regal grief benignant bow'd;
To transport turn'd a people's fears,
And stay'd a people's tide of tears ;
Bade this blest dawn with beams auspicious spring,
With hope serene, with healing on its wing;
And gave a Sovereign o'er a grateful land
Again with vigorous grasp to stretch the sceptred hand.

O favour'd King! what rapture more refin'd,
What mightier joy can fill the human mind,
Than what the monarch's conscious bosom feels,
At whose dread throne a nation kneels,
And hails its father, friend, and lord,
To life's career, to patriot sway restor'd;
And bids the loud responsive voice
Of union all around rejoice?

For thus to thee when Britons bow,
Warm and spontaneous from the heart,
As late their tears, their transports start,
And Nature dictates Duty's vow.
To thee, recall'd to sacred health,
Did the proud city's lavish wealth,
Did crowded streets alone display
The long-drawn blaze, the festal ray?
Meek Poverty her scanty cottage grac'd,
And flung her gleam across the lonely waste!
The' exulting isle in one wide triumph strove,
One social sacrifice of reverential love!

Such pure unprompted praise do kingdoms pay,
Such willing zeal, to thrones of lawless sway?
Ah! how unlike the vain, the venal lore,
To Latian rulers dealt of yore,
O'er guilty pomp and hated power
When stream'd the sparkling panegyric shower;
And slaves, to sovereigns unendear'd,
Their pageant trophies coldly rear'd!
For are the charities, that blend
Monarch with man, to tyrants known?
The tender ties, that to the throne
A mild domestic glory lend,
Of wedded love the league sincere,
The virtuous consort's faithful tear?
Nor this the verse, that flattery brings,
Nor here I strike a Syren's strings; [Muse
Here kindling with her country's warmth, the
Her Country's proud triumphant theme pursues;
Ev'n needless here the tribute of her lay!
Albion the garland gives on this distinguish'd day.

FOR

HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1790.

WITHIN what fountain's craggy cell
Delights the goddess Health to dwell,
Where from the rigid roof distils
Her richest stream in steely rills?
What mineral gems intwine her humid locks?
Lo! sparkling high from potent springs
To Britain's sons her cup she brings!—
Romantic Matlock! are thy tufted rocks,
Thy fring'd declivities, the dim retreat
Where the coy nymph has fix'd her favourite seat,
And hears, reclin'd along the thundering shore,
Indignant Darwent's desultory tide
His rugged channel rudely chide,
Darwent, whose shaggy wreath is stain'd with Danish gore?—

Or does she dress her naiad-cave
With coral spoils from Neptune's wave,
And hold short revels with the train
Of Nymphs that tread the neighbouring main,
And from the cliffs of Avon's cavern'd side
Temper the balmy beverage pure,
That, fraught with drops of precious cure,
Brings back to trembling hope the drooping bride,
That in the virgin's cheek renews the rose,
And wraps the eye of pain in quick repose?
While oft she climbs the mountain's shelving steeps,
And calls her votaries wan to catch the gale,
That breathes o'er Ashton's elmy vale,
And from the Cambrian hills the billowy Severn sweeps!—

Or broods the Nymph with watchful wing
O'er ancient Badon's mystic spring,
And speeds from its sulphureous source
The steamy torrent's secret course,
And fans the' eternal sparks of hidden fire,
In deep unfathom'd beds below
By Bladud's magic taught to glow,
Bladud, high theme of Fancy's gothic lyre?—
Or opes the healing power her chosen fount
In the rich veins of Malvern's ample mount,
From whose tall ridge the noontide wanderer views
Pomona's purple realm, in April's pride,
Its blaze of bloom expanding wide,
And waving groves array'd in Flora's fairest hues?—

Haunts she the scene, where Nature lours
O'er Buxton's heath in lingering show'rs?—
Or loves she more, with sandal fleet
In matin dance the nymphs to meet,
That on the flowery marge of Chelder play?
Who, boastful of the stately train,
That deign'd to grace his simple plain,
Late with new pride along his reedy way
Bore to Sabrina wreaths of brighter hue,
And mark'd his pastoral urn with emblems new.—
Howe'er these streams ambrosial may detain
Thy steps, O genial Health! yet not alone
Thy gifts the naiad-sisters own;
Thine too the briny flood, and Ocean's hoar domain.

And lo, amid the watery roar
In Thetis' car she skims the shore,
Where Portland's brows, imbattled high
With rocks, in rugged majesty

Frown o'er the billows, and the storm restrain,
She beckons Britain's sceptred pair
Her treasures of the deep to share!—
Hail then, on this glad morn, the mighty main!
Which lends the boon divine of lengthen'd days
To those who wear the noblest regal bays:
That mighty main, which on its conscious tide
Their boundless commerce pours on every clime,
Their dauntless banner bears sublime;
And wafts their pomp of war, and spreads their thunder wide!

SONNETS.

WRITTEN AT WINSLADE, IN HAMPSHIRE.

WINSLADE, thy beech-capt hills, with waving grain
Mantled, thy chequer'd views of wood and lawn,
Whilom could charm, or when the gradual dawn
'Gan the gray mist with orient purple stain,
Or Evening glimmer'd o'er the folded train:
Her fairest landscapes whence my Muse has drawn,
Too free with servile courtly phrase to fawn,
Too weak to try the buskin's stately strain:
Yet now no more thy slopes of beech and corn,
Nor views invite, since he[1] far distant strays,
With whom I trac'd their sweets at eve and morn,
From Albion far, to cull Hesperian bays;
In this alone they please, howe'er forlorn,
That still they can recal those happier days.

ON BATHING.

WHEN late the trees were stript by Winter pale,
Young Health, a dryad-maid in vesture green,
Or like the forest's silver-quiver'd queen,
On airy uplands met the piercing gale;
And, ere its earliest echo shook the vale,
Watching the hunter's joyous horn was seen.
But since, gay-thron'd in fiery chariot sheen,
Summer has smote each daisy-dappled dale;

[1] His brother, Dr. Joseph Warton.

She to the cave retires, high-arch'd beneath
The fount that laves proud Isis' towery brim:
And now, all glad the temperate air to breathe,
While cooling drops distil from arches dim,
Binding her dewy locks with sedgy wreath,
She sits amid the quire of Naiads trim.

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF DUGDALE'S MONASTICON.

Deem not, devoid of elegance, the Sage,
By Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguil'd,
Of painful pedantry the poring child;
Who turns, of these proud domes, the' historic page,
Now sunk by Time, and Henry's fiercer rage [1].
Think'st thou the warbling Muses never smil'd
On his lone hours? Ingenuous views engage
His thoughts, on themes, unclassic falsely styl'd,
Intent. While cloister'd Piety displays
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores
New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictur'd stores.
Nor rough, nor barren are the winding ways
Of hoar Antiquity, but strown with flowers.

WRITTEN AT STONEHENGE.

Thou noblest monument of Albion's isle!
Whether by Merlin's aid from Scythia's shore
To Amber's fatal plain Pendragon bore,
Huge frame of giant-hands, the mighty pile,

[1] Dissolution of the monasteries under Henry VIII.

To' entomb his Britons slain by Hengist's guile:
Or Druid priests, sprinkled with human gore,
Taught 'mid thy massy maze their mystic lore:
Or Danish chiefs, enrich'd with savage spoil,
To Victory's idol vast, an unhewn shrine,
Rear'd the rude heap: or, in thy hallow'd round,
Repose the kings of Brutus' genuine line;
Or here those kings in solemn state were crown'd:
Studious to trace thy wondrous origine,
We muse on many an ancient tale renown'd.

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING WILTON-HOUSE.

From Pembroke's princely dome, where mimic Art
Decks with a magic hand the dazzling bow'rs,
Its living hues where the warm pencil pours,
And breathing forms from the rude marble start,
How to life's humbler scene can I depart!
My breast all glowing from those gorgeous tow'rs,
In my low cell how cheat the sullen hours!
Vain the complaint: for Fancy can impart
(To Fate superior, and to Fortune's doom)
Whate'er adorns the stately-storied hall:
She, 'mid the dungeon's solitary gloom,
Can dress the Graces in their Attic pall:
Bid the green landscape's vernal beauty bloom;
And in bright trophies clothe the twilight wall.

TO MR. GRAY.

Not that her blooms are mark'd with beauty's hue,
My rustic Muse her votive chaplet brings;
Unseen, unheard, O Gray, to thee she sings!—
While slowly-pacing through the churchyard dew,

At curfeu-time, beneath the dark-green yew,
Thy pensive genius strikes the moral strings;
Or borne sublime on Inspiration's wings,
Hears Cambria's bards devote the dreadful clue
Of Edward's race, with murders foul defil'd;
Can aught my pipe to reach thine ear essay?
No, bard divine! For many a care beguil'd
By the sweet magic of thy soothing lay,
For many a raptur'd thought, and vision wild,
To thee this strain of gratitude I pay.

WHILE summer-suns o'er the gay prospect play'd,
Through Surry's verdant scenes, where Epsom spreads
'Mid intermingling elms her flowery meads,
And Hascombe's hill, in towering groves array'd,
Rear'd its romantic steep, with mind serene
I journey'd blithe. Full pensive I return'd;
For now my breast with hopeless passion burn'd,
Wet with hoar mists appear'd the gaudy scene,
Which late in careless indolence I pass'd;
And Autumn all around those hues had cast
Where past delight my recent grief might trace.
Sad change, that Nature a congenial gloom
Should wear, when most, my cheerless mood to chase,
I wish'd her green attire, and wonted bloom!

ON KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE, AT WINCHESTER.

WHERE Venta's Norman-castle still uprears
Its rafter'd hall, that o'er the grassy foss,
And scatter'd flinty fragments, clad in moss,
On yonder steep in naked state appears:

High-hung remains, the pride of warlike years,
Old Arthur's board: on the capacious round
Some British pen has sketch'd the names renown'd,
In marks obscure, of his immortal peers.
Though join'd by magic skill, with many a rhyme,
The druid frame, unhonour'd, falls a prey
To the slow vengeance of the wisard Time,
And fade the British characters away;
Yet Spenser's page, that chants in verse sublime
Those Chiefs, shall live unconscious of decay.

TO THE RIVER LODON[1].

Ah! what a weary race my feet have run,
Since first I trod thy banks with alders crown'd,
And thought my way was all through fairy-ground,
Beneath thy azure sky, and golden sun:
Where first my Muse to lisp her notes begun!
While pensive Memory traces back the round,
Which fills the varied interval between;
Much pleasure, more of sorrow, marks the scene,
Sweet native stream! those skies and suns so pure
No more return, to cheer my evening road!
Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure,
Nor useless, all my vacant days have flow'd,
From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature;
Nor with the Muse's laurel unbestow'd.

[1] Near Basingstoke, Warton's native country.

HUMOROUS PIECES.

NEWMARKET,

A SATIRE.

(Published in 1751.)

Πουλυπονος ἱππεια
Ὡς εμολες αιανη
Τῳδε γᾳ.
SOPHOCL. Elec 508.

His country's hope, when now the blooming heir
Has lost the parent's or the guardian's care;
Fond to possess, yet eager to destroy,
Of each vain youth, say, what's the darling joy?
Of each rash frolic what's the source and end,
His sole and first ambition what?——to spend.
Some 'squires, to Gallia's cooks devoted dupes,
Whole manors melt in sauce, or drown in soups:
Another doats on fiddlers, till he sees
His hills no longer crown'd with tow'ring trees;
Convinc'd too late that modern strains can move,
Like those of ancient Greece, the' obedient grove:
In headless statues rich, and useless urns,
Marmoreo from the classic tour returns.—
But would ye learn, ye leisure-loving 'squires,
How best ye may disgrace your prudent sires;

How soonest soar to fashionable shame,
Be damn'd at once to ruin—and to fame;
By hands of grooms ambitious to be crown'd,
O greatly dare to tread Olympic ground!
  What dreams of conquest flush'd Hilario's breast,
When the good knight, at last, retir'd to rest!
Behold the youth with new-felt rapture mark
Each pleasing prospect of the spacious park:
That park, where beauties undisguis'd engage,
Those beauties less the work of art than age;
In simple state where genuine Nature wears
Her venerable dress of ancient years;
Where all the charms of chance with order meet,
The rude, the gay, the graceful, and the great.
Here aged oaks uprear their branches hoar,
And form dark groves, which druids might adore:
With meeting boughs, and deepening to the view,
Here shoots the broad umbrageous avenue;
Here various trees compose a chequer'd scene,
Glowing in gay diversities of green:
There the full stream, through intermingling glades,
Shines a broad lake, or falls in deep cascades.
Nor wants there hazie-copse, or beechen-lawn,
To cheer with sun or shade the bounding fawn.
  And see the good old seat, whose Gothic tow'rs
Awful emerge from yonder tufted bow'rs;
Whose rafter'd hall the crowding tenants fed,
And dealt to age and want their daily bread;
Where crested knights with peerless damsels join'd,
At high and solemn festivals have din'd;
Presenting oft fair Virtue's shining task,
In mystic pageantries, and moral mask.
But vain all ancient praise, or boast of birth,
Vain all the palms of old heroic worth!

At once a bankrupt and a prosperous heir,
Hilario bets;—park, house, dissolve in air.
With antique armour hung, his trophied rooms
Descend to gamesters, prostitutes, and grooms.
He sees his steel-clad sires, and mothers mild,
Who bravely shook the lance, or sweetly smil'd;
All the fair series of the whisker'd race,
Whose pictur'd forms the stately gallery grace;
Debas'd, abus'd, the price of ill-got gold,
To deck some tavern vile, at auctions sold.
The parish wonders at the' unopening door,
The chimnies blaze, the tables groan, no more.
Thick weeds around the' untrodden courts arise,
And all the social scene in silence lies.
Himself, the loss politely to repair,
Turns atheist, fiddler, highwayman, or play'r:
At length, the scorn, the shame, of man and God,
Is doom'd to rub the steeds that once he rode.

Ye rival youths, your golden hopes how vain,
Your dreams of thousands on the listed plain!
Not more fantastic Sancho's airy course,
When madly mounted on the magic horse [2],
He pierc'd Heaven's opening spheres with dazzled [eyes,
And seem'd to soar in visionary skies.
Nor less, I ween, precarious is the meed
Of young adventurers on the Muse's steed;
For poets have, like you, their destin'd round,
And ours is but a *race* on classic ground.

Long time, the child of patrimonial ease,
Hippolitus, had carv'd sirloins in peace;
Had quaff'd secure, unvex'd by toil or wife,
The mild October of a private life:

[2] Clavileno. See Don Quixote, B. ii. Chap. 41. W.

Long liv'd, with calm domestic conquests crown'd,
And kill'd his game on safe paternal ground;
And, deaf to Honour's or Ambition's call,
With rural spoils adorn'd his hoary hall.
As bland he puff'd the pipe o'er weekly news,
His bosom kindles with sublimer views. [more!
Lo there, thy triumphs, Taaffe, thy palms, Port-
Tempt him to stake his lands and treasur'd store.
Like a new bruiser on Broughtonic sand,
Amid the lists our hero takes his stand;
Suck'd by the sharper, to the peer a prey,
He rolls his eyes, that witness huge dismay;
When lo! the chance of one inglorious heat
Strips him of genial cheer and snug retreat.
How aukward now he bears disgrace and dirt,
Nor knows the poor's last refuge, to be pert!—
The shiftless beggar bears of ills the worst,
At once with dulness and with hunger curst:
And feels the tasteless breast equestrian fires?
And dwells such mighty rage in graver 'squires?
In all attempts, but for their country, bold,
Britain, thy conscript-Counsellors behold;
(For some, perhaps, by fortune favour'd yet,
May gain a borough, from a lucky bet,
Smit with the love of the laconic boot,
The cap, and wig succinct, the silken suit,
Mere modern Phaëtons, usurp the rein,
And scour in rival race the tempting plain.
See, side by side, his Jockey and Sir John
Discuss the' important point of six to one.
For oh! the boasted privilege how dear,
How great the pride, to gain a Jockey's ear!—
See, like a routed host, with headlong pace,
Thy members pour amid the mingling race!

All ask, what crowds the tumult could produce—
Is Bedlam or the Commons all broke loose?
Their way nor reason guides, nor caution checks,
Proud on a high-bred thing to risk their necks.—
Thy sages hear, amid the' admiring crowd,
Adjudge the stakes, most eloquently loud;
With critic skill o'er dubious bets preside,
The low dispute, or kindle, or decide:
All empty wisdom, and judicious prate,
Of distanc'd horses gravely fix the fate:
And, with paternal care, unwearied watch
O'er the nice conduct of a daring match.
  Meantime, no more the mimic-patriots rise,
To guard Britannia's honour, warm and wise:
No more in senates dare assert her laws,
Nor pour the bold debate in Freedom's cause:
Neglect the counsels of a sinking land,
And know no rostrum, but Newmarket's stand.
  Is this the band of civil chiefs design'd
On England's weal to fix the pondering mind?
Who, while their country's rights are set to sale,
Quit Europe's balance for the jockey's scale,
O say, when least their sapient schemes are crost,
Or when a nation or a match is lost?
Who dams and sires with more exactness trace,
Than of their country's kings the sacred race:
Think London-journeys are the worst of ills;
Subscribe to articles, instead of bills.
Strangers to all our annalists relate,
Theirs are the memoirs of the' equestrian state:
Who, lost to Albion's past and present views,
Heber [3], thy chronicles alone peruse.

[3] Author of an Historical List of the Running Horses, &c. W.

Go on, brave youths, till in some future age
Whips shall become the senatorial badge;
Till England see her thronging senators
Meet all at Westminster, in boots and spurs;
See the whole house, with mutual frenzy mad,
Her patriots all in leathern breeches clad:
Of bets, not taxes, learnedly debate,
And guide with equal reins—a steed or state.
How would a virtuous Houhnhym[4] neigh disdain,
To see his brethren brook the' imperious rein;
Bear slavery's wanton whip, or galling goad,
Smoke through the glebe, or trace the destin'd road;
And, robb'd of manhood by the murderous knife,
Sustain each sordid toil of servile life.
Yet oh! what rage would touch his generous mind,
To see his sons of more than human kind;
A kind, with each exalted virtue blest,
Each gentler feeling of the liberal breast,
Afford diversion to that monster base,
That meanest spawn of man's half-monkey race;
In whom pride, avarice, ignorance, conspire,
That hated animal, a Yahoo 'squire.
How are the Therons of these modern days
Chang'd from those chiefs who toil'd for Grecian [bays;
Who, fir'd with genuine glory's sacred lust,
Whirl'd the swift axle through the Pythian dust!
Theirs was the Pisan olive's blooming spray,
Theirs was the Theban bard's recording lay. [odds?
What though the grooms of Greece ne'er took the
They won no bets,—but then they soar'd to Gods;
And more an Hiero's palm, a Pindar's ode,
Than all the' united plates of George bestow'd.

[4] See Gulliver's Travels; Voyage to the Houhnhyms. W.

Greece! how I kindle at thy magic name,
Feel all thy warmth, and catch the kindred flame.
Thy scenes sublime and awful visions rise
In ancient pride before my musing eyes.
Here Sparta's sons in mute attention hang,
While just Lycurgus pours the mild harangue;
There Xerxes' hosts, all pale with deadly fear,
Shrink at her fated hero's flashing spear.
Here hung with many a lyre of silver string,
The laureate alleys of Ilissus spring;
And lo, where rapt in beauty's heavenly dream,
Hoar Plato walks his oliv'd Academe.—
Yet ah! no more the land of arts and arms
Delights with wisdom, or with virtue warms.
Lo! the stern Turk, with more than Vandal rage,
Has blasted all the wreaths of ancient age:
No more her groves by Fancy's feet are trod,
Each Attic grace has left the lov'd abode.
Fall'n is fair Greece! by Luxury's pleasing bane
Seduc'd, she drags a barbarous foreign chain.
Britannia, watch! O trim thy withering bays,
Remember thou hast rivall'd Græcia's praise,
Great nurse of works divine! Yet oh! beware
Lest thou the fate of Greece, my country, share.
Recal thy wonted worth with conscious pride,
Thou too hast seen a Solon in a Hyde;
Hast bade thine Edwards and thine Henries rear
With Spartan fortitude the British spear;
Alike hast seen thy sons deserve the meed
Or of the moral or the martial deed.

PROLOGUE

ON THE

OLD WINCHESTER-PLAYHOUSE,

OVER THE BUTCHER'S SHAMBLES.

WHOE'ER our stage examines, must excuse
The wondrous shifts of the dramatic Muse;
Then kindly listen while the prologue rambles
From wit to beef, from Shakspeare to the shambles!
Divided only by one flight of stairs,
The monarch swaggers, and the butcher swears!
Quick the transition, when the curtain drops,
From meek Monimia's moans to mutton-chops!
While for Lothario's loss Lavinia cries,
Old women scold, and dealers d—n your eyes!
Here Juliet listens to the gentle lark,
There in harsh chorus hungry bull-dogs bark.
Cleavers and scimitars give blow for blow,
And heroes bleed above, and sheep below!
While tragic thunders shake the pit and box,
Rebellows to the roar the staggering ox.
Cow-horns and trumpets mix their martial tones,
Kidneys and kings, mouthing and marrow-bones.
Suet and sighs, blank verse and blood abound,
And form a tragic-comedy around.
With weeping lovers, dying calves complain,
Confusion reigns—chaos is come again!
Hither your steelyards, butchers, bring to weigh
The pound of flesh, Anthonio's bond must pay!
Hither your knives, ye Christians, clad in blue,
Bring to be whetted by the ruthless Jew!

Hard is our lot, who, seldom doom'd to eat,
Cast a sheep's-eye on this forbidden meat—
Gaze on sirloins, which, ah! we cannot carve,
And in the midst of legs of mutton—starve!
But would you to our house in crowds repair,
Ye generous captains, and ye blooming Fair,
The fate of Tantalus we should not fear,
Nor pine for a repast that is so near.
Monarchs no more would supperless remain,
Nor pregnant queens for cutlets long in vain.

PANEGYRIC

ON OXFORD-ALE. 1748.

——— Mea nec Falernæ
Temperant vites, neque Formiani
Pocula colles. HOR.

BALM of my cares, sweet solace of my toils,
Hail, Juice benignant! O'er the costly cups
Of riot-stirring wine, unwholesome draught,
Let Pride's loose sons prolong the wasteful night;
My sober evening let the tankard bless,
With toast embrown'd, and fragrant nutmeg fraught,
While the rich draught with oft-repeated whiffs
Tobacco mild improves. Divine repast!
Where no crude surfeit, or intemperate joys
Of lawless Bacchus reign; but o'er my soul
A calm Lethean creeps; in drowsy trance
Each thought subsides, and sweet oblivion wraps

My peaceful brain, as if the leaden rod
Of magic Morpheus o'er mine eyes had shed
Its opiate influence. What, though sore ills
Oppress, dire want of chill-dispelling coals
Or cheerful candle (save the make-weight's gleam
Haply remaining) heart-rejoicing Ale
Cheers the sad scene, and every want supplies.
  Meantime, not mindless of the daily task
Of tutor sage, upon the learned leaves
Of deep Smiglecius much I meditate;
While Ale inspires, and lends its kindred aid,
The thought-perplexing labour to pursue,
Sweet Helicon of logic! But if friends
Congenial call me from the toilsome page,
To Pot-house I repair, the sacred haunt,
Where, Ale, thy votaries in full resort
Hold rites nocturnal. In capacious chair
Of monumental oak and antique mould,
That long has stood the rage of conquering years
Inviolate, (nor in more ample chair
Smokes rosy Justice, when the' important cause,
Whether of hen-roost, or of mirthful rape,
In all the majesty of paunch he tries)
Studious of ease, and provident, I place
My gladsome limbs; while in repeated round
Returns replenish'd the successive cup,
And the brisk fire conspires to genial joy:
While haply, to relieve the lingering hours
In innocent delight, amusive Putt
On smooth joint-stool in emblematic play
The vain vicissitudes of fortune shows.
Nor reckoning, name tremendous! me disturbs,
Nor, call'd for, chills my breast with sudden fear;
While on the wonted door, expressive mark,

The frequent penny stands describ'd to view,
In snowy characters and graceful row.—
  Hail, Ticking! surest guardian of distress!
Beneath thy shelter, pennyless I quaff
The cheerful cup, nor hear with hopeless heart
New oysters cry'd;—though much the poet's friend,
Ne'er yet attempted in poetic strain,
Accept this tribute of poetic praise!
  Nor Proctor thrice with vocal heel alarms
Our joys secure, nor deigns the lowly roof
Of Pot-house snug to visit: wiser he
The splendid tavern haunts, or coffee-house
Of James or Juggins, where the grateful breath
Of loath'd tobacco ne'er diffus'd its balm;
But the lewd spendthrift, falsely deem'd polite,
While steams around the fragrant Indian-bowl,
Oft damns the vulgar sons of humbler Ale:
In vain—the Proctor's voice arrests their joys;
Just fate of wanton pride and loose excess!
  Nor less by day delightful is thy draught,
All-powerful Ale! whose sorrow-soothing sweets
Oft I repeat in vacant afternoon,
When tatter'd stockings ask my mending hand
Not unexperienc'd; while the tedious toil
Slides unregarded. Let the tender swain
Each morn regale on nerve-relaxing tea,
Companion meet of languor-loving nymph:
Be mine each morn with eager appetite
And hunger undissembled, to repair
To friendly buttery; there on smoking crust
And foaming Ale to banquet unrestrain'd,
Material breakfast! Thus in ancient days
Our ancestors robust with liberal cups
Usher'd the morn, unlike the squeamish sons

Of modern times: nor ever had the might
Of Britons brave decay'd, had thus they fed,
With British Ale improving British worth.
  With Ale irriguous, undismay'd I hear
The frequent dun ascend my lofty dome,
Importunate: whether the plaintive voice
Of laundress shrill, awake my startled ear;
Or barber spruce, with supple look intrude;
Or tailor, with obsequious bow advance;
Or groom invade me, with defying front
And stern demeanour, whose emaciate steeds
(Whenc'er or Phœbus shone with kindlier beams,
Or luckier chance the borrow'd boots supplied)
Had panted oft beneath my goring steel.
In vain they plead or threat: all-powerful Ale
Excuses new supplies, and each descends
With joyless pace, and debt-despairing looks:
Ev'n Spacey with indignant brow retires,
Fiercest of duns! and conquer'd quits the field.
  Why did the Gods such various blessings pour
On hapless mortals, from their grateful hands
So soon the short-liv'd bounty to recal?—
Thus while, improvident of future ill,
I quaff the luscious tankard uncontroll'd,
And thoughtless riot in unlicens'd bliss;
Sudden (dire fate of all things excellent!)
The' unpitying Bursar's cross-affixing hand
Blasts all my joys, and stops my glad career.
Nor now the friendly Pot-house longer yields
A sure retreat, when night o'ershades the skies;
Nor Sheppard, barbarous matron, longer gives
The wonted trust, and Winter ticks no more.
  Thus Adam, exil'd from the beauteous scenes
Of Eden, griev'd, no more in fragrant bow'r

On fruits divine to feast, fresh shade and vale
No more to visit, or vine-mantled grot;
But, all forlorn, the dreary wilderness
And unrejoicing solitudes to trace:
Thus too the matchless bard [1], whose lay resounds
The Splendid Shilling's praise, in nightly gloom
Of lonesome garret, pin'd for cheerful Ale;
Whose steps in verse Miltonic I pursue,
Mean follower: like him with honest love
Of Ale divine inspir'd, and love of song.
But long may bounteous Heaven with watchful care
Avert his hapless lot! Enough for me
That burning with congenial flame I dar'd
His guiding steps at distance to pursue,
And sing his favourite theme in kindred strains.

EPISTLE,

SUPPOSED FROM THOMAS HEARNE, ANTIQUARY, TO THE AUTHOR OF 'THE COMPANION TO THE OXFORD GUIDE,' &c.

Friend of the moss-grown spire and crumbling arch,
Who wont'st at eve to pace the long-lost bounds
Of lonesome Oseney! What malignant fiend
Thy cloister-loving mind from ancient lore
Hath base seduc'd? urg'd thy apostate pen
To drench deep wounds on antiquaries sage,
And drag the venerable fathers forth,

[1] John Philips.

Victims to laughter? Cruel as the mandate
Of mitred priests, who Baskett late enjoin'd
To throw aside the reverend letters black,
And print fast-prayers in modern type!—At this
Leland, and Willis, Dugdale, Tanner, Wood;
Illustrious names! with Camden, Aubrey, Lloyd,
Scald their old cheeks with tears! For once they hop'd
To seal thee for their own! and fondly deem'd
The Muses, at thy call, would crowding come
To deck Antiquity with flowerets gay.
But now may curses every search attend
That seems inviting! May'st thou pore in vain
For dubious door-ways! May revengeful moths
Thy ledgers eat! May chronologic spouts
Retain no cypher legible! May crypts
Lurk undiscern'd! Nor may'st thou spell the names
Of saints in storied windows! Nor the dates
Of bells discover! Nor the genuine site
Of Abbot's pantries! And may Godstowe veil,
Deep from thy eyes profane, her gothic charms!

THE PROGRESS OF DISCONTENT. 1746.

When now mature in classic knowledge,
The joyful youth is sent to college,
His father comes, a vicar plain,
At Oxford bred—in Anna's reign,
And thus, in form of humble suitor,
Bowing accosts a reverend tutor;
" Sir, I'm a Glo'stershire divine,
And this—my eldest son of nine;

My wife's ambition and my own
Was—that this child should wear a gown:
I'll warrant that his good behaviour
Will justify your future favour;
And, for his parts, to tell the truth,
My son's a very forward youth;
Has Horace all by heart—you'd wonder—
And mouths out Homer's Greek like thunder.
If you'd examine—and admit him,
A scholarship would nicely fit him;
That he succeeds 'tis ten to one;
Your vote and interest, Sir!'—'Tis done.
Our pupil's hopes, though twice defeated,
Are with a scholarship completed:
A scholarship but half maintains,
And college-rules are heavy chains:
In garret dark he smokes and puns,
A prey to discipline and duns;
And now, intent on new designs,
Sighs for a fellowship—and fines.
When nine full tedious winters past,
That utmost wish is crown'd at last:
But the rich prize no sooner got,
Again he quarrels with his lot:
'These fellowships are pretty things,
We live indeed like petty kings:
But who can bear to waste his whole age
Amid the dulness of a college,
Debar'd the common joys of life,
And that prime bliss—a loving wife!
O! what's a table richly spread,
Without a woman at its head!
Would some snug benefice but fall,
Ye feasts, ye dinners, farewell all!

To offices I'd bid adieu,
Of Dean, Vice Praes.—of Bursar too;
Come joys, that rural quiet yields,
Come tythes, and house, and fruitful fields!"
  Too fond of freedom and of ease
A patron's vanity to please,
Long time he watches, and by stealth,
Each frail Incumbent's doubtful health;
At length, and in his fortieth year,
A living drops—two hundred clear!
With breast elate beyond expression,
He hurries down to take possession,
With rapture views the sweet retreat—
" What a convenient house! how neat!
For fuel here's sufficient wood:
Pray God the cellars may be good!
The garden—that must be new plann'd—
Shall these old-fashion'd yew-trees stand?—
O'er yonder vacant plot shall rise
The flowery shrub of thousand dyes:—
Yon wall, that feels the southern ray,
Shall blush with ruddy fruitage gay:
While thick beneath its aspect warm
O'er well-rang'd hives the bees shall swarm,
From which, ere long, of golden gleam
Metheglin's luscious juice shall stream:
This awkward hut, o'ergrown with ivy,
We'll alter to—a modern privy:
Up yon green slope of hazels trim,
An avenue so cool and dim
Shall to an harbour, at the end,
In spite of gout, entice a friend.
My predecessor lov'd devotion—
But of a garden had no notion."

Continuing this fantastic farce on,
He now commences country-parson.
To make his character entire,
He weds—a cousin of the 'Squire;
Not over weighty in the purse,
But many doctors have done worse:
And though she boasts no charms divine,
Yet she can carve and make birch-wine.
Thus fixt, content he taps his barrel,
Exhorts his neighbours not to quarrel;
Finds his churchwardens have discerning
Both in good liquor and good learning;
With tythes his barns replete he sees,
And chuckles o'er his surplice-fees;
Studies to find out latent dues,
And regulates the state of pews;
Rides a sleek mare with purple housing,
To share the monthly club's carousing;
Of Oxford-pranks facetious tells,
And—but on Sundays—hears no bells;
Sends presents of his choicest fruit,
And prunes himself each sapless shoot;
Plants cauliflow'rs, and boasts to rear
The earliest melons of the year;
Thinks alteration charming work is,
Keeps Bantam-cocks, and feeds his turkies;
Builds in his copse a favourite bench,
And stores the pond with carp and tench.—
But ah! too soon his thoughtless breast
By cares domestic is opprest;
And a third butcher's bill, and brewing,
Threaten inevitable ruin:
For children fresh expenses yet,
And Dicky now for school is fit.

"Why did I sell my college life
(He cries) for benefice and wife?
Return, ye days, when endless pleasure
I found in reading, or in leisure!
When calm around the common-room
I puff'd my daily pipe's perfume!
Rode for a stomach, and inspected,
At annual bottlings, corks selected:
And din'd untax'd, untroubled, under
The portrait of our pious Founder!
When impositions were supplied
To light my pipe—or soothe my pride—
No cares were then for forward peas,
A yearly-longing wife to please;
My thoughts no christ'ning dinners crost,
No children cried for butter'd toast;
And every night I went to bed,
Without a Modus in my head!"
  Oh! trifling head, and fickle heart!
Chagrin'd at whatsoe'er thou art;
A dupe to follies yet untry'd,
And sick of pleasures, scarce enjoy'd!
Each prize possess'd, thy transport ceases,
And in pursuit alone it pleases.

THE PHAETON,

AND THE ONE-HORSE-CHAIR.

At Blagrave's [1] once upon a time,
There stood a Phaeton sublime:

[1] Blagrave, well known at Oxford for letting out carriages, 1763. W.

Unsullied by the dusty road
Its wheels with recent crimson glow'd;
Its sides display'd a dazzling hue,
Its harness tight, its lining new:
No scheme-enamour'd youth, I ween,
Survey'd the gaily-deck'd machine,
But fondly long'd to seize the reins,
And whirl o'er Campsfield's[2] tempting plains.
Meantime it chanc'd, that hard at hand
A One-Horse-Chair had took its stand:
When thus our vehicle begun
To sneer the luckless Chaise and One:—
"How could my master place me here
Within thy vulgar atmosphere?
From classic ground pray shift thy station,
Thou scorn of Oxford education!—
Your homely make, believe me, man,
Is quite upon the gothic plan;
And you, and all your clumsy kind,
For lowest purposes design'd:
Fit only, with a one-ey'd mare,
To drag, for benefit of air,
The country parson's pregnant wife,
Thou friend of dull domestic life!
Or, with his maid and aunt, to school
To carry Dicky on a stool:
Or, haply, to some christening gay
A brace of godmothers convey.—
Or, when blest Saturday prepares
For London tradesmen rest from cares,
'Tis thine to make them happy one day,
Companion of their genial Sunday!

[2] In the road to Blenheim. W.

'Tis thine, o'er turnpikes newly made,
When timely show'rs the dust have laid,
To bear some alderman serene
To fragrant Hampstead's silvan scene.
Nor higher scarce thy merit rises
Among the polish'd sons of Isis.
Hir'd for a solitary crown,
Canst thou to schemes invite the gown?
Go, tempt some prig, pretending taste,
With hat new cock'd, and newly lac'd,
O'er mutton-chops, and scanty wine,
At humble Dorchester to dine!
Meantime remember, lifeless drone!
I carry bucks and bloods alone.
And oh! whene'er the weather's friendly,
What inn at Abingdon or Henley,
But still my vast importance feels,
And gladly greets my entering wheels!
And think, obedient to the thong,
How yon gay street we smoke along:
While all with envious wonder view
The corner turn'd so quick and true."
  To check an upstart's empty pride,
Thus sage, the One-Horse-Chair replied:
  "Pray, when the consequence is weigh'd,
What's all your spirit and parade?
From mirth to grief what sad transitions,
To broken bones and impositions!
Or if no bones are broke, what's worse,
Your schemes make work for Glass and Nourse[3].—
On us pray spare your keen reproaches,
From One-Horse-Chairs men rise to Coaches;

[3] Surgeons in Oxford.

If calm Discretion's stedfast hand
With cautious skill the reins command.
From me fair Health's fresh fountain springs,
O'er me soft Snugness spreads her wings:
And Innocence reflects her ray
To gild my calm sequester'd way:
Ev'n kings might quit their state to share
Contentment and a One-Horse-Chair.—
What though, o'er yonder echoing street
Your rapid wheels resound so sweet;
Shall Isis' sons thus vainly prize
A Rattle of a larger size?"

Blagrave, who during the dispute
Stood in a corner, snug and mute,
Surpris'd, no doubt, in lofty verse
To hear his Carriages converse,
With solemn face, o'er Oxford ale,
To me disclos'd this wondrous tale:
I strait dispatch'd it to the Muse,
Who brush'd it up for Jackson's news,
And, what has oft been pen'd in prose,
Added this moral at the close:

"Things may be useful, though obscure;
The pace that's slow is often sure:
When empty pageantries we prize,
We raise but dust to blind our eyes.
The Golden Mean can best bestow
Safety for unsubstantial show."

ODE TO A GRIZZLE WIG.

BY A GENTLEMAN WHO HAD JUST LEFT OFF HIS BOB.

All hail, ye Curls, that, rang'd in reverend row,
With snowy pomp my conscious shoulders hide!
That fall beneath in venerable flow,
And crown my brows above with feathery pride!

High on your summit, Wisdom's mimic'd air
Sits thron'd, with Pedantry her solemn sire;
And in her net of awe-diffusing hair
Entangles fools, and bids the crowd admire.

O'er every lock, that floats in full display,
Sage Ignorance her gloom scholastic throws;
And stamps o'er all my visage, once so gay,
Unmeaning Gravity's serene repose.

Can thus large wigs our reverence engage?
Have barbers thus the power to blind our eyes?
Is science thus confer'd on every sage,
By Bayliss, Blenkinsop, and lofty Wise[1]?

But thou, farewell, my Bob! whose thin-wove thatch
Was stor'd with quips and cranks, and wanton wiles
That love to live within the one-curl'd Scratch,
With fun, and all the family of smiles.

Safe in thy privilege, near Isis' brook,
Whole afternoons at Wolvercote I quaff'd;
At eve my careless round in High-Street took,
And call'd at Jolly's for the casual draught.

[1] Eminent peruke-makers in Oxford. W.

No more the wherry feels my stroke so true;
At skittles, in a Grizzle, can I play?
Woodstock, farewell! and Wallingford, adieu!
Where many a scheme reliev'd the lingering day.

Such were the joys that once Hilario crown'd,
Ere grave Preferment came my peace to rob:
Such are the less ambitious pleasures found
Beneath the Liceat of an humble Bob.

THE CASTLE BARBER'S SOLILOQUY.

WRITTEN IN THE LATE WAR.

I WHO with such success—alas! till
The war came on—have shav'd the Castle;
Who by the nose, with hand unshaken,
The boldest heroes oft have taken;
In humble strain am doom'd to mourn
My fortune chang'd, and state forlorn!
My soap scarce ventures into froth,
My razors rust in idle sloth!
Wisdom [1]! to you my verse appeals;
You share the griefs your Barber feels:
Scarce comes a student once a whole age,
To stock your desolated college.
Our trade how ill an army suits!
This comes of picking up recruits.
Lost is the robber's occupation;
No robbing thrives—but of the nation:
For hardy necks no rope is twisted,
And ev'n the hangman's self is listed.—

[1] The Governor of Oxford-Castle. W.

Thy publishers, O mighty Jackson!
With scarce a scanty coat their backs on,
Warning to youth no longer teach,
Nor live upon a dying speech.
In cassock clad, for want of breeches,
No more the castle-chaplain preaches.
Oh! were our troops but safely 'anded,
And every regiment disbanded!
They'd make, I trust, a new campaign
On Henley's hill, or Campsfield's plain:
Destin'd at home, in peaceful state,
By me fresh-shav'd, to meet their fate!
  Regard, ye justices of peace!
The Castle-Barber's piteous case:
And kindly make some snug addition,
To better his distrest condition.
Not that I mean, by such expressions,
To shave your worships at the sessions;
Or would, with vain presumption big,
Aspire to comb the judge's wig:
Far less ambitious thoughts are mine,
Far humbler hopes my views confine.—
Then think not that I ask amiss;
My small request is only this,
That I, by leave of Leigh or Pardo,
May, with the Castle—shave Bocardo [2].
  Thus, as at Jesus oft I've heard,
Rough servitors in Wales prefer'd,
The Joneses, Morgans, and Ap-Rices,
Keep fiddles with their Benefices.

[2] The name of a prison in Oxford.

THE OXFORD NEWSMAN's VERSES.

FOR THE YEAR 1760.

THINK of the Palms, my Masters dear!
That crown this memorable year!
Come fill the glass, my hearts of gold,
To Britain's Heroes brisk and bold;
While into rhyme I strive to turn all
The fam'd events of many a Journal.
  France feeds her sons on meagre soup,
'Twas hence they lost their Guadaloupe:
What though they dress so fine and ja'nty?
They could not keep Marigalante.
Their forts in Afric could not repel
The thunder of undaunted Keppel:
Brave Commodore! how we adore ye
For giving us success at Goree.
Ticonderago, and Niagara,
Make each true Briton sing O rare a!
I trust the taking of Crown-Point
Has put French courage out of joint.
Can we forget the timely check
Wolfe gave the scoundrels at Quebec[1]? --
That name has stop'd my glad career,—
Your faithful Newsman drops a tear!—
  But other triumphs still remain,
And rouse to glee my rhymes again.
  On Minden's plains, ye meek Mounseers!
Remember Kingsley's grenadiers.

[1] Before this place fell the brave Wolfe; yet with the satisfaction of first hearing that his troops were victorious. The other places here enumerated were conquests of the preceding year. W.

You vainly thought to ballarag us
With your fine squadron off Cape Lagos;
But when Boscawen came, La Clue[2]
Sheer'd off, and look'd confounded blue.
Conflans[3], all cowardice and puff,
Hop'd to demolish hardy Duff;
But soon unlook'd-for guns o'eraw'd him,
Hawke darted forth, and nobly claw'd him.
And now their vaunted Formidable
Lies captive to a British cable.
Would you demand the glorious cause
Whence Britain every trophy draws?
You need not puzzle long your wit;—
Fame, from her trumpet, answers—Pitt!

FOR THE YEAR 1767.

DISMAL the news, which Jackson's yearly bard
Each circling Christmas brings,—'The times are hard!'
There was a time when Granby's grenadiers
Trim'd the lac'd jackets of the French Mounseers;
When every week produc'd some lucky hit,
And all our paragraphs were plann'd by Pitt.
We Newsmen drank—as England's heroes fought,
While every victory procur'd—a pot.
Abroad, we conquer'd France, and humbled Spain;
At home, rich harvests crown'd the laughing plain.
Then ran in numbers free the Newsman's verses,
Blithe were our hearts, and full our leathern purses.

[2] The French Admiral. W.
[3] Another French Admiral. W.

But now, no more the stream of plenty flows,
No more new conquests warm the Newsman's nose.
Our shatter'd cottages admit the rain,
Our infants stretch their hands for bread in vain.
All hope is fled, our families are undone;
Provisions all are carried up to London;
Our copious granaries distillers thin,
Who raise our bread—but do not cheapen gin.
The' effects of exportation still we rue;
I wish the' exporters were exported too!
In every Pot-house is unpaid our score;
And generous Captain Jolly ticks no more!
  Yet still in store some happiness remains,
Some triumphs that may grace these annual strains.
Misfortunes past no longer I repeat—
George has declar'd—that we again shall eat.
Sweet Willhelminy[4], spite of wind and tide,
Of Denmark's monarch shines the blooming bride:
She's gone! but there's another in her stead,
For of a princess Charlotte's[5] brought to bed:—
Oh, could I but have had one single sup,
One single sniff, at Charlotte's caudle-cup!—
I hear—God bless it—'tis a charming girl,
So here's her health in half a pint of purl.
But much I fear, this rhyme-exhausted song
Has kept you from your Christmas cheer too long.
Our poor endeavours view with gracious eye,
And bake these lines beneath a Christmas-Pie!

[4] Or rather Caroline Matilda, married in 1766.

[5] Princess Charlotta Augusta Matilda, born Sept. 29, 1766, and married to Frederic William duke of Wirtemberg, May 1, 1797.

FOR THE YEAR 1768.

STILL shall the Newsman's annual rhymes
Complain of taxes and the times?
Each year our Copies shall we make on
The price of butter, bread, and bacon?
Forbid it, all ye powers of verse!
A happier subject I rehearse.
Farewell distress, and gloomy cares!
A merrier theme my Muse prepares.
For lo! to save us, on a sudden,
In shape of porter, beef, and pudding,
Though late, Electioneering comes!—
Strike up, ye trumpets, and ye drums!
At length we change our wonted note,
And feast, all winter, on a vote.
Sure, canvassing was never hotter!
But whether Harcourt, Nares, or Cotter [1],
At this grand crisis will succeed,
We Freemen have not yet decreed.—
Methinks, with mirth your sides are shaking,
To hear us talk of Member-making!
Yet know, that we direct the state;
On us depends the nation's fate.—
What though some doctor's cast-off wig
O'ershades my pate, not worth a fig;
My whole apparel in decay;
My beard unshav'd—on New-Year's day;
In me behold (the land's protector)
A Freeman, Newsman, and Elector!
Though cold, and all unshod, my toes;—
My breast for Britain's freedom glows:—

[1] Candidates for the city of Oxford. W.

Though turn'd, by poverty, my coat,
It ne'er was turn'd—to give a vote.
  Meantime, howe'er improv'd our fate is
By jovial cups, each evening, gratis;
Forget not, 'midst your Christmas cheer,
The customs of the coming year:—
In answer to this short Epistle,
Your tankard send, to wet our whistle!

FOR THE YEAR 1770.

As now petitions are in fashion
With the first patriots of the nation;
In spirit high, in pocket low,
We patriots of the Butcher-Row,
Thus, like our betters, ask redress
For high and mighty grievances,
Real, though penn'd in rhyme, as those
Which oft our Journal gives in prose:—
  "Ye rural 'squires, so plump and sleek,
Who study—Jackson, once a week;
While now your hospitable board
With cold sirloin is amply stor'd;
And old October, nutmeg'd nice,
Send us a tankard and a slice!
Ye country-parsons, stand our friends,
While now the driving sleet descends!
Give us your antiquated canes,
To help us through the miry lanes;
Or with a rusty grizzle wig
This Christmas deign our pates to rig.
Ye noble gem'men of the Gown,
View not our verses with a frown!

But, in return for quick dispatches,
Invite us to your buttery-hatches!
Ye too, whose houses are so handy,
For coffee, tea, rum, wine, and brandy;
Pride of fair Oxford's gawdy streets,
You too our strain submissive greets!
Hear Horseman, Spiudlow, King, and Harper[1]!
The weather sure was never sharper:—
Matron of Matrons, Martha Baggs!
Dram your poor Newsman clad in rags!
Dire mischiefs folks above are brewing,
The nation's—and the Newsman's ruin;—
'Tis yours our sorrows to remove;
And if thus generous ye prove;
For friends so good we're bound to pray
Till—next returns a New-Year's Day!
" Giv'n at our melancholy cavern,
The cellar of the Sheep's-Head Tavern."

FOR THE YEAR 1771.

Delicious news—a war with Spain!
New rapture fires our Christmas strain.
Behold, to strike each Briton's eyes,
What bright victorious scenes arise!
What paragraphs of English glory
Will master Jackson set before ye!
The governor of Buenos Ayres
Shall dearly pay for his vagaries;
For whether North, or whether Chatham,
Shall rule the roast, we must have-at-'em:

[1] Keepers of noted coffee-houses in Oxford. W.

Galloons—Havannah—Porto Bello,—
Ere long, will make the nation mellow:—
Our late trite themes we view with scorn,
Bellas the bold, and parson Horne:
Nor more, through many a tedious winter,
The triumphs of the patriot Squinter,
The Ins and Outs, with cant eternal,
Shall crowd each column of our Journal.—
After a dreary season past,
Our turn to live is come at last:
Gen'rals, and Admirals, and Jews,
Contractors, Printers, Men of News,
All thrive by war, and line their pockets,
And leave the works of peace to blockheads.
  But stay, my Muse, this hasty fit—
The war is not declar'd as yet:
And we, though now so blithe we sing,
May all be press'd to serve the King!
Therefore, meantime, our Masters dear,
Produce your hospitable cheer:—
While we, with much sincere delight,
(Whether we publish news—or fight)
Like England's undegenerate sons,
Will drink—confusion to the Dons!

POEMATA HEXAMETRA.

MONS CATHARINÆ[1],

PROPE WINTONIAM.

Aerii Catharina jugi quà vertice summo,
Danorum veteres fossas, immania castra,
Et circumducti servat vestigia valli;
Wiccamicæ mos est pubi, celebrare palæstras
Multiplices, passimque levi contendere lusu,
Festa dies quoties rediit, concessaque rite
Otia, purpureoque rubentes lumine soles,
Invitant, tetricæ curas lenire Minervæ,
Librorumque moras, et iniqua remittere pensa.
  Ergo, Cecropiæ quales æstate cohortes,
Siquando ceras, nondumque tenacia linquunt
Mella vagæ, luduntque favis examina missa,
Mox studio majore novos obitura labores;
Egreditur pullatum agmen; camposque patentes
Occupat, ingentisque tenet spatia ardua clivi.
Nec mora; quisque suos mores, animumque fateri,
Ingeniumque sequi, propriæque accingier arti.
Pars aciem instituunt, et justo utrinque phalanges
Ordine, et adversæ positis stant sortibus alæ.
His datur, orbiculum metis prohibere propinquis,
Præcipitique levem per gramina mittere lapsu:
Ast aliis, quorum pedibus fiducia major,
Excubias agitare vagas, cursuque citato

[1] This poem was first edited in 1760, after Gray's Ode on Eton College, which was written in 1742.

Sectari, et jam jam salienti insistere prædæ;
Usque adeo stimulat rapidus globus ire sequaces
Ancipiti de colle, pilæque volubilis error.
Impete seu valido elatum, et sublime volantem
Suspiciunt, pronosque inhiant ex aere lapsus,
Sortiti fortunam oculis; manibusque paratis
Expectant propiorem, intercipiuntque caducum.
At pater Ichinus viridantes, vallibus imis,
Quà reficit salices, subductæ in margine ripæ,
Pars vegetos nudant artus, et flumina saltu
Summa petunt; jamque alternis placidum ictibus æquor
In numerum, pedibusque secant, et remige plantâ;
Jamque ipso penitus merguntur gurgite, prono
Corpore, spumantemque lacum sub vertice tor-
Protinus emersis, nova gratia crinibus udis [quent.
Nascitur, atque oculis subitò micat acribus ignis
Lætior, impubesque genæ formosiùs ardent.
Interea licitos colles, atque otia jussa,
Illi indignantes, ripæ ulterioris amore,
Longinquos campos, et non sua rura capessunt.
Sive illos (quæ corda solet mortalia passim)
In vetitum mens prona nefas, et iniqua cupido
Sollicitet; novitasve trahat dulcedine mirâ
Insuetos tentare per avia pascua calles:
Seu malint secum obscuros captare recessus,
Secreto faciles habituri in margine Musas:
Quicquid erit, cursu pavitanti, oculisque retortis,
Fit furtiva via, et suspectis passibus itur.
Nec parvi stetit ordinibus cessisse, locumque
Deseruisse datum, et signis abiisse relictis.
Quin lusu incerto cernas gestire Minores;
Usque adeo instabiles animos nova gaudia lactant!
Se saltu exercent vario, et luctantur in herbâ,

Innocuasve edunt pagnas, aut gramine molli
Otia agunt fusi, clivisque sub omnibus hærent.
Aut aliquis tereti ductos in marmore gyros
Suspiciens, miratur inextricabile textum;
Sive illic Lemurum populus sub nocte choreas
Plauserit exiguas, viridesque attriverit herbas;
Sive olim pastor fidos descripserit ignes,
Verbaque difficili composta reliquerit orbe,
Confusasque notas, impressaque cespite vota.
At Juvenis, cui sunt meliores pectore sensus,
Cui cordi rerum species, et dædalus ordo,
Et tumulum capit, et sublimi vertice solus,
Quæ latè patuere, oculos fert singula circum.
Colle ex opposito, flaventi campus aristâ
Aureus, adversoque refulgent jugera sole:
At procul obscuri fluctus, et rura remotis
Indiciis, et disjunctæ juga cærula Vectæ:
Sub pedibus, perfusa uligine pascua dulci,
Et tenues rivi, et sparsis frondentia Tempe
Arboribus, saxoque rudi venerabile templum
Apparet, mediâ riguæ convallis in umbrâ.
Turritum, a dextrâ, patulis caput extulit ulmis
Wiccamici domus alma chori, notissima Musis:
Nec procul ampla ædes, et eodem læta patrono,
Ingens delubrum, centum sublime fenestris,
Erigitur, magnâque micant fastigia mole.
Hinc atque hinc extat vetus Urbs, olim inclyta bello,
Et muri disjecti, et propugnacula lapsa;
Infectique Lares, lævisque palatia ducta
Auspiciis. Nequeunt expleri corda tuendo,
Et tacitam permulcet imago plurima mentem.
O felix Puerorum ætas, lucesque beatæ!
Vobis dia quies animis, et tristia vobis
Nondum sollicitæ subierunt tædia vitæ!

En! vobis roseo ore salus, curæque fugaces,
Et lacrymæ, siquando, breves; dulcesque cachinni,
Et faciles, ultrò nati de pectore, risus!
O fortunati nimium! Si talia constent
Gaudia jam pueris, Ichinum propter amœnum,
Ah! sedes ambire novas quæ tanta cupido est,
Dotaleinque domum, et promissas Isidis undas?
Ipsos illa licèt fœcundo flumine lucos
Pieridum fortunatos, et opima vireta,
Irriget, Ilisso par, aut Permessidos amni,
Et centum ostentet sinuoso in margine turres.

SACELLUM COLL. SS. TRIN. OXON.
INSTAURATUM,
SUPPETIAS PRÆSERTIM CONFERENTE
RAD. BATHURST, EJUSDEM COLL. PRÆS. ET ECCLESIÆ WELLENSIS DECANO [1].

Quo cultu renovata dei penetralia, tristi
Dudum obducta situ, senioque horrentia longo,
Squallorem exuerint veterem, turpesque tenebras;
Utque novam faciem, mutataque mœnia ritè
Sumpserit instaurata ædes, specieque resurgens
Cœperit insuetâ priscum splendescere fanum,
Auspice Bathursto, canimus: Tu, Diva, secundum
Da genium, et quales ipsi Romana canenti
Carmina, Nasonis facilem superantia venam,
Bathursto annueras, Latios concede lepores.
Quippe ubi jam Graiis moles innixa columnis
Erigitur nitidæ normam confessa Corinthi,

[1] Written in 1748, and prefixed to the Life of Bathurst, about thirteen years after.

Vitruviumque refert justissima fabrica verum;
Quaque, Hospes, vario mirabere culmina fuco
Vivida, et ornatos multo molimine muros,
Olim cernere erat breviori limite clausum
Obscurumque adytum; dubiam cui rara fenestra
Admisit lucem, rudibus suffusa figuris;
Quale pater pietati olim sacrârat avitæ
Popius, et rite antiquâ decoraverat arte:
At veteres quondam quicunque insigniit aras
Tandem extinctus honos: rerum fortuna subinde
Tot tulerat revoluta vices, et, certior hostis,
Paulatim quassata fatiscere fecerat ætas
Tecta ruens; quæ nunc et Wrenni dædala dextra,
Et pietas Bathursti æquat pulcherrima cœlo.
Verùm age, nec faciles, Hospes, piget omnia circum
Ferre oculos. Adsis; qualisque ereptus ab undis
Æneas, Lybicæ postquam successerat urbi,
Constitit artificumque manus, operumque laborem
Miratus, pictoque in pariete nota per orbem
Bella, sub ingenti collustrans singula templo;
Non minùs et donis opulentum, et numine plenum
Suspice majori templum, nitidoque receptus
Vestibulo, quanti pateant spectacula torni
Contemplator, et oppositum cælamine Septum
Raro interfusum, quali perluceat arte!
Queis inflexa modis, quo sit perfusa nitore
Sculptilis, et nimiùm conspectu lubrica cedrus!
At Cancellorum non enarrabile textum,
Autumni spoliis, et multâ messe gravatum,
Occupat in medio, et binas demittit in alas
Porticus, et plexâ præfixis fronde columnis
Utrinque incubuit, penatralique ostia fecit.
Nec sua pro foribus desunt, spirantia signa,

Fida satellitia, atque aditum servantia tantum:
Nonne vides fixos in cœlum tollere vultus,
Ingentesque Dei monitus haurire, fideli
Et calamo Christum victuris tradere chartis?
Halat opus, Lebanique refert fragrantis odorem.
Pergemodò, utque acies amplectier omnia possit,
Te mediis immitte choris, delubraque carpe
Interiora inhians; quæque obvia surgere cernis
Paulisper flexo venerans altaria vultu,
Siste gradum, atque oculos refer ad fastigia summa.
Illic divinos vultus, ardentiaque ora,
Nobilis expressit calamus, cœlumque reclusit.
In medio, domitâ jam morte, et victor, Iësus
Ætherium molitur iter, nebulisque coruscis
Insistens, repetit patrem, intermissaque sceptra.
Agnosco radiis flagrantia tempora densis,
Vulneraque illa (nefas!) quæ ligno maxima fixus
Victima sustulerat fatali: innubilus æther
Desuper, et puræ vis depluit aurea lucis.
At vario, per inane, dei comitatus, amictu
Cælestes formæ, fulgentque insignibus alis.
Officio credas omnes trepidare fideli;
Pars sequitur longè, veneraturque ora volantis,
Pars aptare humeros Divo, et substernere nubes
Purpureas, caroque oneri succedere gaudent
Certatim, pariterque juvant augentque triumphum.
Nec totum in tabulâ est culmen: quà cœrula clausit
Extrema, atque oras picturæ muniit aurum,
Protinus hinc sese species nitidissima rerum
Utrinque explicuit, cæmento ducta sequaci.
Tali opifex facilem massam disponere tracta
Calluit, argillæ secernens uvida fila
Mobilis, ut nullas non sint induta figuras

In quascunque levis digitus diducere vellet.
Nec confusus honos operi; secretaque rite
Areolam sculptura suam sibi vindicat omnis.
Prima ipsam niveo, circumque supraque, tabellam
Prætexit, sinuans alterna volumina, plexu,
Frondeaque intortos producit fimbria gyros.
Hinc atque hinc patulæ pubescunt vimina palmæ
Vivaces effusa comas, intextaque pomis
Turgidulis, varioque referta umbracula fœtu,
Cui pleno invideat subnitens Copia cornu:
Hac procuduntur flores, pulcherrima serta,
Qualia vere novo peperit cultissimus hortus;
Queis vix viva magis, meliusve effingere novit,
Dextera acu pollens, calathisque assueta Minervæ,
Omnes illa licèt, quot parturit Enna, colores
Temperet, expediens variis discrimina filis,
Atque auro rigeat dives subtemen et ostro.
At ne aciem deflecte, tuendi captus amore.
Aspicis, ut diam nubes resecare columbam,
Suppositis fecitque opifex allabier aris?
Hanc circum et Christi fatum referentia, sævæ
Instrumenta artis, magnique insignia Lethi,
Addidit; informes contortâ cuspide clavos,
Sanguineas capitis spinas, crepitantia flagra,
Ipsam etiam, quæ membra Dei morientis, et ora
Heu! collapsa, Crucem, mundique piacula gessit.
  At quà marmoreis gradibus se mystica mensa
Subrigit, et dives divini altare cruoris,
En, qualis murum a tergo præcinxit amictus,
Cedrinæque trabes, adversique æmula Septi
Materies, pariterque potentis conscia torni.
Verum ipsos evade gradus, nec longiùs abstes,
Quin propiore oculo, cupidique indagine visûs,
Angliaci explores divinum opus Alcimedontis:

Ne tenues formæ fugiant, et gratia ligni
Exilis, pereantque levis vestigia ferri
Mollia, subtilisque lepos intercidat omnis.
Quis fabri dabit insidias, arcanaque fila,
Rimari! Retinent quæ vincula textile buxum,
Et quales cohibent suspensa toreumata nodi!
Hinc atque hinc crescit foliorum pensilis umbra,
Et partita trahit pronas utrobique corollas,
Maturisque riget baccis, et germina pandit:
Quales e tereti dependent undique trunco
Undantes hederæ, et densis coma fœta corymbis.
Inter opus pennatarum paria alma cherubûm
Ambrosios lucent crines, impubiaque ora.
In summo veneranda calix, incisaque messis
In spicam induitur, turgentesque uva racemos
Rasilis explicuit, sacræ libamina cœnæ.
Tale decus nunquam impressit candenti elephanto,
Non Pario lapidi, non flavo Dædalus auro,
Quale faber buxo, gracilique in stipite lusit.
  En verò, tumulum ingentem quà proxima clausit
Testudo, priscæ effigies, et busta propinquis
Non indigna aris! Salve, sanctissime Popi!
Nunc ultro ad cineres ipsius et ossa parentis
Adsumus: O salve! neque enim, pater optime, credo
Elysias inter sedes, divosque repôstus,
Et cum dilecto ducens dia otia Moro,
Negligis ulteriora pii monumenta laboris,
Alterius monumenta manûs, et non tua dona.
Alme Parens, salveto! Tuum est vestigia vulgi
Quod fugiam: Tu das inopis crudelia vitæ
Tædia solari, afflictis spes unica rebus,
Et sinis Aonidum viridantes ire per hortos.
Te, pater, et fidâ tua facta reponere mente,
Et memor assiduas tibi ritè resolvere grates,

Ora puer dubiâ signans intonsa juventa,
Consueram, primis et te venerabar ab annis.
Nec vano augurio sanctis cunabula Musis
Hæc posuisti olim, nec spes frustrata fefellit
Magna animo meditantem, et præmia larga ferentem:
Unde tot Aoniâ stant ordine tempora lauro
Velati, donoque æternæ frondis Alumni.
Alleni rerum reserans abstrusa senectus,
Et torquere sagax rationis lucida tela
Omnia Chilvorthus, patriosque recludere ritus
Seldenus solers, et magnificus Sheldonus,
Et juga Denhamius monstrans ignota camenis:
Tuque etiam, Bathurste, potens et mente manuque
Palladis exercere artes, unàque tueri.
Ergo tibi quoties, Popi, solennia vota
Ritè rependamus, propriosque novemus honores,
Tuque etiam socias, Bathurste, merebere laudès,
Divisum decus, et lauro cingère secundâ.—
Nec te sola Tuum, licèt optima cura, sacellum
Occupat: en! prope plura facis, nec dispare sumptu
Atria moliris ritu concinna recenti,
Summissas propter sedes; majoraque mandas
Ipsius incrementa domus, reficisque Penates.
Sic ubi, non operosa adeo primordia fassus,
Romulus exiguam muro concluserat urbem,
Per tenues primò plateas arx rara micare,
Ipsaque stramineo constabat regia culmo;
At postquam Augustus rerum successit habenis,
Continuò Parii lapidis candentia luce
Tecta refulsere; et Capitolì immobile saxum
Vertice marmoreo stetit, et laquearibus aureis.

IN OBITUM
CELSISSIMI ET DESIDERATISSIMI
FREDERICI,
PRINCIPIS WALLIÆ, 1751.

Sit, Gulielme, tuum meditari Martia facta,
Turbatasque acies; sit fas ostendere lauros,
Anglia quas servata tibi, quas Gallia reddit
Devicta, et partos haud uno ex hoste triumphos;
Nec minor interea est Brunsvicî a stemmate missis
Gloria Principibus, cognoscere munera pacis
Mitia, Palladiasque domi mirarier artes,
Et quos civilis docuit sapientia mores.
Heu talis, Frederice, fuisti! et Te quoque, dignæ
Principe pacifero, velabunt tempora frondes;
Et Te magna manent, quanquam haud operosa, tropæa:
En tibi (regales quâ non insignior ulla
Vestit palma comas) ut lætos pandat honores,
En tibi felicis quæ copia crescat olivæ!
Ergo utcunque Tibi dispostas cernere turmas
Non, Frederice, fuit cordi, atque in murmura Martis
Haud placuit sublime armis fulgentibus ire;
Quin Te divini correptum ruris amore
In juga Clifdenæ multâ frondentia fago,
Seu Thamesin propter, dilecta per otia Kevæ
Convallem in riguam, Musæ, tua cura, solebant
Ducere Pierides, solisque recondere sylvis.
Nec tacitas inter reptasti inglorius umbras;
Quin patriæ placidâ meditans in mente salutem,
Quærere consueras, fuerit quæ regia virtus,

Quæ Mens, quique animi regem decuêre Britannum,
Promisso invigilans regno, sceptrisque futuris.
Qualis, qui Curibus parvis et paupere terrâ
Missus erat Princeps, sanctos sub nocte silenti
Cesserat in lucos: aderat pia Diva ministrans
Consilia Ægeria; incultam queis legibns urbem,
Effrenos regeret quâ relligione Quirites,
Quâ dextrâ imperii rigidas torqueret habenas.
Quid referam, ut studio pollens Fredericus in omni
Interea digito citharam calleret eburnam
Artifici pulsare, et suaves edere cantus,
Queis Thamesis mediis stupefactus constitit undis?
Haud frustra heroum meliora exempla secutus,
Quorum fama vetus per terras diditur omnes:
Nec fuit indignum Æacida, dum mœnia Trojæ
Insignis quateret clypeo, et cælestibus armis,
Tædia solliciti secum testudine belli
Solari Aoniâ, et duros mulcere labores.
Nec Tu, Thebanæ gentis fortissime ductor,
Dedignatus eras divini munera cantûs;
Leuctrensi quanquam devinctus tempora lauro.
Quid memorem, Phœbi fuerant ut semper apud Te
Munera, Lauri vis, et suave rubens hyacinthus?
O pater, O præsens numen, Frederice, poetis!
Ut tibi Calliope Permessi inspersa liquore
Monstravit nemora, et formosæ jugera Cirrhæ;
Ut cupidum Pindi immisit rorantibus antris,
Antiquæ felicem et laudis et artis alumnum?
Talibus Auspiciis et tanto Principe fretum,
Quid mirum est Tempestates mutabilis anni
Thomsonum tam jucundo cecinisse lepore,
Horrida quid meditetur Hyems, quæ purpureum Ver
Germina progeneret, quas frondes explicet Æstas,
Et quantis Autumni exultet pampinus uvis?

O (quin fata obstant!) si nunc foret ipse superstes!
Munifici desiderio perculsus Amici,
Quam memori officio fudisset nobile carmen;
Quam Tibi Pierio decorâsset funera fletu,
Triste ministerium haud humili molitus honore!
Quam bene lecta Tibi studio, Frederice, fideli
Ferret in exequias variarum dona rosarum,
Et digna augustis inspergi serta sepulchris!
Interea tenues tumulo quas, impare Musâ,
Mittimus inferias, non duro respice vultu,
Parce pio vati, et faveas levioribus ausis.
Quin mihi supremum fas sit dixisse, Valeto;
O longùm, Frederice, valeto; O inclyte Princeps
O valeas, frustra Angliaci diadematis hæres!
Nec sanè accepit gravius, propiusve medullis,
Per fastos tot retro, infelix Anglia vulnus;
Ex quo, Cressiaci media inter festa triumphi,
Atque Equitum antiquo socialia prandia ritu,
Ante diem Edvardus cecidit; fluitantia latè
Vexilla, et fuscis quæ fecerit acer in armis,
Vinsoriæ ostentant sedes, perque Atria longa
Regificæ exultant spoliis victribus arces.

EPIGRAMMATA.

IN HORTO SCRIPT[1].

Vos O quæ sociis plicata ramis
Ulmi brachia panditis gemellæ,
Horti deliciæ, decusque parvi!
Dum vicina apium cohors per herbas
Fragrantes medio strepit sub æstu,
Fraternis tueamini magistrum
Vos sub frondibus, Attici leporis
Auctores Latiive lectitantem;
Lustrantemve oculo licentiori
Colles oppositos, aprica rura,
Latè undantibus obsitos aristis,
Tectosque aeriis superne fagis.

EPITAPHIUM[2].

Conjux chara vale! tibi Maritus
Hoc pono memori manu sepulchrum:
At quales lacrymas tibi rependam,
Dum tristi recolo, Susanna, corde,
Quàm constans, animo neque impotente,

[1] At Wynslade, the residence of his brother.

[2] The subject of this was Susannah, first wife of Peter Serle, Esq. of Little Testwood, in the parish of Eling, Hants. She died on the 15th of November, 1753, in the thirtieth year of her age.

Tardi sustuleras acuta lethi,
Me spectans placidis supremùm ocellis!
Quòd si pro meritis vel ipse flerem,
Quo fletu tua te relicta proles,
Proles parvula, ritè prosequetur,
Custodem, sociam, ducem, parentem?
At quorsum lacrymæ? Valeto raræ
Exemplum pietatis, O Susanna!

APUD HORTUM JUCUNDISSIMUM WINTONIÆ.

Si qua est gratia rivuli perennis,
Ripas qui properat loquax per udas;
Si quis gramineo nitor vireto,
Rasisve in spatiis quid est amœni;
Aut siquod, fruticum tenellulorum,
Raris fasciculis et hinc et inde
Frondentum, tenues brevesque sylvæ,
Possint pandere dædali coloris;
Quin, si floribus, angulos per omnes,
Quod dulcedinis est sine arte sparsis;
Cum crebris saluberrimis et herbis;
Hunc, hospes, lepidum putabis hortum.
At nec deliciæ, licet suäves,
Tales te poterint diù tenere,
Quin mirabere, quæ micant utrinque
Tecta ingentia, maximumque templum,
Antiquumque larem decus camenis.
Hac dum prospicias, jugi sacrati
Sub clivo ancipiti, domus superbæ
Olim, fragmina vasta, dirutasque
Arces; ah memor, hospes, esto, ut ipsæ,

Quas nunc egregio vides decoras
Cultu, et magnificas, utrinque moles,
Mox traxisse queant parem ruinam,
Et musco jaceant situque plenæ;
Quamvis utraque Wiccamus beatus
Diti fecerit auxeritque sumtû,
Te, Phœbi domus alma; teque templum,
Centum surgere jusserit columnis.

IN SOMNUM.

Somne veni, et quanquam certissima mortis imago
Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori! [es,
Huc ades, haud abiture cito: nam sic sine vita
Vivere, quam suave est, sic sine morte mori.

QUI FIT, MÆCENAS, &c.

Cum Juvenis nostras subiit novus advena sedes,
Continuo Popi præmia magna petit:
Deinde potens voti quiddam sublimius ambit,
Et socii lepidum munus inire cupit:
At socius mavult transire ad rura sacerdos;
Arridetque uxor jam propriique lares;
Ad rus transmisso, vitam instaurare priorem
Atque iterum Popi tecta subire juvat.
O pectus mire varium et mutabile! cui sors
Quæque petita placet, nulla potita placet.

GRÆCA ATQUE ANGLICA

QUÆDAM

LATINE REDDITA.

HOMERI HYMNUS AD PANA.

En! tibi, Pan, summi colles, et maxima parent
Culmina, præcipitesque nivali vertice rupes.
Tu pater, incedens virgulta per avia, mentem
Oblectas lapsu fluviorum lenè cadentûm.
Sive errare velis per vasta cacumina, magni
Unde procul patuêre greges, atque otia dia
Pastorum; capreasve agites indagine densâ,
Seu redeas squallens variarum cæde ferarum.
At simul ex alto subluxit vesper Olympo,
Tale melos suavi diffundis arundine, quale
Non, Philomela, facit, quoties frondentibus umbris
Abdita, vere novo, intêgrat miserabile carmen.
Continuo properant faciles in carmina Nymphæ,
Instaurantque choros; saltantibus adsonat Echo.
In medio Deus ipse inflexos orbibus orbes
Insequitur, quatiens maculosæ tegmina lyncis:
Sub pedibusque croci crescunt, dulcesque hyacinthi,
Floribus et variis viridis distinguitur herba.
Intereà cecinêre Deûm primordia prisca:
At primùm dixêre, ut, Divûm nuntius Hermes
Venerit Arcadiæ fines, pecorisque feraces
Formosi campos, et prata recentia rivis.
Quà nunc illi aræ, quà stant Cyllenia templa.

Illic, divino licèt ingens esset honore,
Pavit oves, nam jussit amor; votisque potitus
Egregiam Dryopen in vincla jugalia duxit.
Nascitur hinc proles visu miranda, bicornis
Capripes; ipsa novo nutrix exterrita fœtu
Restitit, hirsutique infantem corporis horrens.
At pater exultans villosâ pelle revinctum
Montani leporis puerum, fulgentibus astris
Intulit, et solium Jovis ad sublime locavit.
Excipiunt plausu Superi; subrisit Iäcchus
Purpureo vultu, et puerum Pan nomine dixit.

EX FOEMATE

DE VOLUPTATIBUS FACULTATIS IMAGINATRICIS[1].

——O Progenies pulcherrima cæli!
Quo tibi succorum tractu, calamique labore,
Divinos ducam vultus, cælestiaque ora?
Unde legam qui, Diva, tuis certare colores
Purpurei possint, discrimina dædala fuci?
Ergo age, Musa, vago cursu per maxima mundi
I spatia; et quicquid formosi florida tellus,
Quicquid habent maria, et cæli spirabile lumen,
Delibes; quicquid nitidum natura recondit
Dives opum variarum, in amabile, Musa, fideli
Confer opus studio. Seu liberioribus alis
Vin', comite Autumno, per fortunata volare
Hesperidûm nemora, et dias Atlantidos oras,
Dum quacunque Pater fœcundo pollice lucum

[1] The Pleasures of Imagination, b. i. ver. 280.

Felicem contingit, opacis gratia ramis
Fit nova, et auricomo fulsêrunt vimina fœtu:
Quâcunque incessit per ditia rura, renident
Undique maturo subiti livore racemi;
Apricosque recens infecit purpura colles,
Quales occiduo nubes quæ sole coruscant.
Sive errare velis, rigua convalle, per umbras
Daphnes dilectas, Penéus gurgite leni
Quà fluit, ostentatque reflexam e flumine Tempe
Purpuream vitreo;—Tempe! quà, numina sylvis
Nota olim, Faum Nymphæque, per aurea prisci
Sæcula Saturni, secreto in margine ripæ
Frondiferæ, socio ducebant Pane choreas
Multiplices. At saltantum vestigia propter,
Horasque, Zephyrosque almos, udo imbre, videres
Certatim ambrosios rores, et odoriferum thus,
Depluere, Elysioque rubent quicunque colores.

EX POEMATE

DE RATIONES SALUTIS CONSERVANDÆ[1].

Ergo agite, O Nymphæ, integros ostendite fontes;
Egelidasque domos, rigui penetralia regni,
Naïades aperite! per avia tesqua vagari,
Vobis nota, aveo: videor resonantia saxis
Flumina præruptis, scatebrasque audire reclusas.
Sanctâ perculsus mentem formidine, rupes
Prospicio, quà vorticibus spumantibus amnes
Insignes micuêre, antiquo carmine clari,
Ante omnes, ingens, scopulis plangentibus, exit
Nilus; at iratis properat violentior undis

[1] The Art of preserving Health, b. ii. ver. 332.

Hinc Padus; inde jugis Euphrates Oceano par
Volvitur umbriferis, Orientemque irrigat omnem.
At secum, sævoque procul resupinus in antro,
Squallentem Tanais diffundit barbarus urnam.
Quantis sub tenebris, quam vastis obruta silvis
Undique, conduntur fluviorum exordia prima
Nobilium! Ergo animum permista horrore voluptas
Percipit, et sacro correpunt ossa pavore:
Et magis atque magis, dirâ formidine circùm
Frondiferi horrescunt luci, ramisque patescit
Altius, et majori atrum nemus accubat umbrâ.
Dicite, num Lemurùm regio stat finibus istis
Abdita? quænam hæc ignoti pomœria mundi?
Qui populi? Quæve arva viris exercita? siquæ
Talia trans deserta supersint arva colenda.
O ubi camporum tam nigris faucibus antrum
Porrigitur! Tanto specus ille immanis hiatu
Fertur in informem Phlegethonta, an amœna vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum? per opaca locorum
Ducite vos, dubiosque pedes firmetis eunti:
Munera vestra cano; nam jussit talia Pæon,
Talia, diva Salus; et versu pandere conor,
Quid lymphâ liquido fierive potest elemento:
Quo nihil utilius mundi fert dædala moles.
Mirus quippe latex it mobilis undique! gemmis
Lumine dat radiare vago; dat quercubus altis
Sævas indignari hyemes, et temnere ventos;
Dat scintillanti tenuissima spicula vino:
Et vehit et generat speciei alimenta cuïque,
Et vitam, seu quæ spirabilis ætheris aurâ
Vescitur, irriguisve virescit florida campis.

PINDARI PYTHIONIC. I.

HIERONI ÆTNÆO SYRACUSIO CURRU VICT.

Testudo filis apta nitentibus,
Quam ritè servat Pieridum chorus,
Tu cantilenam, tu sequaces
Egregiâ regis arte gressus!
Perculsa plectro leniter aureo
Pronum corusci fulminis impetum
Tu sistis, æternæque flammæ
Præcipites moderaris ictus.
Alis relapsis, fusa Jovis super
Sceptro, volucris regia sternitur
Sopore prædulci, carentque
Rostra minis, oculique flammis.
Quin Mars reponens aspera spicula,
Post pulverem certaminis ardui,
Oblectat, O Phœbea proles,
Corda tuo truculenta cantu.
At quos benigno numine Jupiter
Non vidit, illos, carminis audiant
Siquando divini levamen,
Horror agit pavidusque luctus:
Qualis Typhœus, sub barathro jacens
Imo, supremis improba centiceps
Quod bella Divis intulisset
Hæmonio genitus sub antro.
Quem nunc ligatum Cuma cubat super,
Pectusque setis comprimit horridum
Columna cæli, quæ perenni
Stat glacie, nivis Ætna nutrix:
Et nunc procellas evomit igneas,
Fumosque, misto turbine, bellua

Vulcani, et horrendum rubescunt
Nocte procul jaculata saxa:
Immane dictu prodigium! Mare
Siquis propinquum transeat, ut Typhos
Ætnæ sub antris illigetur,
Difficilique fremat cubili!
Hoc me solutum crimine fac, Pater,
Cui paret Ætnæ frondeus ambitus,
Frons fertilis telluris, ingens
Urbs titulos tulit unde magnos;
Quà nuntiatum est quale Hiero ederet
Certamen, acres victor agens equos,
Quantusque succussis, rotarum
Arbiter, institerit quadrigis [1].

EX

EURIPIDIS ANDROMACHA.

Ver. 102.

ANDROMACHE LOQUITUR.

Cum Paris, O Helena, te celsa in Pergama duxit,
Et miser illicitos jussit adire toros,
Heu! non conjugii læti florentia dona,
Quin secum Alectô, Tisiphonemque, tulit.
Illius ob Furias, fidens Mars mille carinis
Te circùm rutilis, Troja, dedit facibus!
Illius ob Furias, cecidisti, care marite,
Hector! Achilleis rapte, marite, rotis!
Ipsa autem e thalamis agor ad cava littora ponti,
Servitii gravidâ nube adoperta caput.
Ah! mihi quæ stillant lacrymæ! Trojamque, torum-[que,
Et fœdo fusum in pulvere linquo virum!

[1] Ad Antistr. ii.

Quid juvat ulteriùs cæli convexa tueri?
Scilicet Hermiones sordida serva feror:
Et Thetidos complexa pedes, liquefio, perennis
Qualis præcipiti quæ pluit unda jugo.

MELEAGRI EPITAPHIUM

IN UXOREM.

EX ANTHOLOGIA, LIB. III. CAP. XII. EP. 22.
BRUNCK. ANAL. V. I. P. 30.

Mitto tibi lacrymas, O Heliodora, sub Orcum,
In tenebris longè mitto tibi lacrymas.
Ah tristes lacrymas, libata in flebile bustum
Et desiderii dona, et amoris habe!
Te crebo, crebroque, meamque a lumine cassam
Defleo; quæ Diti gratia nulla Deo est.—
O ubi jucundus mihi flosculus? abstulit Orcus.—
Fœdavit vegetum pulvere germen humus.
Quare, terra tuum est amplectier ossa repostæ
Mollitèr, et fido salva fovere sinu.

ANTIPATRI THESSALONIC.

IN TEMPERANTIAM.

EX ANTHOL. I. LXXVIII. 1. BRUNCK, II. 121.

His natam Antigenes orabat vocibus olim
Ævi cum traheret fila suprema senex:
'O Virgo formosa, O dulcis nata, minister
Vitæ inopis semper sit tibi cura colus.
Mox cum te sociarit Hymen, tua maxima dos sit,
Te castæ mores matris habere probos.'

CARPHYLIDÆ.

EX ANTHOL. III. I. 6. BRUNCK, II. 401.

MEAM præteriens, Viator, urnam,
Non est quod lacrymâ riges sepultum;
Nam nil et mihi, mortuo dolendum est.
Conjux una mihi, fuitque fida,
Quâ cum consenui; dedique natos
Tres in fœdera fausta nuptiarum;
Ex queis, sæpe mihi in sinu tepenti,
Sopivi pueros puellulasque:
Qui tandem, inferiis mihi relatis,
Misère ambrosios patrem sopores
Dormitum, Elysii virente ripâ.

CALLIMACHI IN CRETHIDA.

EX ANTHOL. III. XII. 53. BRUNCK, I. 474.

DOCTA est dulce loqui, puellulasque
Inter ludere docta pervenustè;
Te, Crethi, Samiæ tuæ reposcunt;
Cujus garrulitate mollicellâ
Suerant lanificî levare curas.
At tu surda jaces; trahisque somnos
Cunctis denique, Crethi, dormiendos!

INCERTI

IN CHIO.

EX ANTHOL. CEPHAL. No. 648.

Omitted by Brunck.

Ergo te nitidæ decus palæstræ,
Te lætum validæ labore luctæ,
Et perfusa oleo videre membra,
Nunc, Protarche, pater tegit sepulchro,
Congestisque recondit ossa saxis?
Necdum filiolæ modo peremptæ
Cessit cura recens, noviquo luctus
Acer funeris, O fidelis uxor,
Te præreptâ etiam parique fato.
At postquam ferus Orcus hausit, et spes
Et solatia vos gravis senectæ,
Hunc vobis lapidem memor reponit.

LEONIDÆ.

EX ANTHOL. VI. XXIV. 2. BRUNCK, I. 229.

Suspensam e Platano Teleson tibi, Capripes O Pan,
Pellem villosæ dat, pia dona, feræ;
Curvatamque caput, nodoso e stipite, clavam,
Quæ modò depulsi fœda cruore lupi est;
Concretoque aptum lacti mulctrale, et odoros
Queis tenuit clausos, ferrea vincla, canes.

IN TUMULUM ARCHILOCHI.

EX ANTHOL. III. XXV. 20. BRUNCK, II. 167.

Hic est Archilochus situs. Veneno
Primus novit amara viperino
Qui contingere carmina; et cruore
Permessi liquidas notavit undas.
Testis, qui tribus orbus est puellis,
Suspensis laqueo truci, Lycambes.
Tu cauto pede præteri, viator,
Crabones aliter ciebis, ejus
Qui busto sibi condidère nidum.

INCERTI

IN CICADAM.

EX ANTHOL. I. XXXIII. 22. BRUNCK, III. 239.

Cur me pastores foliorum abducitis umbrâ,
  Me, quam delectant roscida rura vagam?
Me, quæ nympharum sum Musa, atque æthere sudo,
  Hinc recino umbrosis saltubus, inde jugis?
En! turdum et merulam, si prædæ tanta cupido est,
  Quæ late sulcos diripuere satos.
Quæ vastant fruges, captare et fallere fas est;
  Roscida non avidæ sufficit herba mihi.

ANTIPATRI THESSALONICENCIS.

EX ANTHOL. CEPHAL. No. 749. BRUNCK, II. 115.

Te, verso properantem hostili ex agmine tergo,
Trajecit ferro vindice mater atrox;
Te tua, quæ peperit, mater: gladiumque recenti
Spumantem pueri sanguine crebra rotans,
Dentibus et graviter stridens, qualisque Lacæna,
Igne retrò torquens lumina glauca fero,
'Linque, ait, Eurotam: et si mors est dura, sub Orcum
Effuge: non meus es; non Lacedæmonius.'

CALLIMACHI IN HERACLITUM.

EX ANTHOL. III. XXXIII. 37. BRUNCK, I. 472.

Te tristi mihi nuper, Heraclite,
Fato succubuisse nunciatum est;
Quo rumore misellus impotentes
Fui in lacrimulas statim coactus:
Recordabar enim, loquelâ ut olim
Dulci consuëramus ambo longos
Soles fallere, fabulisque crebris.
Verum Tu, vetus hospes, O ubinam—
Ah dudum—in cineres redacte dudum!
Nunc jaces, vetus hospes, urbe Carûm!
Tuæ Lusciniæ tamen supersunt;
Illis, omnia qui sibi arrogavit,
Haud Pluto injiciet manus rapaces.

FINIS.

Whittingham and Rowland, Printers, Goswell Street, London

SMOLLET.

And stretch'd beneath th'inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes and dies.

Tour of Scotland.

Drawn by Richd Westall R.A. *Engraved by Ant^y Cardon.*

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THE

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OF

TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M.D.

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ODES.

TO

INDEPENDENCE.

STROPHE.

THY spirit, Independence, let me share,
  Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
  Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
A goddess violated brought thee forth,
Immortal Liberty! whose look sublime
Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime.
What time the iron-hearted Gaul
  With frantic Superstition for his guide,
Arm'd with the dagger and the pall,
  The sons of Woden to the field defied;
The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,
  In Heaven's name urg'd the' infernal blow;
  And red the stream began to flow:
The vanquish'd were baptiz'd with blood[1]!

[1] Charlemagne obliged four thousand Saxon prisoners to embrace the Christian religion, and, immediately after they were baptized, ordered their throats to be cut.—Their prince Vitikind fled for shelter to Gotrick, King of Denmark.

ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled
  From altars stained with human gore;
And Liberty his routed legions led
  In safety, to the bleak Norwegian shore:
There in a cave asleep she lay,
  Lull'd by the hoarse-resounding main;
When a bold savage past that way,
  Impell'd by destiny, his name Disdain.
Of ample front the portly chief appear'd:
  The hunted bear supplied a shaggy vest;
The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard;
  And his broad shoulders brav'd the furious blast.
He stop'd; he gaz'd; his bosom glow'd,
  And deeply felt the' impression of her charms:
He seiz'd the' advantage Fate allow'd;
  And straight compress'd her in his vigorous arms.

STROPHE.

The curlew scream'd, the tritons blew
  Their shells to celebrate the ravish'd rite;
Old Time exulted as he flew;
  And Independence saw the light.
The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,
  Were under cover of a flowering thorn,
While Philomel renew'd her warbled strains,
  The'auspicious fruit of stolen embrace was born—
The mountain-dryads seiz'd with joy
  The smiling infant, to their charge consign'd;
The doric Muse caress'd the favourite boy;
  The hermit Wisdom stor'd his opening mind.

As rolling years matur'd his age,
  He flourish'd bold and sinewy as his sire;
While the mild passions in his breast assuage
  The fiercer flames of his maternal sire.

ANTISTROPHE.

Accomplish'd thus, he wing'd his way,
  And zealous rov'd from pole to pole,
The rolls of right eternal to display,
  And warm with patriot thoughts the' aspiring soul.
On desert isles [2] 'twas he that rais'd
  Those spires that gild the Adriatic wave,
Where Tyranny beheld amaz'd
  Fair Freedom's temple, where he mark'd her grave.
He steel'd the blunt Batavian's arms
  To burst the' Iberian's double chain [3];
And cities rear'd, and planted farms,
  Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide domain.
He, with the generous rustics, sate
  On Uri's rocks in close divan [4];
And wing'd that arrow, sure as fate,
  Which ascertain'd the sacred rights of man.

[2] Although Venice was built a considerable time before the æra here assigned for the birth of Independence, the republic had not yet attained to any great degree of power and splendour.

[3] The Low Countries were not only oppressed by grievous taxations, but likewise threatened with the establishment of the Inquisition, when the Seven Provinces revolted, and shook off the yoke of Spain.

[4] Alluding to the known story of William Tell and his associates, the fathers and founders of the confederacy of the Swiss Cantons.

STROPHE.

Arabia's scorching sands he cross'd [5]
  Where blasted Nature pants supine,
Conductor of her tribes adust,
  To Freedom's adamantine shrine;
And many a Tartar-horde forlorn, aghast [6],
  He snatch'd from under fell Oppression's wing;
And taught amidst the dreary waste
  The' all-cheering hymns of Liberty to sing.
He virtue finds, like precious ore,
  Diffus'd through every baser mould,
Ev'n now he stands on Calvi's rocky shore,
  And turns the dross of Corsica to gold [7].
He, guardian-genius, taught my youth
  Pomp's tinsel livery to despise:
My lips, by him chastis'd to truth,
  Ne'er pay'd that homage which the heart denies.

ANTISTROPHE.

Those sculptur'd halls my feet shall never tread,
  Where varnish'd Vice and Vanity combin'd,
To dazzle and seduce, their banners spread;
  And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind:

[5] The Arabs, rather than resign their independency, have often abandoned their habitations, and encountered all the horrors of the desert.

[6] From the tyranny of Jenghis-Khan, Timur-Bec, and other eastern conquerors, whole tribes of Tartars were used to fly into the remoter wastes of Cathay, where no army could follow them.

[7] The noble stand made by Pascal Paoli and his associates, against the usurpation of the French king, must endear them to all the sons of Liberty and Independence.

Where Insolence his wrinkled front uprears,
  And all the flowers of spurious Fancy blow;
And Title his ill-woven chaplet wears,
  Full often wreath'd around the miscreant's brow;
Where ever-dimpling Falsehood, pert and vain,
  Presents her cup of stale Profession's froth;
And pale Disease, with all his bloated train,
  Torments the sons of Gluttony and Sloth.

STROPHE.

In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,
  With either India's glittering spoils oppress'd:
So moves the sumpter-mule, in harness'd pride,
  That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
  And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string;
Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay;
  And all her jingling bells fantastic Folly ring;
Disquiet, Doubt, and Dread shall intervene;
  And Nature, still to all her feelings just,
In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,
  Shook from the baleful pinions of Disgust.

ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her sequester'd haunts
  By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell,
Where the pois'd lark his evening ditty chaunts,
  And Health, and Peace, and Contemplation dwell.
There, Study shall with Solitude recline,
  And Friendship pledge me to his fellow-swains;
And Toil and Temperance sedately twine
  The slender cord, that fluttering Life sustains:

And fearless Poverty shall guard the door;
  And Taste, unspoil'd, the frugal table spread;
And Industry supply the humble store;
  And Sleep, unbrib'd, his dews refreshing shed:
White-mantled Innocence, ethereal sprite,
  Shall chase far off the goblins of the night;
And Independence o'er the day preside,
  Propitious power! my patron and my pride.

TO MIRTH.

Parent of joy! heart-easing Mirth!
  Whether of Venus or Aurora born;
  Yet goddess sure of heavenly birth,
Visit benign a son of Grief forlorn:
  Thy glittering colours gay,
  Around him, Mirth, display:
  And o'er his raptur'd sense
  Diffuse thy living influence:
So shall each hill in purer green array'd,
And, flower-adorn'd, in new-born beauty glow;
  The grove shall smooth the horrors of the shade,
And streams in murmurs shall forget to flow.
Shine, goddess, shine with unremitted ray,
And gild (a second sun) with brighter beam our day.

  Labour with thee forgets his pain,
And aged Poverty can smile with thee;
  If thou be nigh, Grief's hate is vain,
And weak the' uplifted arm of tyranny.
    The Morning opes on high
    His universal eye,

And on the world doth pour
His glories in a golden shower;
Lo! Darkness, trembling 'fore the hostile ray,
Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn:
The brood obscene, that own her gloomy sway,
Troop in her rear, and fly the' approach of morn.
Pale shivering ghosts, that dread the' all-cheering light,
Quick, as the lightning's flash, glide to sepulchral night.

But whence the gladdening beam
That pours his purple stream
O'er the long prospect wide?
'Tis Mirth. I see her sit
In majesty of light,
With Laughter at her side.
Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering near,
Wide waves her glancing wing in air;
And young Wit flings his pointed dart,
That guiltless strikes the willing heart.
Fear not now Affliction's power,
Fear not now wild Passion's rage,
Nor fear ye aught in evil hour,
Save the tardy hand of Age.
Now Mirth hath heard the suppliant Poet's prayer;
No cloud that rides the blast shall vex the troubled air.

TO SLEEP.

Soft Sleep, profoundly-pleasing power,
Sweet patron of the peaceful hour,
O listen from thy calm abode,
And hither wave thy magic rod;
Extend thy silent, soothing sway,
And charm the canker Care away.
Whether thou lov'st to glide along
Attended by an airy throng
Of gentle dreams and smiles of joy,
Such as adorn the wanton boy;
Or to the monarch's fancy bring
Delights, that better suit a king;
The glittering host, the groaning plain,
The clang of arms, and victor's train;
Nor should a milder vision please,
Present the happy scenes of peace;
Plump Autumn, blushing all around:
Rich Industry, with toil embrown'd;
Content with brow serenely gay,
And genial Art's refulgent ray.

TO LEVEN-WATER.

On Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love;
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod the' Arcadian plain,

Pure stream! in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source;
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread;
While, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;
The springing trout, in speckled pride;
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war;
The silver eel, and mottled par[1].
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
And edges flower'd with eglantine.

Still on thy banks, so gaily green,
May numerous herds and flocks be seen,
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale,
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry imbrown'd with toil,
And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

[1] The par is a small fish, not unlike the smelt, which it rivals in delicacy and flavour.

TO

BLUE-EYED ANN.

When the rough North forgets to howl,
And Ocean's billows cease to roll;
When Lybian sands are bound in frost,
And cold to Nova-Zembla's lost;
When heavenly bodies cease to move,
My blue-ey'd Ann I'll cease to love.

No more shall flowers the meads adorn;
Nor sweetness deck the rosy thorn;
Nor swelling buds proclaim the spring;
Nor parching heats the dog-star bring;
Nor laughing lilies paint the grove,
When blue-ey'd Ann I cease to love.

No more shall joy in hope be found;
Nor pleasures dance their frolic round;
Nor Love's light god inhabit earth;
Nor beauty give the passion birth;
Nor heat to summer sunshine cleave,
When blue-ey'd Nanny I deceive.

When rolling seasons cease to change,
Inconstancy forgets to range;
When lavish May no more shall bloom;
Nor gardens yield a rich perfume;
When Nature from her sphere shall start,
I'll tear my Nanny from my heart.

BURLESQUE ODE[1].

WHERE wast thou, wittol Ward, when hapless fate
From these weak arms mine aged grannam tore:
  These pious arms assay'd, too late,
To drive the dismal phantom from the door.
  Could not thy healing drop, illustrious quack,
Could not thy salutary pill prolong her days;
  For whom so oft to Marybone, alack!
Thy sorrels drag'd thee through the worst of ways!

  Oil-dropping Twickenham did not then detain
Thy steps, though tended by the Cambrian maids;
  Nor the sweet environs of Drury-lane;
Nor dusty Pimlico's embowering shades;
  Nor Whitehall by the river's bank,
  Beset with rowers dank;
Nor where the' Exchange pours forth its tawny sons;
  Nor where to mix with offal, soil, and blood,
  Steep Snow-hill rolls the sable flood;
Nor where the Mint's contaminated kennel runs.

Ill doth it now beseem,
That thou should'st doze and dream,
When death in mortal armour came,
And struck with ruthless dart the gentle dame.

[1] Dr. Smollett, imagining himself ill treated by Lord Lyttelton, wrote the above burlesque on that nobleman's Monody on the death of his lady: but it reflects discredit on the satirist alone.

Her liberal hand and sympathising breast
The brute creation kindly bless'd:
Where'er she trod grimalkin pur'd around,
The squeaking pigs her bounty own'd;
Nor to the waddling duck or gabbling goose
Did she glad sustenance refuse;
The strutting cock she daily fed,
And turkey with his snout so red;
Of chickens careful as the pious hen,
Nor did she overlook the tomtit or the wren;
While redbreast hopp'd before her in the hall,
As if she common mother were of all.

For my distracted mind,
What comfort can I find?
O best of grannams! thou art dead and gone,
And I am left behind to weep and moan,
To sing thy dirge in sad funereal lay,
Ah! woe is me! alack! and well-a-day!

THE

TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

WRITTEN IN 1746.

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life!
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in every clime
Through the wide spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
Thy towering spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day:
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No strains, but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful cause! oh, fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their fathers stood,
The parent shed his childrens' blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murdering steel!

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And stretch'd beneath the' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate,
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathising verse shall flow:
'Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!'

VERSES

ON A YOUNG LADY,

PLAYING ON A HARPSICHORD AND SINGING.

When Sappho struck the quivering wire,
The throbbing breast was all on fire:
And when she rais'd the vocal lay,
The captive soul was charm'd away!

But had the nymph possess'd with these
Thy softer, chaster power, to please;
Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth,
Thy native smiles of artless truth;

The worm of Grief had never prey'd
On the forsaken love-sick maid:
Nor had she mourn'd a hapless flame,
Nor dash'd on rocks her tender frame.

LOVE ELEGY.

IN IMITATION OF TIBULLUS.

WHERE now are all my flattering dreams of joy?
  Monimia! give my soul her wonted rest:
Since first thy beauty fix'd my roving eye,
  Heart-gnawing cares corrode my pensive breast.

Let happy lovers fly where pleasures call,
  With festive songs beguile the fleeting hour;
Lead beauty through the mazes of the ball,
  Or press her, wanton, in love's roseate bower.

For me, no more I'll range the' empurpled mead,
  Where shepherds pipe, and virgins dance around,
Nor wander through the woodbine's fragrant shade,
  To hear the music of the grove resound.

I'll seek some lonely church, or dreary hall,
  Where Fancy paints the glimmering taper blue,
Where damps hang mouldering on the ivied wall,
  And sheeted ghosts drink up the midnight dew:

There, leagued with hopeless anguish and despair,
  Awhile in silence o'er my fate repine:
Then, with a long farewell to Love and Care,
  To kindred dust my weary limbs consign.

Wilt thou, Monimia, shed a gracious tear
  On the cold grave where all my sorrows rest?
Strew vernal flowers, applaud my love sincere,
  And bid the turf lie easy on my breast?

ADVICE, AND REPROOF:

TWO SATIRES.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1746 AND 1747.

———————— Sed podice levi
Cæduntur tumidæ medico ridente Mariscæ.——
O Proceres! censore opus est an haruspice nobis?
JUVENAL.

———————— nam quis
Peccandi finem posuit sibi? quando recepit
Ejectum semel attrita de fronte ruborem?
Ibid.

ADVICE:

A SATIRE.

POET, FRIEND.

POET.

Enough, enough; all this we knew before;
'Tis infamous, I grant it, to be poor:
And who, so much to sense and glory lost,
Will hug the curse that not one joy can boast?
From the pale hag, O! could I once break loose;
Divorc'd, all hell shall not re-tie the noose!
Not with more care shall H—— avoid his wife,
Not Cope[1] fly swifter, lashing for his life;
Than I to leave the meagre fiend behind.

FRIEND.

Exert your talents; nature, ever kind,
Enough for happiness, bestows on all;
'Tis sloth or pride that finds her gifts too small——

[1] General Cope was famous for an expeditious retrea though not quite so deliberate as that of the ten thousand Greeks from Persia: having unfortunately forgot to bring his army along with him.

Why sleeps the muse?—is there no room for praise,
When such bright names in constellation blaze?
When sage Newcastle [2], abstinently great,
Neglects his food to cater for the state;
And Grafton [3], towering Atlas of the throne,
So well rewards a genius like his own:
Granville [4] and Bath [4] illustrious, need I name
For sober dignity and spotless fame;
Or Pitt, the' unshaken Abdiel [5] yet unsung:
Thy candour, Chomdly! and thy truth, O Younge!

POET.

The' advice is good; the question only, whether
These names and virtues ever dwelt together?
But what of that? the more the bard shall claim,
Who can create as well as cherish fame.
But one thing more,—how loud must I repeat,
To rouse the' engag'd attention of the great?

[2] Alluding to the philosophical contempt which this great personage manifested for the sensual delights of the stomach.

[3] This noble peer, remarkable for sublimity of parts, by virtue of his office of Lord-Chamberlain, conferred the laureat on Colley Cibber, Esq. a delectable bard, whose character has already employed, together with his own, the greatest pens of the age.

[4] Two noblemen famous in their day, for nothing more than their fortitude in bearing the scorn and reproach of their country.

[5] Abdiel, according to Milton, was the only seraph that preserved his integrity in the midst of corruption—

Among the innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshaken, unseduc'd, unterrified—

Amus'd, perhaps, with C——'s [6] prolific bum,
Or rapt amidst the transports of a drum [7];
While the grim porter watches every door,
Stern foe to tradesmen, poets, and the poor.
The' Hesperian dragon not more fierce and fell;
Nor the gaunt, growling, janitor of hell.
Ev'n Atticus, (so wills the voice of fate)
Inshrines in clouded majesty, his state;
Nor to the' adoring crowd vouchsafes regard,
Though priests adore, and every priest a bard.
Shall I then follow with the venal tribe,
And on the threshold, the base mongrel bribe?
Bribe him, to feast my mute-imploring eye,
With some proud lord, who smiles a gracious lie!
A lie to captivate my heedless youth,
Degrade my talents, and debauch my truth;
While fool'd with hope, revolves my joyless day,
And friends, and fame, and fortune, fleet away;
Till scandal, indigence, and scorn, my lot,
The dreary jail entombs me, where I rot.
Is there, ye varnish'd ruffians of the state!
Not one, among the millions whom ye cheat,

[6] This alludes to a phænomenon, not more strange than true. The person here meant, having actually laid upwards of forty eggs, as several physicians and fellows of the Royal Society can attest; one of whom, we hear, has undertaken the incubation, and will, no doubt, favour the world with an account of his success. Some virtuosi affirm, that such productions must be the effect of a certain intercourse of organs not fit to be named.

[7] This was a riotous assembly of fashionable people, of both sexes, at a private house, consisting of some hundreds not unaptly styled *a drum*, from the noise and emptiness of the entertainment. There were also drum-major, rout, tempest, and hurricane; differing only in degrees of multitude and uproar, as the significant name of each declares.

Who while he totters on the brink of woe,
Dares, ere he falls, attempt the' avenging blow?
A steady blow! his languid soul to feast;
And rid his country of one curse at least!

FRIEND.

What! turn assassin?

POET.

Let the' assassin bleed:
My fearless verse shall justify the deed.
'Tis he, who lures the' unpractis'd mind astray,
Then leaves the wretch to misery a prey;
Perverts the race of virtue just begun,
And stabs the public in her ruin'd son.

FRIEND.

Heavens, how you rail! the man's consum'd by spite!
If Lockman's [8] fate attends you, when you write;
Let prudence more propitious arts inspire:
The lower still you crawl, you'll climb the higher.
Go then, with every supple virtue stor'd,
And thrive, the favour'd valet of my lord.
Is that denied? a boon more humble crave;
And minister to him who serves a slave:
Be sure you fasten on Promotion's scale;
Ev'n if you seize some footman by the tail;
The' ascent is easy, and the prospect clear,
From the smirch'd scullion to the' embroider'd peer
The' ambitious drudge prefer'd, postilion rides;
Advanc'd again, the chair benighted guides;

[8] Lockman's fate was to be little read, and less approved.

Here doom'd, if nature strung his sinewy frame,
The slave, perhaps, of some insatiate dame;
But if exempted from the' Herculean toil,
A fairer field awaits him, rich with spoil;
There shall he shine, with mingling honours bright,
His master's pathic, pimp, and parasite;
Then strut a captain, if his wish be war,
And grasp in hope, a truncheon and a star:
Or if the sweets of peace his soul allure,
Bask at his ease in some warm sinecure;
His fate in consul, clerk, or agent, vary,
Or cross the seas, an envoy's secretary:
Compos'd of falsehood, ignorance, and pride,
A prostrate sycophant, shall rise a L——d[9]:
And won from kennels to the' impure embrace,
Accomplished Warren[10] triumph o'er disgrace.

POET.

Eternal infamy his name surround,
Who planted first that vice on British ground!
A vice that spite of sense and nature reigns,
And poisons genial love, and manhood stains!
Pollio! the pride of science and its shame;
The Muse weeps o'er thee, while she brands thy name!
Abhorrent views that prostituted groom,
The' indecent grotto and polluted doom!

[9] This 'child of dirt,' (to use a great author's expression) without any other quality than grovelling adulation, has arrived at the power of insulting his betters every day.

[10] Another son of fortune, who owes his present affluence to the most infamous qualifications; commonly called Brush Warren, from having been a shoe-black: it is said he was kept by both sexes at one time.

There only may the spurious passion glow,
Where not one laurel decks the caitiff's brow,
Obscene with crimes avow'd, of every dye,
Corruption, lust, oppression, perjury:
Let Chardin [11] with a chaplet round his head,
The taste of Maro and Anacreon plead;
'Sir, Flaccus knew to live as well as write,
And kept, like me, two boys array'd in white.'
Worthy to feel that appetence of fame
Which rivals Horace only in his shame!
Let Isis [12] wail in murmurs, as she runs,
Her tempting fathers and her yielding sons;
While Dulness screens the failings of the church [13],
Nor leaves one sliding rabbi in the lurch:
Far other raptures let the breast contain,
Where heaven-born taste and emulation reign.

FRIEND.

Shall not a thousand virtues, then, atone
In thy strict censure for the breach of one?
If Bubo keeps a catamite or whore,
His bounty feeds the beggar at his door:

[11] This genial knight wore at his own banquet a garland of flowers, in imitation of the ancients: and kept two rosy boys robed in white, for the entertainment of his guests.

[12] In allusion to the unnatural orgies said to be solemnized on the banks of this river; particularly at one place, where a much greater sanctity of morals and taste might be expected.

[13] This is a decent and parental office, in which Dulness is employed; namely, to conceal the failings of her children: and exactly conformable to that instance of filial piety, which we meet with in the son of Noah, who went backward, to cover the nakedness of his father, when he lay exposed, from the scoffs and insults of a malicious world.

And though no mortal credits Curio's word,
A score of lackeys fatten at his board:
To christian meekness sacrifice thy spleen,
And strive thy neighbours' weaknesses to screen.

POET.

Scorn'd be the bard, and wither'd all his fame,
Who wounds a brother weeping o'er his shame!
But if an impious wretch with frantic pride,
Throws honour, truth, and decency aside;
If, nor by reason aw'd nor check'd by fears,
He counts his glories from the stains he bears;
The' indignant muse to virtue's aid shall rise,
And fix the brand of infamy on vice.
What if arous'd at his imperious call,
An hundred footsteps echo through his hall;
And, on high columns rear'd, his lofty dome
Proclaims the' united art of Greece and Rome:
What though whole hecatombs his crew regale,
And each dependent slumbers o'er his ale;
While the remains through mouths unnumber'd past,
Indulge the beggar and the dogs at last:
Say, friend, is it benevolence of soul,
Or pompous vanity, that prompts the whole?
These sons of sloth who by profusion thrive,
His pride inveigled from the public hive:
And numbers pine in solitary woe,
Who furnish'd out this phantasy of show.
When silent misery assail'd his eyes,
Did e'er his throbbing bosom sympathize?
Or his extensive charity pervade
To those who languish in the barren shade,
Where oft by want and modesty suppress'd,
The bootless talent warms the lonely breast?

No! petrified by dulness and disdain,
Beyond the feeling of another's pain,
The tear of pity ne'er bedew'd his eye,
Nor his lewd bosom felt the social sigh!

FRIEND.

Alike to thee his virtue or his vice,
If his hand, liberal, owns thy merit's price.

POET.

Sooner, in hopeless anguish would I mourn,
Than owe my fortune to the man I scorn!—
What new resource!

FRIEND.

A thousand yet remain
That bloom with honours, or that teem with gain:
These arts,—are they beneath—beyond thy care?
Devote thy studies to the' auspicious Fair:
Of truth divested, let thy tongue supply
The hinted slander, and the whisper'd lie;
All merit mock, all qualities depress,
Save those that grace the' excelling patroness;
Trophies to her on others' follies raise,
And, heard with joy, by defamation praise:
To this collect each faculty of face,
And every feat perform of sly grimace;
Let the grave sneer sarcastic speak thee shrewd,
The smutty joke ridiculously lewd;
And the loud laugh through all its changes rung,
Applaud the' abortive sallies of her tongue:
Enroll'd a member in the sacred list,
Soon shalt thou sharp, in company, at whist;

Her midnight rites and revels regulate [14].
Priest of her love, and demon of her hate.

POET.

But say, what recompense for all this waste
Of honour, truth, attention, time, and taste?
To shine confess'd, her zany and her tool,
And fall by what I rose, low ridicule?
Again shall Handel raise his laurel'd brow,
Again shall harmony with rapture glow!
The spells dissolve, the combination breaks;
And Punch, no longer Frasi's rival, squeaks.
Lo, Russel [15] falls a sacrifice to whim,
And starts amaz'd, in Newgate, from his dream:
With trembling hands implores their promis'd aid;
And sees their favour like a vision fade;
Is this, ye faithless syrens!—this the joy,
To which your smiles the' unwary wretch decoy?

[14] These are mysteries performed, like those of the Dea Bona, by females only; consequently it cannot be expected that we should here explain them: we have, notwithstanding, found means to learn some anecdotes concerning them, which we shall reserve for another opportunity.

[15] A famous mimic and singer. The person here meant, by the qualifications above described, had insinuated himself into the confidence of certain ladies of quality, who engaged him to set up a puppet-show, in opposition to the oratorios of Handel, against whom they were unreasonably prejudiced. But the town not seconding the capricious undertaking, they deserted their manager, whom they had promised to support, and let him sink under the expence they had entailed upon him: he was accordingly thrown into prison, where his disappointment got the better of his reason, and he remained in all the ecstasy of despair; till at last, his generous patronesses, after much solicitation, were prevailed upon to collect five pounds, on the payment of which he was admitted into Bedlam, where he continued bereft of his understanding, and died in the utmost misery.

Naked and shackled, on the pavement prone,
His mangled flesh devouring from the bone;
Rage in his heart, distraction in his eye!
Behold, inhuman hags! your minion lie:
Behold his gay career to ruin run,
By you seduc'd, abandon'd, and undone!
Rather in garret pent [16], secure from harm,
My muse with murders shall the town alarm;
Or plunge in politics with patriot zeal,
And snarl, like Guthrie, for the public weal,
Than crawl an insect, in a beldam's power,
And dread the crush of caprice every hour!

FRIEND.

'Tis well;—enjoy that petulance of style,
And, like the envious adder, lick the file [17]:
What though success will not attend on all!
Who bravely dares, must sometimes risk a fall.
Behold the bounteous board of fortune spread;
Each weakness, vice, and folly, yields thee bread;
Wouldst thou, with prudent condescension, strive
On the long-settled terms of life to thrive.

POET.

What! join the crew that pilfer one another,
Betray my friend, and persecute my brother:
Turn usurer, o'er *cent per cent* to brood;
Or quack, to feed like fleas, on human blood?

[16] These are the dreams and fictions of Grub-street, with which the good people of this metropolis are daily alarmed and entertained.

[17] This alludes to the fable of the viper and file, applicable to all the unsuccessful efforts of malice and envy.

FRIEND.

Or if thy soul can brook the gilded curse,
Some changeling heiress steal——

POET.

Why not, a purse?
Two things I dread, my conscience and the law.

FRIEND.

How? dread a mumbling bear without a claw?
Nor this, nor that, is standard right or wrong,
Till minted by the mercenary tongue;
And what is Conscience, but a fiend of strife,
That chills the joys, and damps the schemes of life?
The wayward child of Vanity and Fear,
The peevish dam of Poverty and Care;
Unnumber'd woes engender in the breast
That entertains the rude, ungrateful guest.

POET.

Hail, sacred power! my glory and my guide!
Fair source of mental peace, whate'er betide;
Safe in thy shelter, let disaster roll
Eternal hurricanes around my soul;
My soul serene, amidst the storms shall reign,
And smile to see their fury burst in vain!

FRIEND.

Too coy to flatter, and too proud to serve,
Thine be the joyless dignity to starve.

POET.

No; thanks to discord, war shall be my friend;
And moral rage heroic courage lend
To pierce the gleaming squadron of the foe,
And win renown by some distinguish'd blow.

FRIEND.

Renown! ay, do—unkennel the whole pack
Of military cowards on thy back.
What difference, say, 'twixt him who bravely stood,
And him who sought the bosom of the wood [18]?
Envenom'd calumny the first shall brand,
The last enjoy a ribbon and command.

POET.

If such be life, its wretches I deplore,
And long to quit the' unhospitable shore.

[18] This line relates to the behaviour of a general on a certain occasion, who discovered an extreme passion for the cool shade during the heat of the day: the Hanoverian general, in the battle of Dettingen.

REPROOF:

A SATIRE.

POET, FRIEND.

POET.

HOWE'ER I turn, or wheresoe'er I tread,
This giddy world still rattles round my head:
I pant for silence ev'n in this retreat—
Good Heaven! what demon thunders at the gate?

FRIEND.

In vain you strive, in this sequester'd nook,
To shroud you from an injur'd friend's rebuke.

POET.

An injur'd friend!—who challenges the name?
If you; what title justifies the claim?
Did e'er your heart o'er my affliction grieve,
Your interest prop me, or your purse relieve?
Or could my wants my soul so far subdue,
That in distress she crawl'd for aid to you;
But let us grant the' indulgence e'er so strong;
Display without reserve the' imagin'd wrong:
Among your kindred have I kindled strife,
Deflower'd your daughter, or debauch'd your wife;

Traduc'd your credit, bubbled you at game;
Or soil'd with infamous reproach your name?

FRIEND.

No; but your cynic vanity (you'll own)
Expos'd my private counsel to the town.

POET.

Such fair advice 'twere pity sure to lose;
I grant I printed it for public use.

FRIEND.

Yes; season'd with your own remarks between,
Inflam'd with so much virulence of spleen,
That the mild town (to give the devil his due)
Ascrib'd the whole performance to a Jew.

POET.

Jews, Turks, or Pagans, hallow'd be the mouth
That teems with moral zeal and dauntless truth
Prove that my partial strain adopts one lie,
No penitent more mortified than I;
Not ev'n the wretch in shackles, doom'd to groan
Beneath the' inhuman scoffs of Williamson [1].

FRIEND.

Hold—let us see this boasted self-denial—
The vanquish'd knight [2] has triumph'd in his trial.

[1] Governor of the Tower.
[2] Sir John Cope.

POET.

What then?

FRIEND.

Your own sarcastic verse unsay,
That brands him as a trembling runaway.

POET.

With all my soul!—the' imputed charge rehearse;
I'll own my error and expunge the verse.
Come, come,—howe'er the day was lost or won,
The world allows the race was fairly run.
But lest the truth too naked should appear,
A robe of fable shall the goddess wear:—
When sheep were subject to the lion's reign,
Ere man acquir'd dominion o'er the plain,
Voracious wolves fierce rushing from the rocks,
Devour'd without control the' unguarded flocks:
The sufferers crowding round the royal cave,
Their monarch's pity and protection crave:
Not that they wanted valour, force, or arms,
To shield their lambs from danger and alarms;
A thousand rams the champions of the fold,
In strength of horn, and patriot virtue bold,
Engag'd in firm association stood,
Their lives devoted to the public good:
A warlike chieftain was their sole request,
To marshal, guide, instruct, and rule the rest;
Their prayer was heard, and by consent of all,
A courtier-ape appointed general.—
He went, he led, arrang'd the battle stood,
The savage foe came pouring like a flood;

Then pug aghast, fled swifter than the wind,
Nor deign'd, in threescore miles, to look behind;
While every band for orders bleat in vain,
And fall in slaughter'd heaps upon the plain:
The scar'd baboon (to cut the matter short)
With all his speed could not outrun Report;
And to appease the clamours of the nation,
'Twas fit his case should stand examination.
The board was nam'd—each worthy took his place;
All senior members of the horned race[3].—
The wether, goat, ram, elk, and ox were there,
And a grave, hoary stag, possess'd the chair.—
The' inquiry past, each in his turn began
The culprit's conduct variously to scan.
At length, the sage uprear'd his awful crest,
And, pausing, thus his fellow chiefs address'd:
" If age, that from this head its honours stole,
Hath not impair'd the functions of my soul,
But sacred wisdom, with experience bought,
While this weak frame decays, matures my thought;
The' important issue of this grand debate
May furnish precedent for your own fate;
Should ever fortune call you to repel
The shaggy foe, so desperate and fell—

[3] It is not to be wondered at, that this board consisted of horned cattle only, since, before the use of arms, every creature was obliged in war to fight with such weapons as nature afforded it; consequently, those supplied with horns bid fairest for signalizing themselves in the field, and carrying off the first posts in the army.—But I observe, that among the members of this court there is no mention made of such of the horned family as were chiefly celebrated for valour; namely, the bull, unicorn, rhinoceros, &c. which gives reason to suspect, that these last were either out of favour with the ministry, laid aside on account of their great age, or that the ape had interest enough at court to exclude them from the number of his judges.

'Tis plain, you say, his excellence, Sir Ape,
From the dire field accomplish'd an escape;
Alas! our fellow-subjects ne'er had bled,
If every ram that fell, like him had fled;
Certes, those sheep were rather mad than brave,
Which scorn'd the' example their wise leader gave.
Let us, then, every vulgar hint disdain,
And from our brother's laurel wash the stain."—
The' admiring court applauds the president,
And pug was clear'd by general consent.

FRIEND.

There needs no magic to divine your scope,
Mark'd as you are, a flagrant misanthrope:
Sworn foe to good and bad, to great and small,
Thy rankling pen produces nought but gall:
Let virtue struggle, or let glory shine,
Thy verse affords not one approving line.

POET.

Hail sacred themes! the Muse's chief delight!
O bring the darling objects to my sight!
My breast with elevated thought shall glow,
My fancy brighten, and my numbers flow!
The' Aonian grove with rapture would I tread,
To crop unfading wreaths for William's head;
But that my strain, unheard amidst the throng,
Must yield to Lockman's ode and Hanbury's song[4].

[4] Two productions resembling one another very much in that cloying mediocrity, which Horace compares to—*Crassum ungentum, et sardo cum melle papaver.*

Nor would the' enamour'd Muse neglect to pay
To Stanhope's[5] worth the tributary lay;
The soul unstain'd, the sense sublime to paint,
A people's patron, pride, and ornament!
Did not his virtues eterniz'd remain
The boasted theme of Pope's immortal strain.
Not ev'n the pleasing task is left, to raise
A grateful monument to Barnard's praise;
Else should the venerable patriot stand
The' unshaken pillar of a sinking land.
The gladdening prospect let me still pursue;
And bring fair Virtue's triumphs to the view!
Alike to me, by fortune blest or not,
From soaring Cobham to the melting Scot[6].
But lo! a swarm of harpies intervene,
To ravage, mangle, and pollute the scene!
Gorg'd with our plunder, yet still gaunt for spoil,
Rapacious Gideon fastens on our isle;
Insatiate Lascelles, and the fiend Vaneck[7],
Rise on our ruins, and enjoy the wreck;
While griping Jasper[8] glories in his prize,
Wrung from the widow's tears and orphan's cries.

[5] The Earl of Chesterfield.

[6] Daniel Mackercher, Esq. a man of such primitive simplicity, that he may be said to have exceeded the scripture injunction, by not only parting with his cloak and coat, but with his shirt also, to relieve a brother in distress; Mr. Annesley, who claimed the Anglesea title and estate.

[7] A triumvirate of contractors, who, scorning the narrow views of private usury, found means to lay a whole state under contribution, and pillage a kingdom of immense sums, under the protection of law.

[8] A Christian of bowels, who lends money to his friends in want, at the moderate interest of 50 per cent. A man famous for buying poor seamens' tickets.

FRIEND.

Relaps'd again! strange tendency to rail;
I fear'd this meekness would not long prevail.

POET.

You deem it rancour then?—Look round and see
What vices flourish still, unprun'd by me:
Corruption, roll'd in a triumphant car,
Displays his burnish'd front and glittering star;
Nor heeds the public scorn, or transient curse,
Unknown alike to honour and remorse.
Behold the leering belle[9], caress'd by all,
Adorn each private feast and public ball;
Where peers attentive listen and adore,
And not one matron shuns the titled whore.
At Peter's obsequies[10] I sung no dirge;
Nor has my satire yet supplied a scourge
For the vile tribes of usurers and bites,
Who sneak at Jonathan's and swear at White's.
Each low pursuit, and slighter folly, bred
Within the selfish heart and hollow head,
Thrives uncontrol'd, and blossoms o'er the land,
Nor feels the rigour of my chastening hand.
While Codrus shivers o'er his bags of gold,
By famine wither'd, and benumb'd by cold;
I mark his haggard eyes with frenzy roll,
And feast upon the terrors of his soul;
The wrecks of war, the perils of the deep,
That curse with hideous dreams the caitiff's sleep;

[9] A wit of the first water, celebrated for her talent of repartee and double entendre.

[10] Peter Waters, Esq. whose character is too well known to need description.

Insolvent debtors, thieves, and civil strife,
Which daily persecute his wretched life;
With all the horrors of prophetic dread,
That rack his bosom while the mail is read.
Safe from the rod, untainted by the school,
A judge by birth, by destiny a fool,
While the young lordling struts in native pride,
His party-coloured tutor[11] by his side,
Pleas'd, let me own the pious mother's care,
Who to the brawny sire commits her heir.
Fraught with the spirit of a gothic monk,
Let Rich, with dulness and devotion drunk,
Enjoy the peal so barbarous and loud,
While his brain spews new monsters to the crowd[12];
I see, with joy, the vaticide deplore
A hell-denouncing priest and sovereign whore.
Let every polish'd dame and genial lord,
Employ the social chair and venal board[13];

[11] Whether it be for the reason assigned in the subsequent lines, or the frugality of the parents, who are unwilling to throw away money in making their children wiser than themselves, I know not; but certain it is, that many people of fashion commit the education of their heirs to some trusty footman, with a particular command to keep master out of the stable.

[12] Monsters of absurdity.

> 'He look'd, and saw a sable sorcerer rise,
> Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:
> All sudden, gorgons hiss and dragons glare,
> And ten-horn'd fiends and giants rush to war.
> Hell rises, heaven descends, and dance on earth,
> Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
> A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
> Till one wide conflagration swallows all.'
>
> DUNCIAD.

[13] This is no other than an empty sedan, carried about with great formality, to perform visits, by the help of which a decent correspondence is often maintained among people

Debauch'd from sense, let doubtful meanings run,
The vague conundrum and the prurient pun;
While the vain fop, with apish grin, regards
The giggling minx, half choak'd behind her cards:
These, and a thousand idle pranks, I deem
The motley spawn of ignorance and whim.
Let pride conceive and folly propagate,
The fashion still adopts the spurious brat:
Nothing so strange that fashion cannot tame;
By this dishonour ceases to be shame:
This weans from blushes lewd Tyrawly's face,
Gives Hawley [14] praise, and Ingoldsby disgrace,
From Mead to Thompson shifts the palm at once,
A meddling, prating, blundering, busy dunce!
And may (should taste a little more decline)
Transform the nation to an herd of swine.

FRIEND.

The fatal period hastens on apace!
Nor will thy verse the' obscene event disgrace;
Thy flowers of poetry, that smell so strong,
The keenest appetites have loath'd the song;
Condemn'd by Clark, Banks, Barrowby, and Chitty [15],
And all the crop-ear'd critics of the city:

of fashion, many years together, without one personal interview; to the great honour of hospitality and good neighbourhood. Equally applicable to the dining and card-table, where every guest must pay an extravagant price for what he has.

[14] A general so renowned for conduct and discipline, that, during an action in which he had a considerable command, he is said to have been seen rallying three fugitive dragoons, five miles from the field of battle.

[15] A fraternity of wits, whose virtue, modesty, and taste, are much of the same dimension.

While sagely neutral sits thy silent friend,
Alike averse to censure or commend.

POET.

Peace to the gentle soul, that could deny
His invocated voice to fill the cry!
And let me still the sentiment disdain
Of him, who never speaks but to arraign;
The sneering son of calumny and scorn,
Whom neither arts, nor sense, nor soul adorn:
Or his, who to maintain a critic's rank,
Though conscious of his own internal blank,
His want of taste unwilling to betray,
'Twixt sense and nonsense hesitates all day;
With brow contracted hears each passage read,
And often hums, and shakes his empty head,
Until some oracle ador'd, pronounce
The passive bard a poet or a dunce;
Then, in loud clamour echoes back the word,—
'Tis bold, insipid, soaring, or absurd.
These, and the' unnumber'd shoals of smaller fry
That nibble round, I pity and defy.

SONGS.

WHILE with fond rapture and amaze
On thy transcendent charms I gaze,
My cautious soul essays in vain
Her peace and freedom to maintain:
Yet let that blooming form divine,
Where grace and harmony combine,
Those eyes, like genial orbs that move,
Dispensing gladness, joy, and love,
In all their pomp assail my view,
Intent my bosom to subdue;
My breast, by wary maxims steel'd,
Not all those charms shall force to yield.

But, when invok'd to beauty's aid,
I see the' enlighten'd soul display'd;
That soul so sensibly sedate
Amid the storms of froward fate!
Thy genius active, strong, and clear,
Thy wit sublime, though not severe,
The social ardour, void of art,
That glows within thy candid heart;
My spirits, sense, and strength decay,
My resolution dies away,
And, every faculty opprest,
Almighty love invades my breast.

To fix her—'twere a task as vain
To count the April drops of rain,
To sow in Afric's barren soil,
Or tempests hold within a toil.

I know it, friend, she's light as air,
False as the fowler's artful snare,
Inconstant as the passing wind,
As Winter's dreary frost unkind.

She's such a miser too in love,
Its joys she'll neither share nor prove;
Though hundreds of gallants await
From her victorious eyes their fate.

Blushing at such inglorious reign,
I sometimes strive to break her chain;
My reason summon to my aid,
Resolv'd no more to be betray'd.

Ah! friend! 'tis but a short-liv'd trance,
Dispell'd by one enchanting glance;
She need but look, and I confess
Those looks completely curse or bless.

So soft, so elegant, so fair,
Sure something more than human's there;
I must submit, for strife is vain,
'Twas destiny that forg'd the chain.

FROM THE REPRISAL.

A COMEDY.

From the man whom I love though my heart I disguise,
I will freely describe you the wretch I despise;
And if he has sense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take a hint from the picture I draw.

A wit without sense, without fancy a beau,
Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow;
A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon,
In courage a hind, in conceit a Gascoon.

As a vulture rapacious, in falsehood a fox,
Inconstant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks;
As a tiger ferocious, perverse as a hog,
In mischief an ape, and in fawning a dog.

In a word, to sum up all his talents together,
His heart is of lead, and his brain is of feather:
Yet, if he has sense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take a hint from the picture I draw.

FROM THE SAME.

Let the nymph still avoid and be deaf to the swain
Who in transports of passion affects to complain;
For his rage, not his love, in that frenzy is shown,
And the blast that blows loudest is soon overblown.

But the shepherd whom Cupid has pierc'd to the heart
Will submissive adore, and rejoice in the smart;
Or in plaintive, soft murmurs, his bosom-felt woe
Like the smooth-gliding current of rivers will flow.

Though silent his tongue, he will plead with his eyes,
And his heart own your sway in a tribute of sighs;
But when he accosts you in meadow or grove,
His tale is all tenderness, rapture, and love.

Come listen, ye students of every degree,
I sing of a wit and a tutor, *perdie*,
A statesman profound, and a critic immense,
In short, a mere jumble of learning and sense;
And yet of his talents though laudably vain,
His own family arts he could never attain.

His father intending his fortune to build,
In his youth would have taught him the trowel to wield,
But the mortar of discipline never would stick,
For his skull was secur'd by a facing of brick;
And with all his endeavours of patience and pain,
The skill of his sire he could never attain.

His mother an housewife, neat, artful, and wise,
Renown'd for her delicate biscuit and pies,
Soon alter'd his studies, by flattering his taste,
From the raising of wall to the rearing of paste:
But all her instructions were fruitless and vain,
For the pie-making mystery he ne'er could attain.

Yet true to his race, in his labours were seen
A jumble of both their professions, I ween;
For when his own genius he ventur'd to trust,
His pies seem'd of brick, and his houses of crust.
Then, good Mr. Tutor, pray be not so vain,
Since your family arts you could never attain.

FROM THE REPRISAL.

BEHOLD, my brave Britons, the fair springing gale;
  Fill a bumper, and toss off your glasses:
  Buss and part with your frolicksome lasses;
Then aboard, and unfurl the wide-flowing sail.

CHORUS.

While British oak beneath us rolls,
And English courage fires our souls;
To crown our toils the Fates decree
The wealth and empire of the sea.

Our canvas and cares to the winds we display,
  Life and fortune we cheerfully venture:
  And we laugh, and we quaff, and we banter;
Nor think of to-morrow while sure of to-day.

The streamers of France at a distance appear!
  We must mind other music than catches:
  Man our quarters, and handle our matches;
Our cannon produce, and for battle prepare.

Engender'd in smoke, and deliver'd in flame,
  British vengeance rolls loud as the thunder!
  Let the vault of the sky burst asunder,
So victory follows with riches and fame.

CHORUS.

While British oak beneath us rolls,
And English courage fires our souls;
To crown our toils, the Fates decree
The wealth and empire of the sea.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

MICHAEL BRUCE.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, F.S.A.

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ENCOMIUMS ON BRUCE.

ELEGIAC VERSES

ON HIS DEATH.

WHY vainly bid the animated bust,
  Why bid the monumental pile to rise;
Too often genius, doom'd by fate unjust,
  Unnotic'd lives, unwept, unhonour'd dies!

Too oft the poet, in whose sacred breast
  With ardour glow the Muse's purest fires,
Contemn'd by pride, by penury opprest,
  In anguish lives, and in neglect expires!

Too oft, alas! in some sequester'd ground,
  Silent and cold the poet's ashes sleep;
No pomp of funeral is seen around,
  No parasite to praise, no friend to weep!

Such, BRUCE, the feelings in my breast that rise,
  While guided by the Muse, I wander near,
Mark the lone spot where youthful genius lies,
  And give thy fate the tribute of a tear.

Obscure thy birth, yet in thy early breast
  How deep and ardent glow'd the Muse's flame,
How strongly in thy bosom was imprest
  The poet's genius, and the poet's fame!

Such was thy fame[1]; but, ah! upon thy frame
  Disease relentless urg'd its growing way,
Fled was each joy of health, each hope of fame,
  And thou, the victim of a slow decay: -

Like some fair flower, that owes the desert birth,
  Whose buds foretel the beauty of its prime,
But sinks unshelter'd, sinks unseen to earth,
  Chill'd by the blast, or cropt before its time!

Perhaps thus blasted by unfriendly doom,
  Thy genius foster'd in a milder air,
Matur'd by age in all the pride of bloom,
  Had spread luxuriant, and had flourish'd fair.

But, ah! no more the poet now remains;
  Cold is the breast that glow'd with sacred fire,
Mute is the tongue that flow'd in tuneful strains,
  Check'd is the hand, and silent is the lyre!

For him, who now laments thy early tomb,
  Like thee inspir'd with youthful love of lays,
Though now he mourns, he soon may share thy doom,
  May soon require the tribute which he pays.

[1] Qu. *flame?* See Asylum of Fugitive Pieces, Vol. IV.

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO THE MOTHER OF MICHAEL BRUCE.

BY A LADY.

In Life's fair-dawning, but deceitful morn,
By awful Heaven's inscrutable decree,
The tender scion from its parent torn,
Left to the storm the bending branchless tree.

Where then that heart which with devotion glow'd?
That fancy bright, by early genius fir'd?
Those candid virtues Heaven's own hand bestow'd?
Ah! where the towering hopes by these inspir'd?

Blasted they lay for many a dismal year; [past:
Nought sooth'd thy grief, save memory of the
Now, virtue to reward and age to cheer,
Thy bounteous Maker sends relief at last[1].

Though fourscore winters on thy blameless head,
With want, neglect, and hardship, in their train,
Relentless, have their baneful influence shed;
Yet consolation visits thee again.

Lo! sweet benevolence, a joy sincere,
Shall with thy Son's reviving fame impart;
Again his praise shall charm thy languid ear,
And warm with honest pride thy withering heart.

Ev'n when in shades conceal'd, obscure of birth,
Fame spoke his merits with no partial breath;
And aided now by generous kindred worth,
His genius triumphs over Time and Death.

[1] The profits which arose from the edition of 1796, were applied solely to the support of the Poet's mother, then advanced to her 87th year, and living in indigence.

LOCHLEVEN:

A POEM.

Hail, native land! where, on the flowery banks
Of Leven, Beauty ever-blooming dwells.
A wreath of roses, dropping with the dews
Of morning, circles her ambrosial locks
Loose-waving o'er her shoulders: where she treads,
Attendant on her steps, the blushing Spring
And Summer wait, to raise the various flowers
Beneath her footsteps; while the cheerful birds
Carol their joy, and hail her as she comes,
Inspiring vernal love and vernal joy.
  Attend, Agricola! who to the noise
Of public life prefer'st the calmer scenes
Of solitude, and sweet domestic bliss;
Joys all thine own! Attend thy poet's strain,
Who triumphs in thy friendship, while he paints
The pastoral mountains, the poetic streams,
Where raptur'd Contemplation leads thy walk,
While silent Evening on the plain descends.
  Between two mountains, whose o'erwhelming tops,
In their swift course, arrest the bellying clouds,
A pleasant valley lies. Upon the south
A narrow opening parts the craggy hills,
Through which the lake, that beautifies the vale,
Pours out its ample waters. Spreading on,
And widening by degrees, it stretches north
To the high Ochel, from whose snowy top
The streams that feed the lake flow thundering down.

The twilight trembles o'er the misty hills,
Twinkling with dews: and whilst the bird of day
Tunes his ethereal note, and wakes the wood—
Bright from the crimson curtains of the morn,
The Sun, appearing in his glory, throws
New robes of beauty over heaven and earth.
O now, while Nature smiles in all her works,
Oft let me trace thy cowslip-cover'd banks,
O Leven! and the landscape measure round.
From gay Kinross, whose stately-tufted groves
Nod o'er the lake, transported let mine eye
Wander o'er all the various chequer'd scene
Of wilds, and fertile fields, and glittering streams,
To ruin'd Arnot; or ascend the height
Of rocky Lomond, where a rivulet pure [crags
Bursts from the ground, and through the crumbled
Tinkles amusive. From the mountain's top,
Around me spread, I see the goodly scene.
Inclosures green, that promise to the swain
The future harvest; many-colour'd meads;
Irriguous vales, where cattle lowe; and sheep,
That whiten half the hills; sweet rural farms
Oft interspers'd, the seats of pastoral love
And innocence; with many a spiry dome
Sacred to Heaven, around whose hallow'd walls
Our fathers slumber in the narrow house.
Gay, beauteous villas, bosom'd in the woods,
Like constellations in the starry sky,
Complete the scene. The vales, the vocal hills,
The woods, the waters, and the heart of man,
Send out a general song; 'tis beauty all
To poet's eye, and music to his ear.
Nor is the shepherd silent on his hill,
His flocks around; nor school-boys, as they creep,

Slow-pac'd, tow'rd school; intent, with oaten pipes
They wake by turns wild music on the way.
  Behold the man of sorrows hail the light!
New risen from the bed of pain; where late,
Toss'd to and fro upon a couch of thorns,
He wak'd the long dark night, and wish'd-for morn.
Soon as he feels the quickening beam of Heav'n,
And balmy breath of May, among the fields
And flowers he takes his morning walk: his heart
Beats with new life; his eye is bright and blithe;
Health strews her roses o'er his cheek, renew'd
In youth and beauty; his unbidden tongue
Pours native harmony, and sings to Heav'n!
  In ancient times, as ancient bards have sung,
This was a forest. Here the mountain-oak
Hung o'er the craggy cliff, while from its top
The eagle mark'd his prey; the stately ash
Rear'd high his nervous statue, while below
The twining alders darken'd all the scene.
Safe in the shade, the tenants of the wood
Assembled, bird and beast. The turtle-dove
Coo'd, amorous, all the live-long summer's day.
Lover of men, the piteous redbreast plain'd,
Sole-sitting on the bough. Blithe on the bush,
The blackbird, sweetest of the woodland-choir,
Warbled his liquid lay; to shepherd-swain
Mellifluous music, as his master's flock,
With his fair mistress and his faithful dog,
He tended in the vale: while leverets round,
In sportive races, through the forest flew
With feet of wind; and, venturing from the rock,
The snow-white cony sought his evening meal.—
Here, too, the poet, as inspir'd at eve
He roam'd the dusky wood, or fabled brook

That piecemeal printed ruins in the rock,
Beheld the blue-eyed sisters of the stream,
And heard the wild note of the fairy-throng
That charm'd the queen of heaven; as round the tree,
Time-hallow'd, hand in hand they led the dance,
With sky-blue mantles glittering in her beam.
  Low by the lake, as yet without a name,
Fair bosom'd in the bottom of the vale,
Arose a cottage, green with ancient turf,
Half hid in hoary trees, and from the north
Fenc'd by a wood, but open to the sun.
Here dwelt a peasant, reverend with the locks
Of age; yet youth was ruddy on his cheek:
His farm his only care: his sole delight
To tend his daughter, beautiful and young:
To watch her paths; to fill her lap with flow'rs;
To see her spread into the bloom of years
The perfect picture of her mother's youth.
His age's hope, the apple of his eye,
Belov'd of Heaven, his fair Levina grew,
In youth and grace, the Naiad of the vale.
Fresh as the flow'r amid the sunny showers
Of May, and blither than the bird of dawn,
Both roses' bloom gave beauty to her cheek,
Soft temper'd with a smile. The light of heav'n,
And innocence, illum'd her virgin-eye,
Lucid and lovely as the morning-star.
Her breast was fairer than the vernal bloom
Of valley-lily, opening in a shower;—
Fair as the morn, and beautiful as May,
The glory of the year, when first she comes
Array'd, all beauteous, with the robes of heaven;
And, breathing summer breezes, from her locks
Shakes genial dews, and from her lap the flowers.—
Thus beautiful she look'd; yet something more

And better far than beauty, in her looks
Appear'd: the maiden blush of modesty;
The smile of cheerfulness, and sweet content;
Health's freshest rose, the sun-shine of the soul:
Each heightening each, effus'd o'er all her form
A nameless grace, the Beauty of the Mind!
  Thus finish'd fair above her peers, she drew
The eyes of all the village, and inflam'd
The rival shepherds of the neighbouring dale,
Who laid the spoils of Summer at her feet,
And made the woods enamour'd of her name.
But pure as buds before they blow, and still
A virgin in her heart, she knew not love:
But all alone, amid her garden fair,
From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve,
She spent her days: her pleasing task to tend
The flowers; to lave them from the water-spring;
To ope the buds with her enamour'd breath;
Rank the gay tribes, and rear them in the sun.—
In youth, the index of maturer years,
Left by her school-companions at their play,
She'd often wander in the wood, or roam
The wilderness, in quest of curious flower,
Or nest of bird unknown, till eve approach'd,
And hem'd her in the shade. To obvious swain,
Or woodman chanting in the greenwood glen,
She'd bring the beauteous spoils, and ask their names.
Thus plied assiduous her delightful task,
Day after day, till every herb she nam'd
That paints the robe of Spring, and knew the voice
Of every warbler in the vernal wood.
  Her garden stretch'd along the river-side,
High up a sunny bank: on either side,
A hedge forbade the vagrant foot; above,
An ancient forest screen'd the green recess.

Transplanted here, by her creative hand,
Each herb of Nature, full of fragrant sweets,
That scents the breath of Summer; every flow'r,
Pride of the plain, that blooms on festal days
In shepherd's garland, and adorns the year,
In beauteous clusters flourish'd: Nature's work,
And order, finish'd by the hand of Art.
Here gowans, natives of the village-green,
To daisies grew. The lilies of the field
Put on the robe they neither sow'd nor spun.
Sweet-smelling shrubs and cheerful spreading trees,
Unfrequented scatter'd, as by Nature's hand,
Shaded the flowers; and to her Eden drew
The earliest concerts of the Spring, and all
The various music of the vocal year.
Retreat romantic! Thus from early youth
Her life she led; one summer's day, serene
And fair, without a cloud; like poet's dreams
Of vernal landscapes, of Elysian vales,
And islands of the blest; where, hand in hand,
Eternal Spring and Autumn rule the year,
And Love and Joy lead on immortal youth!
'Twas on a summer's day, when early show'rs
Had wak'd the various vegetable race
To life and beauty, fair Levina stray'd.
Far in the blooming wilderness she stray'd
To gather herbs, and the fair race of flowers,
That Nature's hand creative pours at will,
Beauty unbounded, over Earth's green lap,
Gay without number, in the day of rain.
O'er vallies gay, o'er hillocks green she walk'd,
Sweet as the season; and at times awak'd
The echoes of the vale, with native notes
Of heartfelt joy, in numbers heavenly sweet—

Sweet as the' hosannahs of a form of light,
A sweet-tongued seraph in the bowers of bliss.
  Her, as she halted on a green hill-top,
A quiver'd hunter spied. Her flowing locks,
In golden ringlets glittering to the sun,
Upon her bosom play'd: her mantle green,
Like thine, O Nature! to her rosy cheek
Lent beauty new; as from the verdant leaf
The rose-bud blushes with a deeper bloom,
Amid the walks of May. The stranger's eye
Was caught as with ethereal presence. Oft
He look'd to Heaven, and oft he met her eye
In all the silent eloquence of love;
Then, wak'd from wonder, with a smile began:
"Fair wanderer of the wood! what heavenly pow'r,
Or providence, conducts thy wandering steps
To this wild forest, from thy native seat
And parents, happy in a child so fair?
A shepherdess, or virgin of the vale,
Thy dress bespeaks; but thy majestic mien,
And eye, bright as the morning-star, confess
Superior birth and beauty, born to rule:
As from the stormy cloud of night, that veils
Her virgin orb, appears the queen of heaven,
And with full beauty gilds the face of night.
Whom shall I call the fairest of her sex,
And charmer of my soul? In yonder vale,
Come, let us crop the roses of the brook,
And wildings of the wood: soft under shade
Let us recline by mossy fountain-side,
While the wood suffers in the beam of noon.
I'll bring my love the choice of all the shades;
First fruits; the apple ruddy from the rock;
And clustering nuts, that burnish in the beam.

O! wilt thou bless my dwelling, and become
The owner of these fields? I'll give thee all
That I possess; and all thou seest is mine."
  Thus spoke the youth, with rapture in his eye;
And thus the maiden, with a blush, began:
" Beyond the shadow of these mountains green,
Deep-bosom'd in the vale, a cottage stands,
The dwelling of my sire, a peaceful swain;
Yet at his frugal board Health sits a guest,
And fair Contentment crowns his hoary hairs,
The patriarch of the plains: ne'er by his door
The needy pass'd, or the way-faring man.
His only daughter, and his only joy,
I feed my father's flock; and, while they rest,
At times retiring, lose me in the wood,
Skill'd in the virtues of each secret herb
That opes its virgin bosom to the moon.—
No flower amid the garden fairer grows
Than the sweet lily of the lowly vale,
The queen of flowers—But sooner might the weed
That blooms and dies, the being of a day,
Presume to match with yonder mountain-oak,
That stands the tempest and the bolt of Heav'n,
From age to age the monarch of the wood——
O! had you been a shepherd of the dale,
To feed your flock beside me, and to rest
With me at noon in these delightful shades,
I might have listen'd to the voice of love,
Nothing reluctant: might with you have walk'd
Whole summer suns away. At even-tide,
When heaven and earth in all their glory shine
With the last smiles of the departing sun;
When the sweet breath of Summer feasts the sense,
And secret pleasure thrills the heart of man;
We might have walk'd alone, in converse sweet,

Along the quiet vale, and woo'd the moon
To hear the music of true lovers' vows:
But Fate forbids; and Fortune's potent frown,
And Honour, inmate of the noble breast.
Ne'er can this hand in wedlock join with thine.
Cease, beauteous stranger! cease, beloved youth!
To vex a heart that never can be yours."
Thus spoke the maid, deceitful: but her eyes,
Beyond the partial purpose of her tongue,
Persuasion gain'd. The deep-enamour'd youth
Stood gazing on her charms, and all his soul
Was lost in love. He grasp'd her trembling hand,
And breath'd the softest, the sincerest vows
Of love: "O virgin! fairest of the fair!
My one beloved! were the Scottish throne
To me transmitted through a scepter'd line
Of ancestors, thou, thou should'st be my queen,
And Caledonia's diadems adorn
A fairer head than ever wore a crown!"
She redden'd like the morning, under veil
Of her own golden hair. The woods among
They wander'd up and down with fond delay,
Nor mark'd the fall of evening: parted, then,
The happiest pair on whom the sun declin'd.
Next day he found her on a flowery bank,
Half under shade of willows, by a spring,
The mirror of the swains, that o'er the meads,
Slow-winding, scatter'd flowerets in its way.
Through many a winding walk and alley green,
She led him to her garden. Wonder-struck,
He gaz'd, all eye, o'er the' enchanting scene:
And much he prais'd the walks, the groves, the flow'rs,
Her beautiful creation; much he prais'd
The beautiful creatress; and awak'd
The echo in her praise. Like the first pair,

Adam and Eve, in Eden's blissful bow'rs,
When newly come from their Creator's hand,
Our lovers liv'd in joy. Here, day by day,
In fond endearments, in embraces sweet,
That lovers only know, they liv'd, they lov'd,
And found the paradise that Adam lost.—
Nor did the virgin, with false modest pride,
Retard the nuptial morn: she fix'd the day
That bless'd the youth, and open'd to his eyes
An age of gold, the heaven of happiness
That lovers in their lucid moments dream.
And now the morning, like a rosy bride
Adorned on her day, put on her robes,
Her beauteous robes of light: the naiad-streams,
Sweet as the cadence of a poet's song,
Flow'd down the dale; the voices of the grove,
And every winged warbler of the air,
Sung over head; and there was joy in heaven.
Risen with the dawn, the bride and bridal-maids
Stray'd through the woods, and o'er the vales, in quest
Of flowers and garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,
To strew the bridegroom's way, and deck his bed.
Fair in the bosom of the level lake
Rose a green island, cover'd with a spring
Of flowers perpetual, goodly to the eye,
And blooming from afar. High in the midst,
Between two fountains, an enchanted tree
Grew ever green, and every month renew'd
Its blooms and apples of Hesperian gold.
Here every bride (as ancient poets sing)
Two golden apples gather'd from the bough,
To give the bridegroom in the bed of love,
The pledge of nuptial concord and delight
For many a coming year. Levina now

Had reach'd the isle, with an attendant maid,
And pull'd the mystic apples, pull'd the fruit;
But wish'd and long'd for the enchanted tree.
Not fonder sought the first created fair
The fruit forbidden of the mortal tree,
The source of human woe. Two plants arose
Fair by the mother's side, with fruits and flow'rs
In miniature. One, with audacious hand,
In evil hour she rooted from the ground.
At once the island shook, and shrieks of woe
At times were heard, amid the troubled air.
Her whole frame shook, the blood forsook her face,
Her knees knock'd, and her heart within her died.
Trembling and pale, and boding woes to come,
They seiz'd the boat, and hurried from the isle.
And now they gain'd the middle of the lake,
And saw the' approaching land: now, wild with joy,
They row'd, they flew. When lo! at once effus'd,
Sent by the angry demon of the isle,
A whirlwind rose: it lash'd the furious lake
To tempest, overturn'd the boat, and sunk
The fair Levina to a wat'ry tomb.
Her sad companions, bending from a rock,
Thrice saw her head, and supplicating hands
Held up to Heaven, and heard the shriek of death:
Then overhead the parting billow clos'd,
And op'd no more. Her fate in mournful lays
The Muse relates; and sure each tender maid
For her shall heave the sympathetic sigh,
And haply my Eumelia, (for her soul
Is pity's self) as, void of household cares,
Her evening walk she bends beside the lake,
Which yet retains her name, shall sadly drop
A tear in memory of the hapless maid;

And mourn with me the sorrows of the youth,
Whom from his mistress death did not divide.
Robb'd of the calm possession of his mind,
All night he wander'd by the sounding shore,
Long looking o'er the lake; and saw at times
The dear, the dreary ghost of her he lov'd:
Till love and grief subdued his manly prime,
And brought his youth with sorrow to the grave.——

I knew an aged swain, whose hoary head
Was bent with years, the village-chronicle,
Who much had seen, and from the former times
Much had receiv'd. He, hanging o'er the hearth
In winter evenings, to the gaping swains,
And children circling round the fire, would tell
Stories of old, and tales of other times.
Of Lomond and Levina he would talk;
And how of old, in Britain's evil days,
When brothers against brothers drew the sword
Of civil rage, the hostile hand of war
Ravag'd the land, gave cities to the sword,
And all the country to devouring fire.
Then these fair forests and Elysian scenes,
In one great conflagration, flam'd to heav'n.
Barren and black, by swift degrees arose
A muirish fen; and hence the labouring hind,
Digging for fuel, meets the mouldering trunks
Of oaks, and branchy antlers of the deer.

Now sober Industry, illustrious pow'r!
Hath rais'd the peaceful cottage, calm abode
Of innocence and joy: now, sweating, guides
The shining ploughshare; tames the stubborn soil;
Leads the long drain along the' unfertile marsh;
Bids the bleak hill with vernal verdure bloom,

The haunt of flocks; and clothes the barren heath
With waving harvests, and the golden grain.
  Fair from his hand behold the village rise,
In rural pride, 'mong intermingled trees!
Above whose aged tops the joyful swains,
At even-tide, descending from the hill,
With eye enamour'd, mark the many wreaths
Of pillar'd smoke, high-curling to the clouds.
The streets resound with Labour's various voice,
Who whistles at his work. Gay on the green,
Young blooming boys, and girls with golden hair,
Trip nimble-footed, wanton in their play,
The village hope. All in a reverend row,
Their grey-hair'd grandsires, sitting in the sun,
Before the gate, and leaning on the staff,
The well-remember'd stories of their youth
Recount, and shake their aged locks with joy.
  How fair a prospect rises to the eye,
Where Beauty vies in all her vernal forms,
For ever pleasant, and for ever new!
Swells the exulting thought, expands the soul,
Drowning each ruder care: a blooming train
Of bright ideas rushes on the mind.
Imagination rouses at the scene;
And backward, through the gloom of ages past,
Beholds Arcadia, like a rural queen,
Encircled with her swains and rosy nymphs,
The mazy dance conducting on the green.
Nor yield to old Arcadia's blissful vales
Thine, gentle Leven! Green on either hand
Thy meadows spread, unbroken of the plough,
With beauty all their own. Thy fields rejoice
With all the riches of the golden year.

Fat on the plain, and mountain's sunny side,
Large droves of oxen, and the fleecy flocks,
Feed undisturb'd; and fill the echoing air
With music, grateful to the master's ear.
The traveller stops, and gazes round and round
O'er all the scenes, that animate his heart
With mirth and music. Ev'n the mendicant,
Bowbent with age, that on the old grey stone,
Sole sitting, suns him in the public way,
Feels his heart leap, and to himself he sings.
How beautiful around the lake outspreads
Its wealth of waters, the surrounding vales
Renews, and holds a mirror to the sky,
Perpetual fed by many sister-streams,
Haunts of the angler! First, the gulfy Po,
That through the quaking marsh and waving reeds
Creeps slow and silent on. The rapid Queech,
Whose foaming torrents o'er the broken steep
Burst down impetuous, with the placid wave
Of flowery Leven, for the canine pike
And silver eel renown'd. But chief thy stream,
O Gairny! sweetly winding, claims the song.
First on thy banks the Doric reed I tun'd,
Stretch'd on the verdant grass: while twilight meek,
Enrob'd in mist, slow-sailing through the air,
Silent and still, on every closed flower
Shed drops nectareous; and around the fields
No noise was heard, save where the whispering reeds
Wav'd to the breeze, or in the dusky air
The slow-wing'd crane mov'd heavily o'er the lee,
And shrilly clamour'd as he sought his nest.
There would I sit, and tune some youthful lay;
Or watch the motion of the living fires,
That day and night their never-ceasing course

Wheel round the' eternal poles; and bend the knee
To Him the Maker of yon starry sky,
Omnipotent! who thron'd above all heavens,
Yet ever present through the peopled space
Of vast Creation's infinite extent,
Pours life, and bliss, and beauty, pours Himself,
His own essential goodness, o'er the minds
Of happy beings, through ten thousand worlds.
  Nor shall the Muse forget thy friendly heart,
O Lælius! partner of my youthful hours.
How often, rising from the bed of peace,
We would walk forth to meet the summer-morn,
Inhaling health and harmony of mind;
Philosophers and friends; while science beam'd,
With ray divine, as lovely on our minds
As yonder orient sun, whose welcome light
Reveal'd the vernal landscape to the view.
Yet oft, unbending from more serious thought,
Much of the looser follies of mankind,
Humorous and gay, we'd talk, and much would laugh;
While, ever and anon, their foibles vain
Imagination offer'd to our view.
  Fronting where Gairny pours his silent urn
Into the lake, an island lifts its head,
Grassy and wild, with ancient ruin heap'd
Of cells; where from the noisy world retir'd
Of old, as fame reports, Religion dwelt,
Safe from the insults of the darken'd crowd
That bow'd the knee to Odin; and in times
Of ignorance, when Caledonia's sons
(Before the triple-crowned giant fell)
Exchang'd their simple faith for Rome's deceits.
Here Superstition for her cloister'd sons
A dwelling rear'd, with many an arched vault;

Where her pale votaries at the midnight hour,
In many a mournful strain of melancholy,
Chanted their orisons to the cold moon.
It now resounds with the wild-shrieking gull,
The crested lapwing, and the clamorous mew,
The patient heron, and the bittern dull,
Deep-sounding in the base, with all the tribe
That by the water seek the' appointed meal.
From hence the shepherd in the fenced fold,
'Tis said, has heard strange sounds, and music wild
Such as in Selma, by the burning oak,
Of hero fallen, or of battle lost,
Warn'd Fingal's mighty son, from trembling chords
Of untouch'd harp, self-sounding in the night:
Perhaps, the' afflicted genius of the lake,
That leaves the wat'ry grot each night, to mourn
The waste of time, his desolated isles,
And temples in the dust: his plaintive voice
Is heard resounding through the dreary courts
Of high Lochleven Castle, famous once,
The' abode of heroes of the Bruce's line.
Gothic the pile, and high the solid walls,
With warlike ramparts, and the strong defence
Of jutting battlements: an age's toil!
No more its arches echo to the noise
Of joy and festive mirth. No more the glance
Of blazing taper through its windows beams,
And quivers on the undulating wave:
But naked stand the melancholy walls,
Lash'd by the wintry tempests, cold and bleak,
That whistle mournful through the empty halls,
And peacemeal crumble down the towers to dust.
Perhaps in some lone, dreary, desert tow'r,
That time has spar'd, forth from the window looks,
Half hid in grass, the solitary fox:

While from above, the owl, musician dire!
Screams hideous, harsh, and grating to the ear.
  Equal in age, and sharers of its fate,
A row of moss-grown trees around it stand.
Scarce here and there, upon their blasted tops,
A shrivell'd leaf distinguishes the year:
Emblem of hoary age, the eve of life,
When man draws nigh his everlasting home,
Within a step of the devouring grave;
When all his views and towering hopes are gone,
And every appetite, before him, dead.
  Bright shines the morn, while in the ruddy east
The sun hangs hovering o'er the' Atlantic wave.
Apart on yonder green hill's sunny side,
Seren'd with all the music of the morn,
Attentive let me sit: while from the rock,
The swains, laborious, roll the limestone huge,
Bounding elastic from the' indented grass;
At every fall it springs, and thundering shoots
O'er rocks and precipices to the plain.——
And let the shepherd careful tend his flock
Far from the dangerous steep; nor, O ye swains!
Stray heedless of its rage. Behold the tears
Yon wretched widow o'er the mangled corpse
Of her dead husband pours: who, hapless man!
Cheerful and strong, went forth at rising morn
To usual toil; but, ere the evening hour,
His sad companions bare him lifeless home.
Urg'd from the hill's high top, with progress swift,
A weighty stone, resistless, rapid came;
Seen by the fated wretch, who stood unmov'd,
Nor turn'd to fly, till flight had been in vain;
When now arriv'd the instrument of death,
And fell'd him to the ground. The thirsty land
Drank up his blood: such was the will of Heav'n!

How wide the landscape opens to the view!
Still as I mount the lessening hills decline,
Till high above them northern Grampius lifts
His hoary head, bending beneath a load
Of everlasting snow. O'er southern fields
I see the Cheviot-hills, the ancient bounds
Of two contending kingdoms. There in fight
Brave Percy and the gallant Douglas bled;
The house of heroes, and the death of hosts!
Watering the fertile fields, majestic Forth,
Full, deep, and wide, rolls placid to the sea,
With many a vessel trim and oared bark
In rich profusion cover'd, wafting o'er
The wealth and produce of far-distant lands.
But chief mine eye on the subjected vale
Of Leven pleas'd looks down; while o'er the trees,
That shield the hamlet with the shade of years,
The towering smoke of early fire ascends,
And the shrill cock proclaims the' advanced morn.
How blest the man! who, in these peaceful plains,
Ploughs his paternal field; far from the noise,
The care, and bustle of a busy world!
All in the sacred, sweet, sequester'd vale
Of Solitude, the secret primrose-path
Of rural life, he dwells; and with him dwells
Peace and Content, twins of the silvan shade,
And all the Graces of the golden age.——
Such is Agricola, the wise, the good;
By nature formed for the calm retreat,
The silent path of life. Learn'd, but not fraught
With self-importance, as the starched fool,
Who challenges respect by solemn face,
By studied accent, and high-sounding phrase.
Enamour'd of the shade, but not morose.

Politeness, rais'd in courts by frigid rules,
With him spontaneous grows. Not books alone,
But man his study, and the better part;
To tread the ways of virtue, and to act
The various scenes of life with God's applause.
Deep in the bottom of the flowery vale,
With blooming sallows and the leafy twine
Of verdant alders fenc'd, his dwelling stands
Complete in rural elegance. The door,
By which the poor or pilgrim never pass'd,
Still open, speaks the master's bounteous heart.
There, O how sweet! amid the fragrant shrubs,
At evening cool to sit; while, on their boughs,
The nested songsters twitter o'er their young;
And the hoarse low of folded cattle breaks
The silence, wafted o'er the sleeping lake,
Whose waters glow beneath the purple tinge
Of western cloud; while converse sweet deceives
The stealing foot of time! Or where the ground,
Mounded irregular, points out the graves
Of our forefathers, and the hallow'd fane,
Where swains assembling worship, let us walk,
In softly-soothing melancholy thought,
As Night's seraphic bard, immortal Young,
Or sweet-complaining Gray; there see the goal
Of human life, where drooping, faint, and tir'd,
Oft miss'd the prize, the weary racer rests.——
Thus sung the youth, amid unfertile wilds
And nameless deserts, unpoetic ground!
Far from his friends he stray'd, recording thus
The dear remembrance of his native fields,
To cheer the tedious night; while slow disease
Prey'd on his pining vitals, and the blasts
Of dark December shook his humble cot.

THE

LAST DAY:

A POEM.

His second coming, who at first appear'd
To save the world, but now to judge mankind
According to their works;—the trumpet's sound—
The dead arising,—the wide world in flames,—
The mansions of the blest,—and the dire pit
Of Satan and of woe,——O Muse! unfold.
  O Thou! whose eye the future and the past
In one broad view beholdest—from the first
Of days, when o'er this rude unformed mass
Light, first-born of existence, smiling rose,
Down to that latest moment, when thy voice
Shall bid the sun be darkness, when thy hand
Shall blot creation out,—assist my song!
Thou only know'st, who gav'st these orbs to roll
Their destin'd circles, when their course shall set;
When ruin and destruction fierce shall ride
In triumph o'er creation. This is hid,
In kindness unto man. Thou giv'st to know
The event certain: angels know not when.
  'Twas on an autumn's eve, serene and calm,
I walk'd, attendant on the funeral

Of an old swain: around, the village crowd
Loquacious chatted, till we reach'd the place
Where, shrouded up, the sons of other years
Lie silent in the grave. The sexton there
Had digg'd the bed of death, the narrow house
For all that live appointed. To the dust
We gave the dead. Then moralizing, home
The swains return'd, to drown in copious bowls
The labours of the day, and thoughts of death.
  The sun now trembled at the western gate;
His yellow rays stream'd in the fleecy clouds.
I sat me down upon a broad flat stone;
And much I mused on the changeful state
Of sublunary things. The joys of life,
How frail, how short, how passing! As the sea,
Now flowing, thunders on the rocky shore;
Now lowly ebbing, leaves a tract of sand,
Waste, wide, and dreary: so, in this vain world,
Through every varying state of life, we toss
In endless fluctuation; till, tir'd out
With sad variety of bad and worse,
We reach life's period, reach the blissful port,
Where change affects not, and the weary rest.
  Then sure the sun which lights us to our shroud,
Than that which gave us first to see the light,
Is happier far. As he who, hopeless, long
Hath rode the' Atlantic billow, from the mast,
Skirting the blue horizon, sees the land,
His native land approach; joy fills his heart,
And swells each throbbing vein: so, here confin'd,
We weary tread life's long long toilsome maze;
Still hoping, vainly hoping, for relief,
And rest from labour. Ah! mistaken thought:
To seek in life what only death can give.

But what is death? Is it an endless sleep,
Unconscious of the present and the past,
And never to be waken'd? Sleeps the soul;
Nor wakes ev'n in a dream? If it is so,
Happy the sons of pleasure; they have liv'd
And made the most of life: and foolish he,
The sage, who, dreaming of hereafter, grudg'd
Himself the tasting of the sweets of life,
And call'd it temperance; and hop'd for joys
More durable and sweet, beyond the grave.
Vain is the poet's song, the soldier's toil!
Vain is the sculptur'd marble and the bust!
How vain to hope for never-dying fame,
If souls can die! But that they never die,
This thirst of glory whispers. Wherefore gave
The great Creator such a strong desire
He never meant to satisfy? These stones,
Memorials of the dead, with rustic art
And rude inscription cut, declare the soul
Immortal. Man, form'd for eternity,
Abhors annihilation, and the thought
Of dark oblivion. Hence, with ardent wish
And vigorous effort, each would fondly raise
Some lasting monument, to save his name
Safe from the waste of years. Hence Cæsar fought;
Hence Raphael painted; and hence Milton sung.
  Thus musing, sleep oppress'd my drowsy sense,
And wrapt me into rest. Before mine eyes,
Fair as the morn, when up the flaming east
The sun ascends, a radiant seraph stood,
Crown'd with a wreath of palm: his golden hair
Wav'd on his shoulders, girt with shining plumes;
From which, down to the ground, loose-floating trail'd,

In graceful negligence, his heavenly robe:
Upon his face, flush'd with immortal youth,
Unfading beauty bloom'd; and thus he spake:
"Well hast thou judg'd; the soul must be immortal!
And that it is, this awful day declares;
This day, the last that e'er the sun shall gild:
Arrested by Omnipotence, no more
Shall he describe the year: the moon no more
Shall shed her borrow'd light. This is the day
Seal'd in the rolls of Fate, when o'er the dead
Almighty Power shall wake, and raise to life
The sleeping myriads. Now shall be approv'd
The ways of God to man, and all the clouds
Of Providence be clear'd: now shall be disclos'd
Why Vice in purple oft upon a throne
Exalted sat, and shook her iron scourge
O'er Virtue, lowly seated on the ground:
Now deeds committed in the sable shade
Of eyeless darkness, shall be brought to light;
And every act shall meet its just reward.
As thus he spake, the morn arose; and sure
Methought ne'er rose a fairer. Not a cloud
Spotted the blue expanse; and not a gale
Breath'd o'er the surface of the dewy earth.
Twinkling with yellow lustre, the gay birds
On every blooming spray sung their sweet lays,
And prais'd their great Creator: through the fields
The lowing cattle graz'd; and all around
Was beauty, happiness, and mirth, and love.—
"All these thou seest (resum'd the' angelic power)
No more shall give thee pleasure. Thou must leave
This world; of which now come and see the end."
This said, he touch'd me, and such strength infus'd,

That as he soared up the pathless air,
I lightly follow'd. On the awful peak
Of an eternal rock, against whose base
The sounding billows beat, he set me down.
I heard a noise, loud as a rushing stream,
When o'er the rugged precipice it roars,
And foaming, thunders on the rocks below.
Astonished, I gaz'd around; when lo!
I saw an angel down from Heaven descend.
His face was as the sun; his dreadful height
Such as the statue, by the Grecian plan'd,
Of Philip's son, Athos, with all his rocks,
Moulded into a man. One foot on earth,
And one upon the rolling sea, he fix'd.
As when, at setting sun, the rainbow shines
Refulgent, meeting out the half of Heav'n—
So stood he; and, in act to speak, he rais'd
His shining hand. His voice was as the sound
Of many waters, or the deep-mouth'd roar
Of thunder, when it bursts the riven cloud,
And bellows through the ether. Nature stood
Silent, in all her works; while thus he spake:—
"Hear, thou that roll'st above, thou radiant sun!
Ye heavens and earth, attend! while I declare
The will of the Eternal. By his name
Who lives, and shall for ever live, I swear
That time shall be no longer."
He disappear'd. Fix'd in deep thought I stood,
At what would follow. Straight another sound;
To which the Nile, o'er Ethiopia's rocks
Rushing in one broad cataract, were nought.
It seem'd as if the pillars that upheld
The universe, had fall'n; and all its worlds,
Unhing'd, had strove together for the way,

In cumbrous crashing ruin. Such the roar!
A sound that might be felt! It pierc'd beyond
The limits of creation. Chaos roar'd;
And Heaven and earth return'd the mighty noise.—
" Thou hear'st (said then my heavenly guide) the sound
Of the last trumpet. See where, from the clouds,
The' archangel Michael, one of the seven
That minister before the throne of God,
Leans forward; and the sonorous tube inspires
With breath immortal. By his side the sword
Which, like a meteor, o'er the vanquish'd head
Of Satan hung, when he rebellious rais'd
War, and embroil'd the happy fields above.
A pause ensued. The fainting sun grew pale,
And seem'd to struggle through a sky of blood;
While dim eclipse impair'd his beam: the earth
Shook to her deepest centre: Ocean rag'd,
And dash'd his billows on the frighted shore.
All was confusion. Heartless, helpless, wild,
As flocks of timid sheep, or driven deer,
Wandering, the' inhabitants of earth appear'd:
Terror in every look, and pale affright
Sat in each eye; amazed at the past,
And for the future trembling. All call'd great,
Or deem'd illustrious, by erring man,
Was now no more. The hero and the prince
Their grandeur lost, now mingled with the crowd;
And all distinctions, those except from faith
And virtue flowing: these upheld the soul,
As rib'd with triple steel. All else were lost!
Now, vain is greatness! as the morning clouds,
That, rising, promise rain: condens'd they stand,
Till, touch'd by winds, they vanish into air.

The farmer mourns: so mourns the helpless wretch,
Who, cast by fortune from some envied height,
Finds nought within him to support his fall.
High as his hopes had rais'd him, low he sinks
Below his fate, in comfortless despair.——
Who would not laugh at an attempt to build
A lasting structure on the rapid stream
Of foaming Tygris, the foundations laid
Upon the glassy surface? Such the hopes
Of him whose views are bounded to this world:
Immers'd in his own labour'd work, he dreams
Himself secure; when, on a sudden down,
Torn from its sandy ground, the fabric falls!
He starts, and, waking, finds himself undone.
  Not so the man who on religion's base
His hope and virtue founds. Firm on the rock
Of ages his foundation laid, remains,
Above the frowns of fortune or her smiles;
In every varying state of life, the same.
Nought fears he from the world, and nothing hopes.
With unassuming courage, inward strength
Endued, resign'd to Heaven, he leads a life
Superior to the common herd of men,
Whose joys, connected with the changeful flood
Of fickle fortune, ebb and flow with it.
  Nor is religion a chimera: sure
'Tis something real. Virtue cannot live,
Divided from it. As a sever'd branch,
It withers, pines, and dies. Who loves not God,
That made him, and preserv'd, nay more—redeem'd,
Is dangerous. Can ever gratitude
Bind him who spurns at these most sacred ties?
Say, can he, in the silent scenes of life,

Be sociable? Can he be a friend?
At best, he must but feign. The worst of brutes
An atheist is; for beasts acknowledge God.
The lion, with the terrors of his mouth,
Pays homage to his Maker; the grim wolf,
At midnight, howling, seeks his meat from God.
  Again the' archangel rais'd his dreadful voice.
Earth trembled at the sound. "Awake, ye dead!
And come to judgment." At the mighty call,
As armies issue at the trumpet's sound,
So rose the dead. A shaking first I heard.
And bone together came unto his bone,
Though sever'd by wide seas and distant lands.
A spirit liv'd within them. He who made,
Wound up, and set in motion, the machine,
To run unhurt the length of fourscore years,
Who knows the structure of each secret spring;
Can He not join again the sever'd parts,
And join them with advantage? This to man
Hard and impossible may seem; to God
Is easy. Now, through all the darken'd air,
The living atoms flew, each to his place,
And nought was missing in the great account,
Down from the dust of him whom Cain first slew,
To him who yesterday was laid in earth,
And scarce had seen corruption; whether in
The bladed grass they clothed the verdant plain,
Or smil'd in opening flowers; or, in the sea,
Became the food of monsters of the deep,
Or pass'd in transmigrations infinite
Through every kind of being. None mistakes
His kindred matter; but, by sympathy
Combining, rather by Almighty Power
Led on, they closely mingle and unite,

But chang'd; for subject to decay no more,
Or dissolution, deathless as the soul,
The body is; and fitted to enjoy
Eternal bliss, or bear eternal pain.
As when in Spring the sun's prolific beams
Have wak'd to life the insect-tribes, that sport
And wanton in his rays at evening mild,
Proud of their new existence, up the air,
In devious circles wheeling, they ascend,
Innumerable: the whole air is dark:—
So, by the trumpet rous'd, the sons of men,
In countless numbers, cover'd all the ground,
From frozen Greenland to the southern pole;
All who e'er liv'd on earth. See Lapland's sons
Whose zenith is the Pole; a barbarous race!
Rough as their storms, and savage as their clime,
Unpolish'd as their bears, and but in shape
Distinguish'd from them: Reason's dying lamp
Scarce brighter burns than instinct in their breast;
With wandering Russians, and all those who dwelt
In Scandinavia, by the Baltic sea;
The rugged Pole, with Prussia's warlike race:
Germania pours her numbers, where the Rhine
And mighty Dánube pour their flowing urns.
Behold thy children, Britain! hail the light:
A manly race, whose business was arms,
And long unciviliz'd; yet, train'd to deeds
Of virtue, they withstood the Roman power,
And made their eagles droop. On Morven's coast,
A race of heroes and of bards arise:
The mighty Fingal, and his mighty son,
Who launch'd the spear, and touch'd the tuneful harp;
With Scotia's chiefs, the sons of later years,
Her Kenneths and her Malcoms, warriors fam'd;

Her generous Wallace, and her gallant Bruce.
See, in her pathless wilds, where the grey stones
Are rais'd in memory of the mighty dead,
Armies arise of English, Scots, and Picts;
And giant Danes, who, from bleak Norway's coast,
Ambitious, came to conquer her fair fields,
And chain her sons: But Scotia gave them graves!—
Behold the kings that fill'd the English throne!
Edwards and Henries, names of deathless fame,
Start from the tomb. Immortal William! see,
Surrounding angels point him from the rest,
Who sav'd the state from tyranny and Rome.
Behold her poets! Shakspeare, fancy's child;
Spenser, who, through his smooth and moral tale,
Y-points fair virtue out; with *him* who sung
Of man's first disobedience. Young lifts up
His awful head, and joys to see the day,
The great, the' important day, of which he sung.
  See where imperial Rome exalts her height!
Her senators and gowned fathers rise;
Her consuls, who, as ants without a king,
Went forth to conquer kings; and at their wheels
In triumph led the chiefs of distant lands.
Behold, in Cannæ's field, what hostile swarms
Burst from the' ensanguin'd ground, where Hannibal
Shook Rome through all her legions: Italy
Trembled unto the Capitol. If fate
Had not withstood the' attempt, she now had bow'd
Her head to Carthage. See, Pharsalia pours
Her murder'd thousands! who, in the last strife
Of Rome for dying liberty, were slain,
To make a man the master of the world.
  All Europe's sons throng forward; numbers vast!
Imagination fails beneath the weight.

What numbers yet remain! The' enervate race
Of Asia, from where Tanais rolls
O'er rocks and dreary wastes his foaming stream,
To where the Eastern Ocean thunders round
The spicy Java; with the tawny race
That dwelt in Afric, from the Red-Sea, north,
To the Cape, south, where the rude Hottentot
Sinks into brute; with those, who long unknown
Till by Columbus found, a naked race!
And only skill'd to urge the silvan war,
That peopled the wide continent that spreads
From rocky Zembla, whiten'd with the snow
Of twice three thousand years, south to the Straits
Nam'd from Magellan, where the ocean roars
Round earth's remotest bounds. Now, had not He,
The great Creator of the universe,
Enlarg'd the wide foundations of the world,
Room had been wanting to the mighty crowds
That pour'd from every quarter. At his word,
Obedient angels stretch'd an ample plain,
Where dwelt his people in the Holy Land,
Fit to contain the whole of human race——
As when the Autumn, yellow on the fields,
Invites the sickle, forth the farmer sends
His servants to cut down and gather in
The bearded grain: so, by Jehovah sent,
His angels, from all corners of the world,
Led on the living and awaken'd dead
To judgment: as, in the' Apocalypse,
John, gather'd, saw the people of the earth,
And kings, to Armageddon.——Now look round,
Thou whose ambitious heart for glory beats!
See all the wretched things on earth call'd great,
And lifted up to gods! How little now

Seems all their grandeur! See the conqueror,
Mad Alexander, who his victor arms
Bore o'er the then known globe, then sat him down
And wept, because he had no other world
To give to desolation; how he droops!
He knew not, hapless wretch! he never learn'd,
The harder conquest—to subdue himself.——
Now is the Christian's triumph, now he lifts
His head on high; while down the dying hearts
Of sinners helpless sink: black guilt distracts
And wrings their tortur'd souls; while every thought
Is big with keen remorse, or dark despair.
  But now a nobler subject claims the song.
My mind recoils at the amazing theme:
For how shall finite speak of infinite?
How shall a stripling, by the Muse untaught,
Sing Heaven's Almighty, prostrate at whose feet
Archangels fall. Unequal to the task,
I dare the bold attempt: assist me Heaven!
From thee begun, with thee shall end my song!—
  Now, down from the' opening firmament,
Seated upon a sapphire throne, high rais'd
Upon an azure ground, upheld by wheels
Of emblematic structure, as a wheel
Had been within a wheel, studded with eyes
Of flaming fire, and by four cherubs led;
I saw the Judge descend. Around Him came,
By thousands and by millions, Heaven's bright host.
About him blaz'd insufferable light,
Invisible as darkness to the eye.
His car above the mount of Olives stay'd,
Where last with his disciples He convers'd,
And left them gazing as He soar'd aloft.
He darkness as a curtain drew around;

On which the colour of the rainbow shone,
Various and bright; and from within was heard
A voice, as deep-mouth'd thunder, speaking thus:
"Go, Raphael, and from these reprobate
Divide my chosen saints; go separate
My people from among them, as the wheat
Is in the harvest sever'd from the tares:
Set them upon the right, and on the left
Leave these ungodly. Thou, Michael, choose,
From forth the' angelic host, a chosen band,
And Satan with his legions hither bring
To judgment, from Hell's caverns; whither fled,
They think to hide from my awaken'd wrath,
Which chas'd them out of Heaven, and which they dread
More than the horrors of the pit, which now
Shall be redoubled sevenfold on their heads."
Swift as conception, at his bidding flew
His ministers, obedient to his word.
And, as a shepherd, who all day hath fed
His sheep and goats promiscuous, but at eve,
Dividing, shuts them up in different folds:
So now the good were parted from the bad;
For ever parted; never more to join
And mingle as on earth, where often past
For other each; ev'n close hypocrisy
Escapes not, but, unmask'd, alike the scorn
Of vice and virtue stands. Now separate,
Upon the right appear'd a dauntless, firm,
Composed number: joyful at the thought
Of immortality, they forward look'd
With hope unto the future; conscience, pleas'd,
Smiling, reflects upon a well-spent life;
Heaven dawns within their breasts. The other crew,

Pale and dejected, scarcely lift their heads
To view the hated light : his trembling hand
Each lays upon his guilty face ; and now,
In gnawings of the never-dying worm,
Begins a hell that never shall be quench'd.
  But now the enemy of God and man,
Cursing his fate, comes forward, led in chains,
Infrangible, of burning adamant,
Hewn from the rocks of Hell ; now too the bands
Of rebel angels, who long time had walk'd
The world, and by their oracles deceiv'd
The blinded nations, or by secret guile
Wrought men to vice, came on, raging in vain,
And struggling with their fetters, which, as fate,
Compell'd them fast. They wait their dreadful
    doom.
  Now from his lofty throne, with eyes that blaz'd
Intolerable day, the' Almighty Judge
Look'd down a-while upon the subject crowd.
As when a caravan of merchants, led
By thirst of gain to travel the parch'd sands
Of waste Arabia, hears a lion roar,
The wicked trembled at his view : upon
The ground they roll'd, in pangs of wild despair,
To hide their faces, which not blushes mark'd
But livid horror. Conscience, who asleep
Long time had lain, now lifts her snaky head,
And frights them into madness ; while the list
Of all their sins she offers to their view :
For she had power to hurt them, and her sting
Was as a scorpion's. He who never knew
Its wound is happy, though a fetter'd slave,
Chain'd to the oar, or to the dark damp mine
Confin'd ; while he who sits upon a throne,

Under her frown, is wretched. But the damn'd
Alone can tell what 'tis to feel her scourge
In all its horrors, with her poison'd sting
Fix'd in their hearts. This is the Second Death.
Upon the Book of Life He laid his hand,
Clos'd with the seal of Heaven; which op'd, he read
The names of the Elect. God knows his own.
" Come, (looking on the right, he mildly said)
Ye of my Father blessed, ere the world
Was moulded out of chaos—ere the sons
Of God, exulting, sung at Nature's birth:
For you I left my throne, my glory left,
And, shrouded up in clay, I weary walk'd
Your world, and many miseries endur'd:
Death was the last. For you I died, that you
Might live with me for ever, and in Heav'n sit
On thrones, and, as the sun in brightness, shine
For ever in my kingdom. Faithfully
Have ye approv'd yourselves. I hungry was,
And thirsty, and ye gave me meat and drink;
Ye clothed me, naked; when I fainting lay
In all the sad variety of pain,
Ye cheer'd me with the tenderness of friends;
In sickness and in prison, me reliev'd.
Nay, marvel not that thus I speak: whene'er,
Led by the dictates of fair charity,
Ye help'd the man on whom keen poverty
And wretchedness had laid their meagre hands,
And for my sake, ye did it unto me."
They heard with joy, and, shouting, rais'd their voice
In praise of their Redeemer! Loos'd from earth,
They soar'd triumphant, and at the right hand
Of the great Judge sat down; who on the left

Now looking stern, with fury in his eyes,
Blasted their spirits, while his arrows fix'd
Deep in their hearts, in agonizing pain
Scorched their vitals, thus their dreadful doom
(More dreadful from those lips which us'd to bless)
He awfully pronounc'd. Earth at his frown
Convulsive trembled; while the raging deep
Hush'd in a horrid calm his waves. "Depart,
(These, for I heard them, were his awful words!)
"Depart from me, ye curs'd! Oft have I strove,
In tenderness and pity, to subdue
Your rebel hearts; as a fond parent bird,
When danger threatens, flutters round her young,
Nature's strong impulse beating in her breast.
Thus ardent did I strive: but all in vain.
Now will I laugh at your calamity,
And mock your fears: as oft, in stupid mirth,
Harden'd in wickedness, ye pointed out
The man who labour'd up the steep ascent
Of virtue, to reproach. Depart to fire,
Kindled in Tophet for the' arch enemy,
For Satan and his angels, who by pride
Fell into condemnation: blown up now
To sevenfold fury by the' Almighty breath.
There, in that dreary mansion, where the light
Is solid gloom, darkness that may be felt,
Where hope, the lenient of the ills of life,
For ever dies; there shall ye seek for death,
And shall not find it: for your greatest curse
Is immortality. Omnipotence
Eternally shall punish and preserve."
So said he; and, his hand high lifting, hurl'd
The flashing lightning, and the flaming bolt,
Full on the wicked; kindling in a blaze

The scorched earth. Behind, before, around,
The trembling wretches burst the quivering flames.
They turn'd to fly; but wrath divine pursued
To where, beyond creation's utmost bound,
Where never glimpse of cheerful light arriv'd,
Where scarce e'en thought can travel, but, absorb'd,
Falls headlong down the' immeasurable gulf
Of chaos—wide and wild, their prison stood
Of utter darkness, as the horrid shade
That clouds the brow of death. Its open'd mouth
Belch'd sheets of livid flame and pitchy smoke.
Infernal thunders, with explosion dire,
Roar'd through the fiery concave; while the waves
Of liquid sulphur beat the burning shore
In endless ferment. O'er the dizzy steep
Suspended, wrapt in suffocating gloom,
The sons of black damnation shrieking hung.
Curses unutterable fill'd their mouths,
Hideous to hear; their eyes rain'd bitter tears
Of agonizing madness: for their day
Was past, and from their eyes repentance hid
For ever! Round their heads their hissing brands
The furies wav'd, and o'er the whelming brink
Impetuous urg'd them. In the boiling surge
They headlong fell. The flashing billows roar'd;
And Hell from all her caves return'd the sound.
The gates of flint, and tenfold adamant,
With bars of steel, impenetrably firm,
Were shut for ever: the decree of fate,
Immutable, made fast the pond'rous door.

"Now turn thine eyes," my bright conductor said:
"Behold the world in flames! so sore the bolts
Of thunder, launch'd by the Almighty arm,
Hath smote upon it. Up the blacken'd air

Ascend the curling flames, and billowy smoke;
And, hideous crackling, blot the face of day
With foul eruption. From their inmost beds
The hissing waters rise. Whatever drew
The vital air, or in the spacious deep
Wanton'd at large, expires. Heard'st thou that crash?
There fell the towering Alps, and, dashing down,
Lay bare their centre. See, the flaming mines
Expand their treasures! no rapacious hand
To seize the precious bane. Now look around:
Say, canst thou tell where stood imperial Rome,
The wonder of the world; or where, the boast
Of Europe, fair Britannia, stretch'd her plain,
Encircled by the ocean? All is wrapt
In darkness: as (if great may be compar'd
With small) when, on Gomorrah's fated field,
The flaming sulphur, by Jehovah rain'd,
Sent up a pitchy cloud, killing to life,
And tainting all the air. Another groan!
'Twas Nature's last: and see! the' extinguish'd sun
Falls devious through the void; and the fair face
Of Nature is no more! With sullen joy
Old Chaos views the havoc, and expects
To stretch his sable sceptre o'er the blank
Where once Creation smil'd: o'er which, perhaps,
Creative energy again shall wake,
And into being call a brighter sun,
And fairer worlds; which, for delightful change,
The saints, descending from the happy seats
Of bliss, shall visit. And, behold! they rise,
And seek their native land: around them move
In radiant files, Heaven's host. Immortal wreaths
Of amaranth and roses crown their heads;
And each a branch of ever-blooming palm

Triumphant holds. In robes of dazzling white,
Fairer than that by wintry tempests shed
Upon the frozen ground, array'd, they shine,
Fair as the sun, when up the steep of Heav'n
He rides in all the majesty of light.

"But who can tell, or if an angel could,
Thou couldst not hear, the glories of the place
For their abode prepar'd? Though oft on earth
They struggled hard against the stormy tide
Of adverse fortune, and the bitter scorn
Of harden'd villany—their life a course
Of warfare upon earth; these toils, when view'd
With the reward, seem nought. The Lord shall guide
Their steps to living fountains, and shall wipe
All tears from every eye. The wintry clouds
That frown'd on life, rack up. A glorious sun,
That ne'er shall set, arises in a sky
Unclouded and serene. Their joy is full:
And sickness, pain, and death, shall be no more.

"Dost thou desire to follow? does thy heart
Beat ardent for the prize? Then tread the path
Religion points to man. What thou hast seen,
Fix'd in thy heart retain: for, be assur'd,
In that last moment—in the closing act
Of Nature's drama, ere the hand of fate
Drop the black curtain, thou must bear thy part,
And stand in thine own lot."——
This said, he stretch'd
His wings, and in a moment left my sight.

Jan. 7, 1766.

ODES.

TO A FOUNTAIN.

O FOUNTAIN of the wood! whose glassy wave,
Slow-swelling from the rock of years,
Holds to Heaven a mirror blue,
And bright as Anna's eye,

With whom I've sported on the margin green:
My hand with leaves, with lilies white,
Gaily deck'd her golden hair,
Young Naiad of the vale.

Fount of my native wood! thy murmurs greet
My ear, like poet's heavenly strain:
Fancy pictures in a dream
The golden days of youth.

O state of innocence! O paradise!
In Hope's gay garden, Fancy views
Golden blossoms, golden fruits,
And Eden ever green.

Where now, ye dear companions of my youth!
Ye brothers of my bosom! where
Do ye tread the walks of life,
Wide scatter'd o'er the world?

Thus winged larks forsake their native nest,
  The merry minstrels of the morn:
    New to Heaven they mount away,
      And meet again no more.

All things decay;—the forest like the leaf;
  Great kingdoms fall; the peopled globe,
    Planet-struck, shall pass away;
      Heavens with their hosts expire:

But Hope's fair visions, and the beams of Joy,
  Shall cheer my bosom: I will sing
    Nature's beauty, Nature's birth,
      And heroes, on the lyre.

Ye Naiads! blue-eyed sisters of the wood!
  Who by old oak, or storied stream,
    Nightly tread your mystic maze,
      And charm the wandering Moon,

Beheld by poet's eye; inspire my dreams
  With visions, like the landscapes fair
    Of Heaven's bliss, to dying saints
      By guardian angels drawn.

Fount of the forest! in thy poet's lays
  Thy waves shall flow: this wreath of flow'rs,
    Gather'd by Anna's hand,
      I ask to bind my brow.

DANISH ODE.

The great, the glorious deed is done!
The foe is fled! the field is won!
Prepare the feast; the heroes call:
Let joy, let triumph fill the hall.

The raven claps his sable wings;
The bard his chosen timbrel brings;
Six virgins round, a select choir,
Sing to the music of his lyre.

With mighty ale the goblet crown;
With mighty ale your sorrows drown:
To-day, to mirth and joy we yield;
To-morrow, face the bloody field.

From danger's front, at battle's eve,
Sweet comes the banquet to the brave:
Joy shines with genial beam on all,
The joy that dwells in Odin's hall.

The song bursts living from the lyre,
Like dreams that guardian ghosts inspire;
When mimic shrieks the heroes hear,
And whirl the visionary spear.

Music's the med'cine of the mind;
The cloud of Care give to the wind:
Be every brow with garlands bound;
And let the cup of Joy go round.

The cloud comes o'er the beam of light;
We're guests that tarry but a night:
In the dark house, together press'd,
The princes and the people rest.

Send round the shell, the feast prolong,
And send away the night in song:
Be blest below, as those above
With Odin's and the friends they love.

DANISH ODE.

In deeds of arms, our fathers rise
Illustrious in their offspring's eyes:
They fearless rush'd through Ocean's storms,
And dar'd grim Death in all its forms:
Each youth assum'd the sword and shield,
And grew a hero in the field.

Shall we, degenerate from our race,
Inglorious, in the mountain-chase?
Arm, arm in fallen Hubba's right;
Place your forefathers in your sight;
To fame, to glory, fight your way,
And teach the nations to obey.

Assume the oars, unbind the sails:
Send, Odin! send propitious gales.
At Loda's stone, we will adore
Thy name with songs, upon the shore;
And, full of thee, undaunted dare
The foe, and dart the bolts of war.

No feast of shells, no dance by night,
Are glorious Odin's dear delight:
He, king of men, his armies led
Where heroes strove, where battles bled,
Now reigns above the morning-star,
The god of thunder and of war.

Bless'd who in battle bravely fall!
They mount on wings to Odin's hall;
To music's sound, in cups of gold,
They drink new wine with chiefs of old;
The song of bards records their name,
And future times shall speak their fame.

Hark! Odin thunders! haste on board;
Illustrious Canute! give the word.
On wings of wind we pass the seas,
To conquer realms, if Odin please:
With Odin's spirit in our soul,
We'll gain the globe from pole to pole.

TO PAOLI.

What man, what hero, shall the Muses sing,
On classic lyre, or Caledonian string,
Whose name shall fill the' immortal page;
Who, fir'd from Heav'n with energy divine,
In sun-bright glory bids his actions shine
First in the annals of the age?
Ceas'd are the golden times of yore;
The age of heroes is no more:
Rare, in these latter times, arise to fame
The poet's strain inspir'd, or hero's heavenly flame.

What star arising in the southern sky,
New to the heavens, attracting Europe's eye,
With beams unborrow'd shines afar?
Who comes, with thousands marching in his rear,
Shining in arms, shaking his bloody spear,
Like the red comet, sign of war?
Paoli! sent of Heaven, to save
A rising nation of the brave;
Whose firm right hand his angels arm, to bear
A shield before his host, and dart the bolts of war.

He comes! he comes! the saviour of the land!
His drawn sword flames in his uplifted hand,
Enthusiast in his country's cause;
Whose firm resolve obeys a nation's call,
To rise deliverer, or a martyr fall
To Liberty, to dying laws.
Ye sons of Freedom, sing his praise!
Ye poets, bind his brows with bays!
Ye scepter'd shadows cast your honours down,
And bow before the head that never wore a crown!

Who to the hero can the palm refuse?
Great Alexander still the world subdues,
The heir of everlasting praise.
But when the hero's flame, the patriot's light;
When virtues human and divine unite;
When olives twine among the bays;
And, mutual, both Minervas shine:
A constellation so divine,
A wondering world behold, admire, and love,
And his best image here the Almighty marks above.

As the lone shepherd hides him in the rocks,
When high Heaven thunders; as the timorous flocks
From the descending torrent flee:
So flies a world of slaves at War's alarms,
When Zeal on flame, and Liberty in arms,
Leads on the fearless and the free,
Resistless; as the torrent flood,
Horn'd like the moon, uproots the wood. [base,
Sweeps flocks, and herds, and harvests from their
And moves the' eternal hills from their appointed
[place.
Long hast thou labour'd in the glorious strife,
O land of Liberty! profuse of life,
And prodigal of priceless blood.
Where heroes bought with blood the martyr's crown,
A race arose, heirs of their high renown,
Who dar'd their fate through fire and flood:
And Gaffori the great arose,
Whose words of power disarm'd his foes;
And where the filial image smil'd afar,
The sire turn'd not aside the thunders of the war.

O Liberty! to man a guardian given,
Thou best and brightest attribute of Heaven!
From whom descending, thee we sing.
By nature wild, or by the arts refin'd,
We feel thy power essential to our mind;
Each son of Freedom is a king.
Thy praise the happy world proclaim,
And Britain worships at thy name,
Thou guardian-angel of Britannia's isle!
And God and man rejoice in thy immortal smile!

Island of beauty, lift thy head on high!
Sing a new song of triumph to the sky!
The day of thy deliverance springs—
The day of vengeance to thy ancient foe!
Thy sons shall lay the proud oppressor low,
And break the head of tyrant-kings.
Paoli! mighty man of war!
All bright in arms, thy conquering car
Ascend; thy people from the foe redeem,
Thou delegate of Heaven, and son of the Supreme!

Rul'd by the' eternal laws, supreme o'er all,
Kingdoms, like kings, successive rise and fall:
When Cæsar conquer'd half the earth,
And spread his eagles in Britannia's sun;
Did Cæsar dream the savage huts he won
Should give a far-fam'd kingdom birth?
That here should Roman freedom 'light;
The western Muses wing their flight;
The Arts, the Graces find their favourite home;
Our armies awe the globe, and Britain rival Rome?

Thus, if the' Almighty say, 'Let Freedom be!'
Thou, Corsica! thy golden age shalt see.
Rejoice with sons, rejoice with smiles!
Worlds yet unfound, and ages yet unborn,
Shall hail a new Britannia in her morn,
The queen of arts, the queen of isles;
The Arts, the beauteous train of Peace,
Shall rise and rival Rome and Greece;
A Newton Nature's book unfold sublime;
A Milton sing to Heaven, and charm the ear of Time!

MISCELLANIES.

ALEXIS:

A PASTORAL.

Upon a bank with cowslips cover'd o'er,
Where Leven's waters break against the shore;
What time the village-sires in circles talk,
And youths and maidens take their evening walk;
Among the yellow broom Alexis lay,
And view'd the beauties of the setting day.

Full well you might observe some inward smart,
Some secret grief hung heavy at his heart.
While round the field his sportive lambkins play'd,
He rais'd his plaintive voice, and thus he said:—

'Begin, my pipe! a softly-mournful strain:
The parting sun shines yellow on the plain;
The balmy west-wind breathes along the ground;
Their evening sweets the flowers dispense around;
The flocks stray bleating o'er the mountain's brow,
And from the plain the answering cattle lowe;
Sweet chant the feather'd tribes on every tree,
And all things feel the joys of love—but me.

'Begin, my pipe! begin the mournful strain,
Eumelia meets my kindness with disdain.

Oft have I tried her stubborn heart to move,
And in her icy bosom kindle love:
But all in vain. Ere I my love declar'd,
With other youths her company I shar'd;
But now she shuns me, hopeless and forlorn,
And pays my constant passion with her scorn.

'Begin, my pipe! the sadly-soothing strain,
And bring the days of innocence again.
Well I remember, in the sunny scene
We ran, we play'd together, on the green:
Fair in our youth, and wanton in our play,
We toy'd, we sported, the long summer's day.
For her I spoil'd the gardens of the Spring,
And taught the goldfinch on her hand to sing.
We sat and sung beneath the lovers' tree;
One was her look, and it was fix'd on me.

'Begin, my pipe! a melancholy strain,
A holiday was kept on yonder plain;
The feast was spread upon the flowery mead,
And skilful Thyrsis tun'd his vocal reed;
Each for the dance selects the nymph he loves,
And every nymph with smiles her swain approves:
The setting sun beheld their mirthful glee,
And left all happy in their love—but me.

'Begin, my pipe! a softly-mournful strain.
O cruel nymph! O most unhappy swain!
To climb the steepy rock's tremendous height,
And crop its herbage, is the goat's delight;
The flowery thyme delights the humming bees,
And blooming wilds the bleating lambkins please;

Daphnis courts Chloe under every tree:
Eumelia! you alone have joys for me!

'Now cease, my pipe! now cease the mournful strain,
Lo, yonder comes Eumelia o'er the plain!
Till she approach, I'll lurk behind the shade,
Then try with all my art the stubborn maid:
Though to her lover cruel and unkind,
Yet time may change the purpose of her mind.—
But vain these pleasing hopes! already, see,
She hath observ'd, and now she flies from me!

'Then cease, my pipe! the unavailing strain,
Apollo aids, the Nine inspire in vain:
You, cruel maid! refuse to lend an ear;
No more I sing, since you disdain to hear.
This pipe Amyntas gave, on which he play'd:
"Be thou its second lord," the dying shepherd said.
No more I play—now silent let it be;
Nor pipe, nor song, can e'er give joy to me.'

DAMON, MENALCAS, AND MELIBŒUS:

AN ECLOGUE.

DAMON.

Mild from the shower, the morning's rosy light
Unfolds the beauteous season to the sight:
The landscape rises verdant on the view;
The little hills uplift their heads in dew;

The sunny stream rejoices in the vale;
The woods with songs approaching Summer hail:
The boy comes forth among the flowers to play;
His fair hair glitters in the yellow ray.—
Shepherds, begin the song! while, o'er the mead,
Your flocks at will on dewy pastures feed.
Behold fair nature, and begin the song!
The songs of nature to the swain belong.
Who equals Cona's bard in silvan strains,
To him his harp an equal prize remains;
His harp, which sounds on all its sacred strings
The loves of hunters, and the wars of kings.

MENALCAS.

Now fleecy clouds in clearer skies are seen;
The air is genial, and the earth is green:
O'er hill and dale the flowers spontaneous spring;
And blackbirds singing, now invite to sing.

MELIBŒUS.

Now milky showers rejoice the springing grain;
New-opening pea-blooms purple all the plain;
The hedges blossom white on every hand;
Already harvest seems to clothe the land.

MENALCAS.

White o'er the hill my snowy sheep appear, [bear.
Each with her lamb; their shepherd's name they
I love to lead them where the daisies spring,
And on the sunny hill to sit and sing.

MELIBŒUS.

My fields are green with clover and with corn;
My flocks the hills, and herds the vales adorn.

I teach the stream, I teach the vocal shore,
And woods, to echo—that 'I want no more.'

MENALCAS.

To me the bees their annual nectar yield;
Peace cheers my hut, and plenty clothes my field.
I fear no loss: I give to Ocean's wind
All care away;—a monarch in my mind!

MELIBŒUS.

My mind is cheerful as the linnet's lays;
Heaven daily hears a shepherd's simple praise.
What time I shear my flock, I send a fleece
To aged Mopsa, and her orphan-niece.

MENALCAS.

Lavinia, come! here primroses upspring;
Here choirs of linnets, here yourself may sing;
Here meadows worthy of thy foot appear:
O come, Lavinia! let us wander here.

MELIBŒUS.

Rosella, come! here flowers the heath adorn;
Here ruddy roses open on the thorn;
Here willows by the brook a shadow give:
O here, Rosella! let us love to live.

MENALCAS.

Lavinia's fairer than the flowers of May,
Or Autumn apples ruddy in the ray:
For her my flowers are in a garland wove;
And all my apples ripen for my love.

MELIBŒUS.

Prince of the wood, the oak majestic tow'rs;
The lily of the vale is queen of flow'rs:
Above the maids Rosella's charms prevail,
As oaks in woods, and lilies in the vale!

MENALCAS.

Resound, ye rocks! ye little hills, rejoice!
Assenting woods, to Heaven uplift your voice!
Let Spring and Summer enter hand in hand;
Lavinia comes! the glory of our land!

MELIBŒUS.

Whene'er my love appears upon the plain,
To her the wondering shepherds tune the strain:
'Who comes in beauty like the vernal morn,
When yellow robes of light all heaven and earth
adorn.'

MENALCAS.

Rosella's mine, by all the powers above!
Each star in Heaven is witness to our love.
Among the lilies she abides all day;
Herself as lovely, and as sweet as they.

MELIBŒUS.

By Tweed, Lavinia feeds her fleecy care,
And in the sunshine combs her yellow hair.
Be thine the peace of Heav'n, unknown to kings,
And o'er thee angels spread their guardian wings.

MENALCAS.

I follow'd Nature, and was fond of praise;
Thrice noble Varo has approv'd my lays:
If he approves, superior to my peers,
I join the' immortal choir, and sing to other years.

MELIBŒUS.

My mistress is my muse: the banks of Tyne
Resound with Nature's music, and with mine.
Helen the fair, the beauty of our green,
To me adjudg'd the prize, when chosen queen.

DAMON.

Now cease your songs: the flocks to shelter fly,
And the high sun has gain'd the middle sky.
To both alike the poet's bays belong;
Chiefs of the choir, and masters of the song.
Thus let your pipes contend, with rival strife,
To sing the praises of the pastoral life:
Sing Nature's scenes, with Nature's beauties fir'd;
Where poets dream'd, where prophets lay inspir'd.
Ev'n Caledonian queens have trod the meads,
And scepter'd kings assum'd the shepherd's weeds:
The' angelic choirs, that guard the throne of God,
Have sat with shepherds on the humble sod.
With us renew'd, the golden times remain,
And long-lost innocence is found again.

PASTORAL SONG.

To the tune of 'The Yellow-Hair'd Laddie.'

In May when the gowans appear on the green,
And flowers in the field and the forest are seen;
Where lilies bloom'd bonny, and hawthorns up-
sprung,
The yellow-hair'd laddie oft whistled and sung.

But neither the shades, nor the sweets of the flow'rs,
Nor the blackbirds that warbled on blossoming
bow'rs,
Could pleasure his eye, or his ear entertain;
For love was his pleasure, and love was his pain.

The shepherd thus sung; while his flocks all around
Drew nearer and nearer, and sigh'd to the sound:
Around, as in chains, lay the beasts of the wood,
With pity disarmed, with music subdued.

'Young Jessy is fair as the Spring's early flow'r,
And Mary sings sweet as the bird in the bow'r:
But Peggy is fairer and sweeter than they;
With looks like the morning, with smiles like the day.

'In the flower of her youth, in the bloom of eighteen;
Of virtue the goddess, of beauty the queen:
One hour in her presence an era excels
Amid courts, where ambition with misery dwells.

'Fair to the shepherd the new-springing flow'rs,
When May and when morning lead on the gay hours:
But Peggy is brighter and fairer than they;
She's fair as the morning, and lovely as May.

'Sweet to the shepherd the wild woodland sound,
When larks sing above him, and lambs bleat around:
But Peggy far sweeter can speak and can sing,
Than the notes of the warblers that welcome the
Spring.

'When in beauty she moves by the brook of the plain,
You would call her a Venus new sprung from the
main:
When she sings, and the woods with their echoes [reply,
You would think that an angel was warbling on high.

'Ye powers that preside over mortal estate!
Whose nod ruleth nature, whose pleasure is fate!
O grant me, O grant me the heav'n of her charms!
May I live in her presence, and die in her arms!'

LOCHLEVEN NO MORE.

To the tune of 'Lochaber no more.'

FAREWELL to Lochleven and Gairny's fair stream,
How sweet, on its banks, of my Peggy to dream;
But now I must go to a far distant shore,
And I'll may be return to Lochleven no more.

No more in the Spring shall I walk with my dear,
Where gowans bloom bonny, and Gairny runs clear;
Far hence must I wander, my pleasures are o'er,
Since I'll see my dear maid and Lochleven no more.

No more do I sing, since far from my delight,
But in sighs spend the day, and in tears the long
night;
By Devon's dull current stretch'd mourning I'll lie,
While the hills and the woods to my mourning reply.

But wherever I wander, by night or by day,
True love to my Peggy still with me shall stay;
And ever and aye my loss I'll deplore,
Till the woodlands re-echo Lochleven no more.

Though from her far distant, to her I'll be true,
And still my fond heart keep her image in view:
O could I obtain her, my griefs were all o'er,
I would mourn the dear maid and Lochleven no more.

But if Fate has decreed that it ne'er shall be so,
Then grief shall attend me wherever I go;
Till from life's stormy sea I reach death's silent shore,
Then I'll think upon her and Lochleven no more.

SIR JAMES THE ROSS:

AN HISTORICAL BALLAD.

Of all the Scotish northern chiefs
Of high and mighty name,
The bravest was Sir James the Ross,
A knight of meikle fame.

His growth was like a youthful oak,
That crowns the mountain's brow;
And, waving o'er his shoulders broad,
His locks of yellow flew.

Wide were his fields; his herds were large;
And large his flocks of sheep;
And numerous were his goats and deer
Upon the mountain-steep.

The chieftain of the good clan Ross,
  A firm and warlike band:
Five hundred warriors drew the sword
  Beneath his high command.

In bloody fight thrice had he stood
  Against the English keen,
Ere two-and-twenty opening springs
  The blooming youth had seen.

The fair Matilda dear he lov'd,
  A maid of beauty rare;
Ev'n Margaret on the Scotish throne
  Was never half so fair.

Long had he woo'd; long she refus'd
  With seeming scorn and pride;
Yet oft her eyes confess'd the love
  Her fearful words denied.

At length she bless'd his well-tried love,
  Allow'd his tender claim:
She vow'd to him her virgin heart,
  And own'd an equal flame.

Her father, Buchan's cruel lord,
  Their passion disapprov'd:
He bade her wed Sir John the Græme,
  And leave the youth she lov'd.——

One night they met, as they were wont,
  Deep in a shady wood;
Where on the bank, beside the burn,
  A blooming saugh-tree stood.

Conceal'd among the underwood
  The crafty Donald lay,
The brother of Sir John the Græme,
  To watch what they might say:

When thus the maid began: 'My sire
Our passion disapproves,
He bids me wed Sir John the Græme;
So here must end our loves.

'My father's will must be obey'd,
Nought boots me to withstand:
Some fairer maid in beauty's bloom
Shall bless thee with her hand.

'Soon will Matilda be forgot,
And from thy mind effac'd;
But may that happiness be thine,
Which I can never taste!'—

'What do I hear? Is this thy vow?
(Sir James the Ross replied:)
And will Matilda wed the Græme,
Though sworn to be my bride?

'His sword shall sooner pierce my heart,
Than 'reave me of thy charms'—
And clasp'd her to his throbbing breast,
Fast lock'd within her arms.

'I spoke to try thy love, (she said)
I'll ne'er wed man but thee:
The grave shall be my bridal bed,
If Græme my husband be.

'Take then, dear youth! this faithful kiss,
In witness of my troth;
And every plague become my lot
That day I break my oath.'——

They parted thus—the sun was set:
Up hasty Donald flies;
And, 'Turn thee, turn thee, beardless youth!'
He loud insulting cries.

Soon turn'd about the fearless chief,
  And soon his sword he drew;
For Donald's blade before his breast
  Had pierc'd his tartans through.

'This for my brother's slighted love;
  His wrongs sit on my arm:'—
Three paces back the youth retir'd,
  And sav'd himself from harm.

Returning swift, his sword he rear'd
  Fierce Donald's head above;
And through the brain and crashing bone
  The furious weapon drove.

Life issued at the wound; he fell,
  A lump of lifeless clay:
'So fall my foes!' quoth valiant Ross,
  And stately strode away.

Through the green wood in haste he pass'd
  Unto Lord Buchan's hall;
Beneath Matilda's windows stood,
  And thus on her did call:

'Art thou asleep, Matilda fair?
  Awake, my love! awake:
Behold thy lover waits without,
  A long farewell to take;

'For I have slain fierce Donald Græme,
  His blood is on my sword:
And far, far distant are my men,
  Nor can defend their lord.

'To Skye I will direct my flight,
  Where my brave brothers bide;
And raise the mighty of the Isles
  To combat on my side.'—

'O do not so; (the maid replied)
With me till morning stay;
For dark and dreary is the night,
And dangerous is the way.

'All night I'll watch thee in the park;
My faithful page I'll send
In haste to raise the brave clan Ross,
Their master to defend.'

He laid him down beneath a bush,
And wrap'd him in his plaid;
While, trembling for her lover's fate,
At distance stood the maid.——

Swift ran the page o'er hill and dale;
Till, in a lowly glen,
He met the furious Sir John Græme,
With twenty of his men.

'Where goest thou, little page? (he said)
So late who did thee send?'—
'I go to raise the brave clan Ross,
Their master to defend.

'For he has slain fierce Donald Græme,
His blood is on his sword;
And far, far distant are his men,
Nor can assist their lord.'—

'And has he slain my brother dear?
(The furious chief replies:)
Dishonour blast my name, but he
By me ere morning dies!

'Say, page, where is Sir James the Ross?
I will thee well reward.'—
'He sleeps into Lord Buchan's park;
Matilda is his guard.'——

They spur'd their steeds, and furious flew
  Like lightning o'er the lea:
They reach'd Lord Buchan's lofty tow'rs
  By dawning of the day.

Matilda stood without the gate
  Upon a rising ground,
And watch'd each object in the dawn,
  All ear to every sound.

'Where sleeps the Ross? (began the Græme)
  Or has the felon fled?
This hand shall lay the wretch on earth
  By whom my brother bled.'

And now the valiant knight awoke,
  The virgin shrieking heard:
Straight up he rose, and drew his sword,
  When the fierce band appear'd.

'Your sword last night my brother slew,
  His blood yet dims its shine;
And, ere the sun shall gild the morn,
  Your blood shall reek on mine.'

'Your words are brave, (the chief return'd)
  But deeds approve the man:
Set by your men, and hand to hand
  We'll try what valour can.'

With dauntless step he forward strode,
  And dar'd him to the fight:
The Græme gave back, and fear'd his arm,
  For well he knew his might.

Four of his men, the bravest four,
  Sunk down beneath his sword;
But still he scorn'd the poor revenge,
  And sought their haughty lord.

Behind him basely came the Græme,
  And pierc'd him in the side:
Out spouting came the purple stream,
  And all his tartans dy'd.

But yet his hand not drop'd the sword,
  Nor sunk he to the ground,
Till through his enemy's heart his steel
  Had forc'd a mortal wound.

Græme, like a tree by winds o'erthrown,
  Fell breathless on the clay;
And down beside him sunk the Ross,
  And faint and dying lay.

Matilda saw, and fast she ran:
  'O spare his life! (she cried)
Lord Buchan's daughter begs his life,
  Let her not be denied.'

Her well-known voice the hero heard;
  He rais'd his death-clos'd eyes;
He fix'd them on the weeping maid,
  And weakly thus replies:

'In vain Matilda begs a life,
  By death's arrest denied;
My race is run—adieu, my love!'
  Then clos'd his eyes, and died.

The sword, yet warm, from his left side,
  With frantic hand she drew:
'I come, Sir James the Ross, (she cried)
  I come to follow you.'

The hilt she lean'd against the ground,
  And bar'd her snowy breast;
Then fell upon her lover's face,
  And sunk to endless rest.

THE EAGLE, CROW, AND SHEPHERD:

A FABLE.

Beneath the horror of a rock,
A shepherd careless fed his flock.
Souse from its top an eagle came,
And seiz'd upon a sporting lamb;
Its tender sides his talons tear,
And bear it bleating through the air.

This was discover'd by a crow,
Who hopt upon the plain below.
'You ram, (says he) becomes my prey;
And, mounting, hastens to the fray;
Lights on his back—when lo, ill-luck!
He in the fleece entangled stuck:
He spreads his wings, but can't get free,
Struggling in vain for liberty.

The shepherd soon the captive spies,
And soon he seizes on the prize.
His children curious crowd around,
And ask what strange fowl he has found?
'My sons, (said he) warn'd by this wretch,
Attempt no deed above your reach:
An eagle not an hour ago,
He's now content to be a crow.'

THE MUSIAD:

A MINOR EPIC POEM. A FRAGMENT.

In ancient times, ere traps were fram'd,
  Or cats in Britain's Isle were known;
A mouse, for power and valour fam'd,
  Possess'd in peace the regal throne.

A farmer's house he nightly storm'd;
  (In vain were bolts, in vain were keys:)
The milk's fair surface he deform'd,
  And digg'd entrenchments in the cheese.

In vain the farmer watch'd by night,
  In vain he spread the poison'd bacon;
The mouse was wise, as well as wight,
  Nor could by force or fraud be taken:

His subjects follow'd where he led,
  And dealt destruction all around:
His people, shepherd-like, he fed:
  Such mice are rarely to be found!—

But evil fortune had decreed
  (The foe of mice as well as men)
The royal mouse at last should bleed;
  Should fall—ne'er to arise again.

Upon a night, as authors say,
  A luckless scent our hero drew
Upon forbidden ground to stray,
  And pass a narrow cranny through.

That night a feast the farmer made,
  And joy unbounded fill'd the house;
The fragments in the pantry spread
  Afforded business to the mouse.

He ate his fill, and back again
  Return'd: but access was denied.
He search'd each corner; but in vain:
  He found it close on every side.

Let none our hero's fears deride;
  He roar'd, (ten mice of modern days,
As mice are dwindled and decay'd,
  So great a voice could scarcely raise.)

Rous'd at the voice, the farmer ran,
  And seiz'd upon his hapless prey.
With entreaties the mouse began,
  And prayers, his anger to allay.

'O spare my life! (he trembling cries:)
  My subjects will a ransom give,
Large as thy wishes can devise!
  Soon as it shall be heard I live.'

'No, wretch! (the farmer says in wrath;)
  Thou diest: no ransom I'll receive.'
'My subjects will revenge my death,
  (He said:) this dying charge I leave.'

The farmer lifts his armed hand,
  And on the mouse inflicts a wound.
What mouse could such a blow withstand?
  He fell, and dying bit the ground.

Thus Lambris fell, who flourish'd long;
  (I half forgot to tell his name;)
But his renown lives in the song,
  And future times shall speak his fame.—

A mouse, who walk'd about at large
  In safety, heard his mournful cries;
He heard him give his dying charge,
  And to the rest he frantic flies.

Thrice he essay'd to speak, and thrice
  Tears, such as mice may shed, fell down;
'Revenge your monarch's death,' he cries;
  His voice half-stifled with a groan.

But having reassum'd his senses,
  And reason, such as mice may have;
He told out all the circumstances,
  With many a strain and broken heave.

Chill'd with sad grief the' assembly heard;
  Each drop'd a tear, and bow'd the head:
But symptoms soon of rage appear'd,
  And vengeance, for the royal dead.

Long sat they mute: at last up rose
  The great Hypenor, blameless sage!
A hero born to many woes;
  His head was silver'd o'er with age:

His bulk so large, his joints so strong,
  Though worn with grief, and past his prime,
Few rats could equal him, 'tis sung,
  As rats are in these dregs of time.

Two sons, in battle brave, he had,
  Sprung from fair Lalage's embrace:
Short time they grac'd his nuptial bed,
  By dogs destroy'd in cruel chase.

Their timeless fate the mother wail'd,
  And pin'd with heart-corroding grief:
O'er every comfort it prevail'd,
  Till death, advancing, brought relief.

Now he's the last of all his race,
  A prey to woe, he inly pin'd:
Grief pictur'd sat upon his face;
  Upon his breast his head reclin'd.

And, 'O my fellow-mice! (he said)
These eyes ne'er saw a day so dire,
Save when my gallant children bled:
O wretched sons! O wretched sire!

'But now a general cause demands
Our grief, and claims our tears alone;
Our monarch, slain by wicked hands:
No issue left to fill the throne.

'Yet, though by hostile man much wrong'd,
My counsel is, from arms forbear,
That so your days may be prolong'd;
For man is Heaven's peculiar care.'

ANACREONTIC:

TO A WASP.

The following is a ludicrous Imitation of the usual Anacreontics; the Spirit of composing which was raging, a few Years ago, among all the sweet Singers of Great Britain.

WINGED wanderer of the sky!
Inhabitant of heaven high!
Dreadful with thy dragon-tail,
Hydra-head, and coat of mail!
Why dost thou my peace molest:
Why dost thou disturb my rest?——
When in May the meads are seen,
Sweet enamel! white and green;
And the gardens, and the bow'rs,
And the forests, and the flow'rs,

Don their robes of curious dye;
Fine confusion to the eye!
Did I —— chase thee in thy flight?
Did I —— put thee in a fright?
Did I —— spoil thy treasure hid?
Never—never—never—did.
Envious nothing! pray beware;
Tempt mine anger if you dare.
Trust not in thy strength of wing;
Trust not in thy length of sting,
Heav'n nor earth shall thee defend;
I thy buzzing soon will end.
Take my counsel while you may;
Devil take you if you stay.
Wilt—thou—dare—my—face—to—wound?—
Thus, I fell thee to the ground.
Down amongst the dead men, now,
Thou shalt forget thou ere wast thou.—
Anacreontic bards beneath,
Thus shall wail thee after death:

CHORUS OF ELYSSIAN BARDS [1].

A Wasp for a wonder,
To paradise under
Descends! See, he wanders
By Styx's meanders!
Behold, how he glows
Amidst Rhodope's snows!
He sweats, in a trice,
In the regions of ice!
Lo! he cools, by God's ire,
Amidst brimstone and fire!

[1] This Chorus is said to have been contributed by Logan

He goes to our king,
And he shows him his sting.
(God Pluto loves satire,
As women love attire;)
Our king sets him free,
Like fam'd Euridice.——
Thus a wasp could prevail
O'er the Devil and hell,
A conquest both hard and laborious!
Though hell had fast bound him,
And the Devil did confound him,
Yet his sting and his wing were victorious!

TO

JOHN MILLAR, M.D.

ON RECOVERY FROM A DANGEROUS FIT OF ILLNESS.

(Written in the name of Mr. David Pearson.)

A RUSTIC youth, (he seeks no better name)
Alike unknown to fortune and to fame,
Acknowledging a debt he ne'er can pay,
For thee, O Millar! frames the artless lay:
That yet he lives, that vital warmth remains,
And life's red tide bounds briskly through his veins;
To thee he owes. His grateful heart believe,
And take his thanks sincere, 'tis all he has to give.
Let traders brave the flood in thirst of gain,
Kept with disquietude, as got with pain;
Let heroes tempted by a sounding name,
Pursue bright honour in the fields of fame.

Can wealth or fame a moment's ease command
To him, who sinks beneath affliction's hand?
Upon the wither'd limbs fresh beauty shed;
Or cheer the dark, dark mansions of the dead?

VERSES

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. MR. M'EWEN [1].

M'EWEN gone! and shall the mournful Muse
A tear unto his memory refuse?
Forbid it all ye powers that guard the just,
Your care his actions, and his life your trust.
The righteous perish! is M'Ewen dead?
In him religion, virtue's friend, is fled.
Modest in strife, bold in religion's cause,
He sought true honour in his God's applause.
What manly beauties in his works appear,
Close without straining, and concise though clear.
Though short his life, not so his deathless fame,
Succeeding ages shall revere his name.
Hail, blest immortal, hail! while we are tost,
Thy happy soul is landed on the coast,
That land of bliss, where on the peaceful shore
Thou view'st with pleasure, all thy dangers o'er;
Laid in the silent grave, thy honour'd dust
Expects the resurrection of the just.

[1] Author of a 'Treatise on the Scripture, Types, and Figures,' and 'Essays on various Subjects.'

PHILOCLES:

AN ELEGY,

ON THE DEATH OF MR. WILLIAM DRYBURGH.

WAILING, I sit on Leven's sandy shore,
  And sadly tune the reed to sounds of woe;
Once more I call Melpomene! once more
  Spontaneous teach the weeping verse to flow!

The weeping verse shall flow in friendship's name,
  Which friendship asks, and friendship fain would pay;
The weeping verse, which worth and genius claim:—
  Begin then, Muse! begin the mournful lay.

Aided by thee, I'll twine a rustic wreath
  Of fairest flowers, to deck the grass-grown grave
Of Philocles, cold in the bed of death,
  And mourn the gentle youth I could not save.

Where lordly Forth divides the fertile plains
  With amble sweep, a sea from side to side;
A rocky bound his raging course restrains,
  For ever lash'd by the resounding tide.

There stands his tomb upon the sea-beat shore,
  Afar discern'd by the rough sailor's eye,
Who, passing, weeps, and stops the sounding oar,
  And points where piety and virtue lie.

Like the gay palm on Rabbah's fair domains,
  Or cedar shadowing Carmel's flowery side;
Or, like the upright ash on Britain's plains,
  Which waves its stately arms in youthful pride;

So flourish'd Philocles: and as the hand
  Of ruthless woodman lays their honours low,
He fell in youth's fair bloom by fate's command.
  'Twas fate that struck, 'tis ours to mourn the blow.

Alas! we fondly thought that Heaven design'd
  His bright example mankind to improve:
All they should be, was pictur'd in his mind;
  His thoughts were virtue, and his heart was love.

Calm as a Summer-sun's unruffled face,
  He look'd unmov'd on life's precarious game,
And smil'd at mortals toiling in the chase
  Of empty phantoms—opulence and fame.

Steady he follow'd Virtue's onward path,
  Inflexible to Error's devious way;
And firm at last, in hope and fixed faith, [may.
  Through Death's dark vale he trod without dis-

The gloomy vale he trod, relentless Death!
  Where waste and horrid desolation reign:
The tyrant, humbled, there resigns his wrath;
  The wretch, elated, there forgets his pain:

There sleep the infant, and the hoary head!
  Together lie the' oppressor and the' oppress'd;
There dwells the captive, free among the dead;
  There Philocles, and there the weary rest.

The curtains of the grave fast drawn around,
  Till the loud trumpet wake the sleep of death,
With dreadful clangor through the world resound,
  Shake the firm globe, and burst the vaults beneath.

Then Philocles shall rise, to glory rise,
  And his Redeemer for himself shall see;
With him in triumph mount the azure skies:
  For where He is, his followers shall be.

Whence then these sighs? and whence this falling
To sad remembrance of his merit just, [tear?
Still must I mourn; for he to me was dear,
And still is dear, though buried in the dust.

DAPHNIS:

A MONODY.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. WILLIAM ARNOT, SON OF MR. DAVID ARNOT OF PORTMOAK NEAR KINROSS.

No more of youthful joys or love's fond dreams,
No more of morning fair, or evening mild,
While Daphnis lies among the silent dead
Unsung; though long ago he trod the path,
The dreary road of death——
Which soon or late each human foot must tread.
He trod the dark uncomfortable wild
By Faith's pure light, by Hope's heav'n-opening beams;
By Love, whose image gladdens mortal eyes,
And keeps the golden key that opens all the skies.

Assist, ye Muses!—and ye will assist;
For Daphnis, whom I sing, to you was dear:
Ye lov'd the boy, and on his youthful head
Your kindest influence shed.—
So may I match his lays, who to the lyre
Wail'd his lost Lycidas by wood and rill:
So may the Muse my grovelling mind inspire
To sing a farewell to thy ashes blest;
To bid fair peace be to thy gentle shade;
To scatter flowerets, cropt by Fancy's hand,

In sad assemblage round thy tomb,
If water'd by the Muse, to latest time to bloom.

Oft by the side of Leven's crystal lake,
Trembling beneath the closing lids of light,
With slow short-measur'd steps we took our walk:
Then he would talk
Of argument far, far above his years;
Then he would reason high;
Till from the east the silver queen of night
Her journey up Heaven's steep began to make,
And Silence reign'd attentive in the sky.

O happy days!—for ever, ever gone!
When o'er the flowery green we ran, we play'd
With blooms bedropt by youthful Summer's hand;
Or, in the willow-shade,
We mimic castles built among the sand,
Soon by the sounding surge to be beat down,
Or sweeping winds; when, by the sedgy marsh,
We heard the heron and the wild duck harsh,
And sweeter lark tune his melodious lay,
At highest noon of day.
Among the antique moss-grown stones we'd roam,
With antient hieroglyphic figures grac'd;
Winged hour-glasses, bones, and skulls, and spades,
And obsolete inscriptions by the hands
Of other ages. Ah! I little thought
That we then play'd o'er his untimely tomb!

Where were ye, Muses! when the leaden hand
Of Death, remorseless, clos'd your Daphnis' eyes?
For sure ye heard the weeping mother's cries;—
But the dread power of Fate what can withstand

Young Daphnis smil'd at death; the tyrant's darts
As stubble counted. What was his support?
His conscience, and firm trust in Him whose ways
Are truth; in Him who sways
His potent sceptre o'er the dark domains
Of death and hell; who holds in straiten'd reins
Their banded legions: 'Through the darksome vale
He'll guide my trembling steps with heavenly ray;
I see the dawning of immortal day,'
He smiling said, and died!——

Hail, and farewell, blest youth! Soon hast thou left
This evil world. Fair was thy thread of life;
But quickly by the envious Sisters shorn.
Thus have I seen a rose with rising morn
Unfold its glowing bloom, sweet to the smell,
And lovely to the eye; when a keen wind
Hath torn its blushing leaves, and laid it low,
Stript of its sweets.—Ah! so,
So Daphnis fell: long ere his prime he fell!
Nor left he on these plains his peer behind;
These plains, that mourn their loss, of him bereft,
No more look gay, but desert and forlorn.

Now cease your lamentations, shepherds! cease:
Though Daphnis died below, he lives above;
A better life, and in a fairer clime,
He lives. No sorrow enters that blest place;
But ceaseless songs of love and joy resound:
And fragrance floats around,
By fanning zephyrs from the spicy groves,
And flowers immortal wafted; asphodel
And amaranth, unfading, deck the ground,
With fairer colours than, ere Adam fell,

In Eden bloom'd. There haply he may hear
This artless song. Ye powers of verse! improve,
And make it worthy of your darling's ear,
And make it equal to the shepherd's love.

Thus, in the shadow of a frowning rock,
Beneath a mountain's side, shaggy and hoar,
A homely swain, tending his little flock,
Rude, yet a lover of the Muse's lore,
Chanted his Doric strain till close of day,
Then rose, and homeward slowly bent his way.

ELEGY:

WRITTEN IN SPRING.

'Tis past: the iron North has spent his rage;
Stern Winter now resigns the lengthening day;
The stormy howlings of the winds assuage,
And warm o'er ether western breezes play.

Of genial heat and cheerful light the source,
From southern climes, beneath another sky,
The sun, returning, wheels his golden course;
Before his beams all noxious vapours fly.

Far to the north grim Winter draws his train
To his own clime, to Zembla's frozen shore;
Where, thron'd on ice, he holds eternal reign;
Where whirlwinds madden, and where tempests roar.

Loos'd from the bands of frost, the verdant ground
Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,
Again puts forth her flowers; and all around,
Smiling, the cheerful face of Spring is seen.

Behold! the trees new deck their wither'd boughs;
  Their ample leaves, the hospitable plane,
The taper elm, and lofty ash, disclose;
  The blooming hawthorn variegates the scene;

The lily of the vale, of flowers the queen,
  Puts on the robe she neither sew'd nor spun:
The birds on ground, or on the branches green,
  Hop to and fro, and glitter in the sun.

Soon as o'er eastern hills the morning peers,
  From her low nest the tufted lark upsprings;
And cheerful singing, up the air she steers;
  Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she sings.

On the green furze, clothed o'er with golden blooms
  That fill the air with fragrance all around,
The linnet sits, and tricks his glossy plumes,
  While o'er the wild his broken notes resound.

While the sun journeys down the western sky,
  Along the green sward, mark'd with Roman mound,
Beneath the blithsome shepherd's watchful eye,
  The cheerful lambkins dance and frisk around.

Now is the time for those who wisdom love,
  Who love to walk in Virtue's flowery road,
Along the lovely paths of Spring to rove,
  And follow Nature up to Nature's God.

Thus Zoroaster studied Nature's laws;
  Thus Socrates, the wisest of mankind;
Thus heav'n-taught Plato trac'd the Almighty cause,
  And left the wondering multitude behind.

Thus Ashley gather'd academic bays;
  Thus gentle Thomson, as the Seasons roll,
Taught them to sing the great Creator's praise,
  And bear their poet's name from pole to pole.

Thus have I walk'd along the dewy lawn;
My frequent foot the blooming wild hath worn;
Before the lark I've sung the beauteous dawn,
And gather'd health from all the gales of morn.

And, ev'n when Winter chill'd the aged year,
I wander'd lonely o'er the hoary plain:
Though frosty Boreas warn'd me to forbear,
Boreas, with all his tempests, warn'd in vain.

Then, sleep my nights, and quiet bless'd my days;
I fear'd no loss, my Mind was all my store;
No anxious wishes e'er disturb'd my ease;
Heav'n gave content and health—I ask'd no more.

Now, Spring returns: but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known;
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shivering in th' inconstant wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd,
And count the silent moments as they pass:

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
No art can stop, or in their course arrest;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

Oft morning-dreams presage approaching fate;
And morning-dreams, as poets tell, are true:
Led by pale ghosts, I enter Death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe;
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
  Enough for me the church-yard's lonely mound,
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,
  And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless
    ground.

There let me wander at the shut of eve,
  When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes;
The world and all its busy follies leave,
  And talk with Wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,
  When death shall shut these weary aching eyes!
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
  Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.

LOGAN.

Hung o'er the margin of the main,
Her fix'd and earnest eyeballs strain.

Minnia

Drawn by Richd Westall, R.A. *Engraved by Ant^y Cardon.*

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THE

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ODES.

TO

THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!
  Thou messenger of Spring!
Now heav'n repairs thy rural seat,
  And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
  Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
  Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
  I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
  From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood
  To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
  And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
  Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
  Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
  Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
  No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
  We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
  Companions of the Spring!

ON THE

DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

The peace of Heaven attend thy shade,
My early friend, my favourite maid!
When life was new, companions gay,
We hail'd the morning of our day.

Ah, with what joy did I behold
The flower of beauty fair unfold!
And fear'd no storm to blast thy bloom,
Or bring thee to an early tomb!

Untimely gone! for ever fled
The roses of the cheek so red;
The' affection warm, the temper mild,
The sweetness that in sorrow smil'd.

Alas! the cheek where beauty glow'd;
The heart where goodness overflow'd,
A clod amid the valley lies,
And 'dust to dust' the mourner cries.

O from thy kindred early torn,
And to thy grave untimely borne!
Vanish'd for ever from my view,
Thou sister of my soul, adieu!

Fair, with my first ideas twin'd,
Thine image oft will meet my mind;
And, while remembrance brings thee near,
Affection sad will drop a tear.

How oft does sorrow bend the head,
Before we dwell among the dead!
Scarce in the years of manly prime,
I've often wept the wrecks of time.

What tragic tears bedew the eye!
What deaths we suffer ere we die!
Our broken friendships we deplore,
And loves of youth that are no more!

No after-friendship e'er can raise
The' endearments of our early days;
And ne'er the heart such fondness prove,
As when it first began to love.

Affection dies, a vernal flower;
And love, the blossom of an hour;
The spring of fancy cares controul,
And mar the beauty of the soul.

Vers'd in the commerce of deceit,
How soon the heart forgets to beat!
The blood runs cold at Interest's call:—
They look with equal eyes on all.

Then lovely Nature is expell'd,
And Friendship is romantic held;
Then Prudence comes with hundred eyes:
The veil is rent—the vision flies.

The dear illusions will not last;
The era of enchantment's past;
The wild romance of life is done;
The real history is begun.

The sallies of the soul are o'er,
The feast of fancy is no more;
And ill the banquet is supplied
By form, by gravity, by pride.

Ye gods! whatever ye withhold,
Let my affections ne'er grow old;
Ne'er may the human glow depart,
Nor Nature yield to frigid Art!

Still may the generous bosom burn,
Though doom'd to bleed o'er beauty's urn;
And still the friendly face appear,
Though moisten'd with a tender tear!

TO WOMEN.

Ye virgins! fond to be admir'd,
With mighty rage of conquest fir'd,
  And universal sway;
Who heave the' uncover'd bosom high,
And roll a fond, inviting eye,
  On all the circle gay!

You miss the fine and secret art
To win the castle of the heart,
  For which you all contend;
The coxcomb-tribe may crowd your train,
But you will never, never gain
  A lover, or a friend.

If this your passion, this your praise,
To shine, to dazzle, and to blaze,
  You may be call'd divine:
But not a youth beneath the sky
Will say in secret, with a sigh,
  'O were that maiden mine!'

You marshal, brilliant, from the box,
Fans, feathers, diamonds, castled locks,
  Your magazine of arms;
But 'tis the sweet sequester'd walk,
The whispering hour, the tender talk,
  That gives your genuine charms.

The nymph-like robe, the natural grace,
The smile, the native of the face,
  Refinement without art;
The eye where pure affection beams,
The tear from tenderness that streams,
  The accents of the heart:

The trembling frame, the living cheek,
Where, like the morning, blushes break
  To crimson o'er the breast;
The look where sentiment is seen,
Fine passions moving o'er the mien,
  And all the soul exprest:

Your beauties these: with these you shine,
And reign on high by right divine,
  The sovereigns of the world;
Then to your court the nations flow;
The Muse with flowers the path will strow,
  Where Venus' car is hurl'd.

From dazzling deluges of snow,
From summer-noon's meridian glow,
  We turn our aching eye,
To Nature's robe of vernal green,
To the blue curtain, all serene,
  Of an autumnal sky.

The favourite tree of Beauty's queen,
Behold the myrtle's modest green,
  The virgin of the grove!
Soft from the circlet of her star,
The tender turtles draw the car
  Of Venus and of Love.

The growing charm invites the eye;
See morning gradual paint the sky
  With purple and with gold!
See Spring approach with sweet delay!
See rosebuds open to the ray,
  And leaf by leaf unfold!

We love the' alluring line of grace,
That leads the eye a wanton chase,
  And lets the fancy rove;
The walk of beauty ever bends,
And still begins, but never ends
  The labyrinth of love.

At times, to veil is to reveal,
And to display is to conceal;
  Mysterious are your laws!
The vision finer than the view;
Her landscape Nature never drew
  So fair as Fancy draws.

A beauty, carelessly betray'd,
Enamours more, than if display'd
  All woman's charms were given;
And o'er the bosom's vestal white,
The gauze appears a robe of light,
  That veils, yet opens, heaven.

See virgin Eve, with graces bland
Fresh blooming from her Maker's hand,
  In orient beauty beam!
Fair on the river-margin laid,
She knew not that her image made
  The angel in the stream.

Still ancient Eden blooms your own;
But artless Innocence alone
  Secures the heavenly post;
For if, beneath an angel's mien,
The serpent's tortuous train is seen,
  Our Paradise is lost.

O Nature, Nature, thine the charm!
Thy colours woo, thy features warm,
  Thy accents win the heart!
Parisian paint of every kind
That stains the body or the mind,
  Proclaims the harlot's art.

The midnight-minstrel of the grove,
Who still renews the hymn of love,
  And woos the wood to hear,
Knows not the sweetness of his strain,
Nor that, above the tuneful train,
  He charms the lover's ear.

The zone of Venus, heavenly-fine,
Is Nature's handy-work divine,
  And not the web of Art;
And they who wear it never know
To what enchanting charm they owe
  The empire of the heart.

WRITTEN IN SPRING.

No longer hoary Winter reigns,
No longer binds the streams in chains,
  Or heaps with snow the meads;
Array'd with robe of rainbow-dye,
At last the Spring appears on high,
And, smiling over earth and sky,
  Her new creation leads.

The snows confess a warmer ray,
The loosen'd streamlet loves to stray,
  And echo down the dale;
The hills uplift their summits green,
The vales more verdant spread between,
The cuckoo in the wood unseen
  Coos ceaseless to the gale.

The rainbow arching woos the eye
With all the colours of the sky,
  With all the pride of Spring;
Now heaven descends in sunny showers,
The sudden fields put on the flowers,
The green leaves wave upon the bowers,
  And birds begin to sing.

The cattle wander in the wood,
And find the wanton verdant food,
  Beside the well-known rills;
Blithe in the sun the shepherd-swain
Like Pan attunes the pastoral strain,
While many echoes send again
  The music of the hills.

At eve, the primrose path along,
The milkmaid shortens with a song
  Her solitary way;
She sees the fairies, with their queen,
Trip hand-in-hand the circled green,
And hears them raise at times, unseen,
  The ear-enchanting lay.

Maria, come! Now let us rove,
Now gather garlands in the grove,
  Of every new-sprung flower;
We'll hear the warblings of the wood,
We'll trace the windings of the flood;
O come, thou fairer than the bud
  Unfolding in a shower!

Fair as the lily of the vale,
That gives its bosom to the gale
  And opens in the sun;
And sweeter than thy favourite dove,
The Venus of the vernal grove,
Announcing to the choirs of love,
  Their time of bliss begun.

Now, now thy spring of life appears,
Fair in the morning of thy years,

And May of beauty crown'd:
Now vernal visions meet thine eyes,
Poetic dreams to fancy rise,
And brighter days in better skies;—
Elysium blooms around.

Now, now's the morning of thy day;
But, ah! the morning flies away,
And youth is on the wing;
'Tis Nature's voice, 'O pull the rose,
Now while the bud in beauty blows,
Now while the opening leaves disclose
The incense of the Spring!'

What youth, high favour'd of the skies,
What youth shall win the brightest prize
That nature has in store?
Whose conscious eyes shall meet with thine;
Whose arms thy yielding waist entwine;
Who, ravish'd with thy charms divine,
Requires of heaven no more!

Not happier the primæval pair,
When new-made earth, supremely fair,
Smil'd on her virgin Spring;
When all was fair to God's own eye,
When stars consenting sung on high,
And all Heaven's chorus made the sky
With hallelujahs ring.

Devoted to the Muses' choir,
I tune the Caledonian lyre
To themes of high renown:—
No other theme than you I'll choose,

Than you invoke no other Muse:
Nor will that gentle hand refuse
  Thy bard with bays to crown.

Where hills by storied streams ascend,
My dreams and waking wishes tend
  Poetic ease to woo;
Where fairy fingers curl the grove,
Where Grecian spirits round me rove,
Alone enamour'd with the love
  Of Nature and of you!

TO SLEEP.

In vain I court till dawning light,
The coy divinity of night;
Restless, from side to side I turn,
Arise, ye musings of the morn!

Oh, Sleep! though banish'd from those eyes,
In visions fair to Delia rise;
And o'er a dearer form diffuse
Thy healing balm, thy lenient dews.

Blest be her night as infant's rest,
Lull'd on the fond maternal breast,
Who, sweetly-playful, smiles in sleep,
Nor knows that he is born to weep.

Remove the terrors of the night,
The phantom-forms of wild affright,
The shrieks from precipice or flood,
And starting scene that swims with blood.

Lead her aloft to blooming bowers,
And beds of amaranthine flowers,
And golden skies, and glittering streams,
That paint the paradise of dreams.

Venus! present a lover near,
And gently whisper in her ear
His woes, who, lonely and forlorn,
Counts the slow clock from night till morn.

Ah! let no portion of my pain,
Save just a tender trace, remain;
Asleep consenting to be kind,
And wake with Daphnis in her mind.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

Maria, bright with beauty's glow,
In conscious gaiety you go,
  The pride of all the park:
Attracted groups in silence gaze,
And soft behind you hear the praise
  And whisper of the spark.

In fancy's airy chariot whirl'd,
You make the circle of the world,
  And dance a dizzy round:
The maids and kindling youths behold
Your triumph o'er the envious old,
  The queen of Beauty crown'd.

Where'er the beams of fortune blaze,
Or fashion's whispering zephyr plays,

The insect tribe attends;
Gay-glittering through a summer's day,
The silken myriads melt away
Before a sun descends.

Divorc'd from elegant delight,
The vulgar Venus holds her night
An alien to the skies;
Her bosom breathes no finer fire,
No radiance of divine desire
Illumes responsive eyes.

Gods! shall a sordid son of earth
Enfold a form of heavenly birth,
And ravish joys divine?
An angel bless unconscious arms?
The circle of surrendered charms
Unhallowed hands entwine?

The absent day; the broken dream;
The vision wild; the sudden scream;
Tears that unbidden flow!——
Ah! let no sense of griefs profound
That beauteous bosom ever wound
With unavailing woe!

The wild enchanter youth beguiles,
And fancy's fairy landscape smiles
With more than Nature's bloom;
The spring of Eden paints your bowers,
Unsetting suns your promis'd hours
With golden light illume.

A hand, advancing, strikes the bell!
That sound dissolves the magic spell,

And all the charm is gone!
The visionary landscape flies:
At once the' aërial music dies;
In wilds you walk alone.

Howe'er the wind of Fortune blows,
Or sadly-severing Fate dispose
Our everlasting doom;
Impressions never felt before,
And transports to return no more,
Will haunt me to the tomb!

My God! the pangs of nature past,
Will e'er a kind remembrance last
Of pleasures sadly sweet?
Can love assume a calmer name?
My eyes with friendship's angel-flame
An angel's beauty meet?

Ah! should that first of finer forms
Require, through life's impending storms,
A sympathy of soul;
The lov'd Maria of the mind
Will send me, on the wings of wind
To Indus or the Pole.

TO A MAN OF LETTERS.

Lo, winter's hoar dominion past!
Arrested in his eastern blast
The fiend of nature flies;
Breathing the spring, the zephyrs play,
And re-inthron'd, the lord of day
Resumes the golden skies.

Attendant on the genial hours,
The voluntary shades and flowers
  For rural lovers spring;
Wild choirs unseen in concert join,
And round Apollo's rustic shrine
  The sylvan Muses sing.

The finest vernal bloom that blows,
The sweetest voice the forest knows,
  Arise to vanish soon;
The rose unfolds her robe of light,
And Philomela gives her night
  To Richmond and to June.

With bounded ray, and transient grace,
Thus, Varro, holds the human race
  Their place and hour assign'd;
Loud let the venal trumpet sound,
Responsive never will rebound
  The echo of mankind.

Yon forms divine that deck the sphere,
The radiant rulers of the year,
  Confess a nobler hand;
Thron'd in the majesty of morn,
Behold the king of day adorn
  The skies, the sea, the land.

Nor did the' Almighty raise the sky,
Nor hang the' eternal lamps on high,
  On one abode to shine;
The circle of a thousand suns
Extends, while nature's period runs
  The theatre divine.

Thus some, whom smiling nature hails
To sacred springs, and chosen vales,
  And streams of old renown;
By noble toils and worthy scars,
Shall win their mansion mid the stars,
  And wear the' immortal crown.

Bright in the firmament of fame
The lights of ancient ages flame
  With never setting ray,
On worlds unfound from history torn,
O'er ages deep in time unborn,
  To pour the human day.

Won from neglected wastes of time,
Apollo hails his fairest clime,
  The provinces of mind;
An Egypt[1], with eternal towers,
See Montesquieu redeem the hours,
  From Lewis, to mankind.

No tame remission genius knows;
No interval of dark repose,
  To quench the' ethereal flame;
From Thebes to Troy the victor hies,
And Homer with his hero vies
  In varied paths to fame.

The orb which rul'd thy natal night
And usher'd in a greater light

[1] The finest provinces of Egypt, gained from a neglected waste.

Than sets the pole on fire,
With undiminish'd lustre crown'd,
Unwearied walks the' eternal round,
Amid the heavenly quire.

Proud in triumphal chariot hurl'd,
And crown'd the masters of the world,
Ah! let not Philip's son,
His soul in Syrian softness drown'd,
His brows with Persian garlands bound,
The race of pleasure run!

With crossing thoughts Alcides prest,
The awful goddess thus address'd,
And pointing to the prize:
'Behold the wreath of glory shine!
And mark the onward path divine
That opens to the skies!

'The heavenly fire must ever burn,
The hero's step must never turn
From yon sublime abodes:
Long must thy life of labours prove
At last to die the son of Jove,
And mingle with the gods.'

MONIMIA.

AN ODE.

In weeds of sorrow wildly 'dight,
Alone, beneath the gloom of night,
  Monimia went to mourn;
She left a mother's fond alarms;
She left a father's folding arms;
  Ah! never to return!

The bell had struck the midnight hour,
Disastrous planets now had power,
  And evil spirits reign'd;
The lone owl, from the cloister'd aile,
O'er falling fragments of the pile,
  Ill-boding prophet, 'plain'd.

While down her devious footsteps stray,
She tore the willows by the way,
  And gaz'd upon the wave;
Then raising wild to Heaven her eyes,
With sobs and broken accent, cries,
  'I'll meet thee in the grave!'

Bright o'er the border of the stream,
Illumin'd by a transient beam,
  She knew the wonted grove;
Her lover's hand had deck'd it fine,
And roses mix'd with myrtles twine
  To form the bower of love.

The tuneful Philomela rose,
And, sweetly-mournful, sung her woes,
  Enamour'd of the tree;
Touch'd with the melody of woe,
More tender tears began to flow:
  'She mourns her mate, like me.

'I lov'd my lover from a child,
And sweet the youthful cherub smil'd,
  And wanton'd o'er the green;
He train'd my nightingale to sing,
He spoil'd the gardens of the spring,
  To crown me rural queen.

'My brother died before his day;
Sad, through the church-yard's dreary way,
  We wont to walk at eve;
And bending o'er the' untimely urn,
Long at the monument to mourn,
  And look upon his grave.

'Like forms funereal while we stand,
In tender mood he held my hand,
  And laid his cheek to mine;
My bosom beat unknown alarms,
We wept in one another's arms,
  And mingled tears divine.

'From sweet compassion love arose,
Our hearts were wedded by our woes,
  And pair'd upon the tomb;
Attesting all the Powers above,
A fond romance of fancied love
  We vow'd our days to come.

'A wealthy lord from Indian skies,
Illustrious in my parent's eyes,
  Implor'd a mutual mind;
Sad to my chamber I withdrew,
But Harry's footsteps never flew
  The wonted scene to find.

'Three nights in dire suspense I sat
Alone; the fourth convey'd my fate,
  Sent from a foreign shore;—
"Go where thy wandering wishes tend,
Go, and embrace thy father's friend,
  You never see me more!"—

'Despair! distraction! I obey'd,
And one disorder'd moment made
  An ever wretched wife;
Ah! in the circuit of one sun,
Heaven! I was wedded and undone,
  And desolate for life!

'Apart my wedding-robes I tore,
And guarded tears now gushing o'er
  Distain'd the bridal bed:
Wild I invok'd the funeral yell,
And sought devoted now to dwell
  For ever with the dead.

'My lord to Indian climates went:
A letter from my lover sent
  Renew'd eternal woes;—
"Before my love my last words greet,
Wrapt in the weary winding-sheet,
  I in the dust repose!

" Perhaps your parents have deceiv'd,
Perhaps too rashly I believ'd
  A tale of treacherous art;
Monimia! could you now behold
The youth you lov'd in sorrows old,
  Oh! it would break thy heart!

" Now in the grave for ever laid,
A constant solitary shade,
  Thy Harry hangs o'er thee!
For you I fled my native sky;
Loaded with life, for you I die;
  My love, remember me!"

' Of all the promises of youth,
The tears of tenderness and truth,
  The throbs that lovers send;
The vows in one another's arms,
The secret sympathy of charms;
  My God! is this the end!'

She said, and rushing from the bower,
Devoted sought in evil hour
  The promontory steep;
Hung o'er the margin of the main,
Her fix'd and earnest eyeballs strain
  The dashing of the deep:

' Waves that resound from shore to shore;
Rocks loud rebellowing to the roar
  Of ocean, storm, and wind;
Your elemental war is tame,
To that which rages in my frame,
  The battle of the mind!'

With downcast eye and musing mood,
A lurid interval she stood,
  The victim of despair;
Her arms then tossing to the skies,
She pour'd in Nature's ear her cries,
  'My God! my father! where!'—

Wild on the summit of the steep
She ruminated long the deep,
  And felt her freezing blood;
Approaching feet she heard behind,
Then swifter than the winged wind
  She plung'd into the flood.

Her form emerging from the wave
Both parents saw, but could not save;
  The shriek of death arose!
At once she sunk to rise no more;
And sadly sounding to the shore
  The parted billows close!

WRITTEN

IN A VISIT TO THE COUNTRY IN AUTUMN.

'Tis past! No more the Summer blooms
  Ascending in the rear,
Behold congenial Autumn comes,
  The sabbath of the year!
What time thy holy whispers breathe,
The pensive evening shade beneath,
  And twilight consecrates the floods;
While Nature strips her garment gay,
And wears the vesture of decay,
O let me wander through the sounding woods.

Ah! well-known streams! Ah! wonted groves,
  Still pictur'd in my mind!
Oh! sacred scene of youthful loves,
  Whose image lives behind!
While sad I ponder on the past,
The joys that must no longer last;
The wild-flower strown on Summer's bier,
The dying music of the grove,
And the last elegies of love,
Dissolve the soul, and draw the tender tear!

Alas! the hospitable hall,
  Where youth and friendship play'd,
Wide to the winds a ruin'd wall
  Projects a death-like shade!
The charm is vanish'd from the vales;
No voice with virgin-whisper hails
  A stranger to his native bowers:
No more Arcadian mountains bloom,
Nor Enna valleys breathe perfume,
The fancied Eden fades, with all its flowers!

Companions of the youthful scene,
  Endear'd from earliest days!
With whom I sported on the green,
  Or rov'd the woodland maze!
Long-exil'd from your native clime,
Or by the thunder-stroke of Time
  Snatch'd to the shadows of despair;
I hear your voices in the wind,
Your forms in every walk I find,
I stretch my arms: ye vanish into air!

My steps, when innocent and young,
  These fairy paths pursued;
And wandering o'er the wild, I sung
  My fancies to the wood.
I mourn'd the linnet-lover's fate,
Or turtle from her murder'd mate,
  Condemn'd the widow'd hours to wail:
Or while the mournful vision rose,
I sought to weep for imag'd woes,
Nor real life believ'd a tragic tale!

Alas! misfortune's cloud unkind
  May Summer soon o'ercast;
And cruel fate's untimely wind
  All human beauty blast!
The wrath of Nature smites our bowers,
And promis'd fruits, and cherish'd flowers,
  The hopes of life in embryo sweeps;
Pale o'er the ruins of his prime,
And desolate before his time,
In silence sad the mourner walks and weeps!

Relentless power! whose fated stroke
  O'er wretched man prevails!
Ha! love's eternal chain is broke,
  And friendship's covenant fails!
Upbraiding forms! a moment's ease—
O memory! how shall I appease
  The bleeding shade, the unlaid ghost?
What charm can bind the gushing eye?
What voice console the' incessant sigh,
And everlasting longings for the lost?

Yet not unwelcome waves the wood,
  That hides me in its gloom,
While lost in melancholy mood
  I muse upon the tomb.
Their chequer'd leaves the branches shed,
Whirling in eddies o'er my head,
  They sadly sigh, that Winter's near:
The warning voice I hear behind,
That shakes the wood without a wind,
And solemn sounds the death-bell of the year.

Nor will I court Lethean streams,
  The sorrowing sense to steep:
Nor drink oblivion of the themes
  On which I love to weep.
Belated oft by fabled rill,
While nightly o'er the hallow'd hill
  Aërial music seems to mourn;
I'll listen Autumn's closing strain;
Then woo the walks of youth again,
And pour my sorrows o'er the' untimely urn!

MISCELLANIES.

SONG.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

'Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow stream!
When first on them I met my lover;
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream!
When now thy waves his body cover!
For ever now, O Yarrow stream!
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

'He promis'd me a milk-white steed,
To bear me to his father's bowers;
He promis'd me a little page,
To 'squire me to his father's towers;
He promis'd me a wedding-ring,—
The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow;—
Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas, his watery grave, in Yarrow!

'Sweet were his words when last we met;
My passion I as freely told him!
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him!

Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

'His mother from the window look'd,
With all the longing of a mother;
His little sister weeping walk'd
The green-wood path, to meet her brother:
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow!

'No longer from thy window look,
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother;
No longer walk, thou lovely maid!
Alas, thou hast no more a brother!
No longer seek him east or west,
And search no more the forest thorough;
For, wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

'The tear shall never leave my cheek,
No other youth shall be my marrow;
I'll seek thy body in the stream,
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.'—
The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow;
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

SONG.

The day is departed, and round from the cloud
  The moon in her beauty appaers;
The voice of the nightingale warbles aloud
  The music of love in our ears:
Maria, appear! now the season so sweet
  While the beat of the heart is in tune;
The time is so tender for lovers to meet
  Alone by the light of the moon.

I cannot when present unfold what I feel,
  I sigh——Can a lover do more?
Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,
  Yet I think of her all the day o'er.
Maria, my love! Do you long for the grove?
  Do you sigh for an interview soon?
Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove
  Alone by the light of the moon?

Your name from the shepherds whenever I hear
  My bosom is all in a glow; [ear
Your voice when it vibrates so sweet through mine
  My heart thrills—my eyes overflow.
Ye powers of the sky! will your bounty divine
  Indulge a fond lover his boon?
Shall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine,
  Alone by the light of the moon?

THE LOVERS.

The Lovers, in the following Poem, were descended of houses that had been long at variance. The Lady is first introduced as leaving her father's house, and venturing out in the darkness of the night to meet with her Lover. They meet at the appointed hour. The rest of the dia logne passes in the chariot.

HARRIET.

'Tis midnight dark : 'tis silence deep ;
My father's house is hush'd in sleep ;
In dreams the lover meets his bride,
She sees her lover at her side ;
The mourner's voice is now suppress'd,
Awhile the weary are at rest :
'Tis midnight dark ; 'tis silence deep ;
I only wake, and wake to weep.

The window's drawn, the ladder waits,
I spy no watchman at the gates :
No tread re-echoes through the hall,
No shadow moves along the wall.
I am alone. 'Tis dreary night ;—
O come, thou partner of my flight ;
Shield me from darkness, from alarms ;
O take me trembling to thine arms !

The dog howls dismal in the heath,
The raven croaks the dirge of death ;
Ah me ! disaster's in the sound !
The terrors of the night are round ;

A sad mischance my fears forebode,
The demon of the dark's abroad,
And lures, with apparition dire,
The night-struck man through flood and fire.

The owlet screams ill-boding sounds,
The spirit walks unholy rounds;
The wizard's hour eclipsing rolls;
The shades of hell usurp the poles;
The moon retires; the heaven departs—
From opening earth a spectre starts:
My spirit dies——Away my fears,
My love, my life, my lord appears!

HENRY.

I come, I come, my love! my life!
And nature's dearest name, my wife!
Long have I lov'd thee; long have sought;
And dangers brav'd and battles fought;
In this embrace our evils end:
From this our better days ascend;
The year of suffering now is o'er,
At last we meet to part no more!
My lovely bride! my consort, come!
The rapid chariot rolls thee home.

HARRIET.

I fear to go——I dare not stay.
Look back:——I dare not look that way.

HENRY.

No evil ever shall betide
My love, while I am at her side.

Lo! thy protector and thy friend;
The arms that fold thee will defend.

HARRIET.

Still beats my bosom with alarms:
I tremble while I'm in thy arms!
What will impassion'd lovers do?
What have I done—to follow you?
I leave a father torn with fears;
I leave a mother bath'd in tears;
A brother girding on his sword
Against my life, against my lord.

Now, without father, mother, friend,
On thee my future days depend;
Wilt thou, for ever true to love,
A father, mother, brother prove?
O Henry!—to thy arms I fall,
My friend! my husband! and my all!
Alas! what hazards may I run?
Shouldst thou forsake me—I'm undone.

HENRY.

My Harriet, dissipate thy fears,
And let a husband wipe thy tears;
For ever join'd our fates combine,
And I am yours, and you are mine.
The fires the firmament that rend,
On this devoted head descend,
If e'er in thought from thee I rove,
Or love thee less than now I love!
Although our fathers have been foes,
From hatred stronger love arose;

From adverse briars that threatening stood,
And threw a horror o'er the wood,
Two lovely roses met on high,
Transplanted to a better sky,
And, grafted in one stock, they grow,
In union spring, in beauty blow.

HARRIET.

My heart believes my love; but still
My boding mind presages ill:
For luckless ever was our love,
Dark as the sky that hung above.
While we embrac'd, we shook with fears,
And with our kisses mingled tears:
We met with murmurs and with sighs,
And parted still with watery eyes.
An unforeseen and fatal hand
Cross'd all the measures Love had plann'd;
Intrusion marr'd the tender hour,
A demon started in the bower:
If, like the past, the future run,
And my dark day is but begun,
What clouds may hang above my head!
What tears may I have yet to shed!

HENRY.

O do not wound that gentle breast;
Nor sink, with fancied ills oppress'd;
For softness, sweetness, all thou art,
And love is virtue in thy heart.
That bosom ne'er shall heave again
But to the poet's tender strain;
And never more these eyes o'erflow
But for a hapless lover's woe.

Long on the ocean tempest-tost,
At last we gain the happy coast;
And safe recount upon the shore
Our sufferings past, and dangers o'er:
Past scenes; the woes we wept erewhile
Will make our future minutes smile:
When sudden joy from sorrow springs,
How the heart thrills through all its strings!

HARRIET.

My father's castle springs to sight;
Ye towers that gave me to the light!
O hills! O vales! where I have play'd;
Ye woods, that wrapt me in your shade!
O scenes I've often wander'd o'er!
O scenes I shall behold no more!
I take a long, last, lingering view:
Adieu! my native land adieu;
O father, mother, brother dear!
O names still utter'd with a tear!
Upon whose knees I've sat and smil'd,
Whose griefs my blandishments beguil'd;
Whom I forsake in sorrows old,
Whom I shall never more behold!
Farewell, my friends, a long farewell,
Till time shall toll the funeral knell!

HENRY.

Thy friends, thy father's house resign;
My friends, my house, my all is thine.
Awake, arise, my wedded wife,
To higher thoughts and happier life!
For thee the marriage feast is spread,
For thee the virgins deck the bed;

The star of Venus shines above,
And all thy future life is love.
They rise, the dear domestic hours!
The May of Love unfolds her flowers;
Youth, beauty, pleasure spread the feast,
And friendship sits a constant guest;
In cheerful peace the morn ascends,
In wine and love the evening ends;
At distance grandeur sheds a ray,
To gild the evening of our day.

Connubial love has dearer names,
And finer ties, and sweeter claims,
Than e'er unwedded hearts can feel,
Than wedded hearts can e'er reveal:
Pure, as the charities above,
Rise the sweet sympathies of love;
And closer cords than those of life
Unite the husband to the wife.
Like cherubs new-come from the skies,
Henries and Harriets round us rise;
And playing wanton in the hall,
With accent sweet their parents call;
To your fair images I run;
You clasp the husband in the son;
O how the mother's heart will bound!
O how the father's joy be crown'd!

A TALE.

WHERE pastoral Tweed, renown'd in song,
With rapid murmur flows;
In Caledonia's classic ground
The hall of Arthur rose.

A braver Briton never arm'd
To guard his native isle;
A gentler friend did never make
The social circle smile.

Twice he arose, from rebel rage
To save the British crown;
And in the field where heroes strove
He won him high renown.

But to the ploughshare turn'd the sword,
When bloody war did cease;
And in the arbour which he rear'd
He rais'd the song of peace.

An only daughter in his age
Solac'd a father's care;
And all the country blest the name
Of Emily the fair!

The picture of her mother's youth,
(Now sainted in the sky);
She was the angel of his age,
And apple of his eye.

Something unseen o'er all her form
Did nameless grace impart;
A secret charm that won the way
At once into the heart.

Her eye the pure ethereal blue,
  Than that did fairer show,
Whene'er she watch'd a father's look,
  Or wept a lover's woe:

For now the lover of her youth
  To Indian climes had rov'd,
To conquer fortune's cruel rage,
  And match the maid he lov'd.

Her voice, the gentle tone of love,
  The heart a captive stole:
The tender accent of her tongue
  Went thrilling through the soul.

The graces that for Nature fair
  Present us mimic Art,
The false refinements that refine
  Away the human heart,

She knew not; in the simple robe
  Of elegance and ease,
Complete she shone, and ever pleas'd,
  Without the thought to please.

Instruct the' unplanted forest-crab
  To leave its genius wild;
Subdue the monster of the wood,
  And make the savage mild:

But who would give the rose a hue
  Which Nature has not given?
But who would tame the nightingale,
  Or bring the lark from heaven?

The father, watching o'er his child,
  The joy of fathers found;
And, blest himself, he stretch'd his hand
  To bless the neighbours round.

A patriarch in the vale of peace,
  To all he gave the law;
The good he guarded in their rights,
  And kept the bad in awe.

Lord of his own paternal field,
  He liberal dealt his store;
And call'd the stranger to his feast,
  The beggar to his door.

But, ah! what mortal knows the hour
  Of fate? A hand unseen
Upon the curtain ever rests,
  And sudden shifts the scene.

Arthur was surety for his friend,
  Who fled to foreign climes,
And left him to the gripe of law,
  The victim of his crimes.

The sun that, rising, saw him lord
  Of hill and valley round,
Beheld him, at his setting hour,
  Without one foot of ground.

Forth from the hall, no longer his,
  He is a pilgrim gone;
And walks a stranger o'er the fields
  He lately call'd his own.

The blast of winter whistled loud
  And shrill through the void hall;
And heavy on his hoary locks
  The shower of night did fall.

Clasp'd in his daughter's trembling hand,
  He journey'd sad and slow;
At times he stop'd to look behind,
  And tears began to flow.

Wearied, and faint, and cold, and wet,
  To shelter he did hie;
'Beneath the covert of this rock,
  My daughter, let us die!'

At midnight, in the weary waste,
  In sorrow sat the pair;
She chaf'd his shivering hands, and wrung
  The water from his hair.

The sigh spontaneous rose, the tear
  Involuntary flow'd;
No word of comfort could she speak,
  Nor would she weep aloud.

'In yonder hall my fathers liv'd,
  In yonder hall they died;
Now in that church-yard's aile they sleep,
  Each by his spouse's side.

'Oft have I made yon hall resound
  With social, sweet delight;
And marked not the morning hour,
  That stole upon the night.

'When there the wanderers of the dark,
  Reposing, ceas'd to roam;
And strangers, happy in the hall,
  Did find themselves at home:

'I little thought that, thus forlorn,
  In deserts I should bide,
And have not where to lay the head
  Amid the world so wide!'

A stranger, wandering through the wood,
  Beheld the hapless pair;
Long did he look in silence sad,
  Then shriek'd, as in despair.

He ran, and lowly at the feet
  Of his late lord he fell;
'Alas, my Master, have I lived
  To bid your house farewell!

'But I will never bid adieu
  To him I priz'd so high:
As with my Master I have liv'd,
  I'll with my Master die.

'I saw the summer-friend, who shar'd
  The banquet in your hall,
Depart, nor cast one look behind
  On the forsaken wall.

'I saw the daily, nightly guest,
  The changing scene forsake;
Nor drop a tear, nor turn his steps
  The long farewell to take:

'Then to the service of my lord
  I vow'd a throbbing heart;
And in the changes of your life
  To bear an humble part.

'Forgive the fond, officious zeal
  Of one that loves his lord!
The new possessor of your field
  A suppliant I implor'd.

'I told the treachery of your friend,
  The story of your woe,
And sought his favour, when I saw
  His tears begin to flow.

'I ask'd the hamlet of the hill,
  The lone, sequester'd seat,
Your chosen haunt and favourite bower,
  To be your last retreat.

'I offer'd, what was all your own,
The gold I had in store;
Low at his feet I fell, and wept
That I could give no more.

"Your gold is yours, (the generous youth
With gentle accent said;)
Your Master's be that little field,
And cheerful be his shed!"

'Now Heaven has heard my pray'r; I've wish'd
I could in part repay
The favours your extended hand
Bestow'd from day to day.

'I yet may see a garland green
Upon the hoary head;
Yet see my Master blest, before
I dwell among the dead!'

In silence Arthur look'd to Heav'n,
And clasp'd his Edwin's hand;
The eyes of Emily in tears
Express'd affection bland.

From opening Heaven the moon appear'd;
Fair was the face of night;
Bright in their beauty shone the stars;
The air was flowing light.

Arthur resum'd the pilgrim's staff;
They held their lonely way
Dim through the forest's darksome bourne,
Till near the dawning day.

Then a long line of ruddy light,
That quiver'd to and fro,
Reveal'd their lone retreat, and clos'd
The pilgrimage of woe.

He enter'd, solemn, slow, and sad,
  The destin'd hermitage,
A little and a lonely hut,
  To cover hapless age.

He clasp'd his daughter in his arms,
  And kiss'd a falling tear;
'I have my all, ye gracious Powers!
  I have my daughter here!'

A sober banquet to prepare,
  Emilia cheerful goes;
The faggot blaz'd, the window glanc'd,
  The heart of age arose:

'I would not be that guilty man,
  With all his golden store;
Nor change my lot with any wretch,
  That counts his thousands o'er.

'Now here at last we are at home,
  We can no lower fall;
Low in the cottage, peace can dwell,
  As in the lordly hall.

'The wants of Nature are but few;
  Her banquet soon is spread:
The tenant of the vale of tears
  Requires but daily bread.

'The food that grows in every field
  Will life and health prolong;
And water from the spring suffice
  To quench the thirsty tongue.

'But all the Indies, with their wealth,
  And earth, and air, and seas,
Will never quench the sickly thirst
  And craving of disease.

'My humble garden to my hand
  Contentment's feast will yield;
And, in the season, harvest white
  Will load my little field.

'Like Nature's simple children, here,
  With Nature's self we'll live,
And of the little that is left
  Have something still to give.

'The sad vicissitudes of life
  Long have I learn'd to bear;
But oh! my daughter, thou art new
  To sorrow and to care!

'How shall that fine and flowery form,
  In silken folds confin'd,
That scarcely fac'd the summer's gale,
  Endure the wintry wind?

'Ah how wilt thou sustain a sky
  With angry tempest red!
How wilt thou bear the bitter storm
  That's hanging o'er thy head!

'Whate'er thy justice dooms, O God!
  I take with temper mild;
But oh! repay it thousand-fold
  In blessings on my child!'

'Weep not for me, thou father fond!'
  (The virgin soft did say!)
Could I contribute to thy peace,
  Oh, I would bless the day!

'The parent who provides for all
  For us will now provide;
These hands have learn'd the gayer arts
  Of elegance and pride:

'What once amus'd a vacant hour,
Shall now the day engage;
And Vanity shall spread the board
Of Poverty and Age.

'At eventide, how blithe we'll meet,
And, while the faggots blaze,
Recount the trifles of the time,
And dream of better days!

'I'll read the tragic tales of old,
To soothe a father's woes;
I'll lay the pillow for thy head,
And sing thee to repose.'

The father wept: 'Thy wondrous hand,
Almighty, I adore!
I had not known how blest I was,
Had I not been so poor!

'Now blest be God for what is reft!
And blest for what is given!
Thou art an angel, O my child!
With thee I dwell in Heaven!'

Then, in the garb of ancient times,
They trod the pastoral plain:
But who describes a summer's day,
Or paints the halcyon main?

One day, a wanderer in the wood
The lonely threshold prest;
'Twas then that Arthur's humble roof
Had first receiv'd a guest.

The stranger told his tender tale:
'I come from foreign climes;
From countries red with Indian blood,
And stain'd with Christian crimes.

'O may Britannia never hear
What these sad eyes have seen!
May an eternal veil be drawn
That world and this between!

'No frantic avarice fir'd my soul,
And Heaven my wishes crown'd;
For soon a fortune to my mind
With innocence I found.

'From exile sad, returning home,
I kiss'd the sacred earth;
And flew to find my native woods
And walls that gave me birth.

'To church on Sunday fond I went,
In hopes to mark, unseen,
All my old friends, assembled round
The circle of the green.

'Alas, the change that time had made!
My ancient friends were gone;
Another race possess'd the walls,
And I was left alone!

'A stranger among strangers, long
I look'd from pew to pew;
But not the face of one old friend
Rose imag'd to my view.

'The horrid plough had raz'd the green,
Where we have often play'd;
The axe had fell'd the hawthorn-tree,
The schoolboy's summer shade.

'One maid, the beauty of the vale,
To whom I vow'd my care,
And gave my heart, had fled away,
And none could tell me where.

'My cares and toils in foreign climes
  Were for that peerless maid;
She rose in beauty by my side:
  My toils were all repaid.

'By Indian streams I sat alone,
  While on my native isle,
And on my ancient friends I thought,
  And wept the weary while.

'Twas she that cheer'd my captive hours,
  She came in every dream,
As, smiling, on the rear of night,
  Appears the morning-beam.

'In quest of her I wander, wild,
  O'er mountain, stream, and plain;
And, if I find her not, I fly
  To Indian climes again.'

The father thus began: 'My son,
  Mourn not thy wretched fate;
For He that rules in Heaven decrees
  This life a mixed state.

'The stream that carries us along,
  Flows through the vale of tears;
Yet on the darkness of our day,
  The bow of Heaven appears.

'The rose of Sharon, king of flowers,
  Is fenc'd with prickles round;
Queen of the vale, the lily fair
  Among the thorns is found.

'E'en while we raise the song, we sigh
  The melancholy while;
And, down the face of mortal man,
  The tear succeeds the smile.

'Nought pure or perfect here is found;
  But, when this night is o'er,
The' eternal morn will spring on high,
  And we shall weep no more.

'Beyond the dim horizon far,
  That bounds the mortal eye,
A better country blooms to view,
  Beneath a brighter sky.'—

Unseen, the trembling virgin heard
  The stranger's tale of woe;
Then enter'd, as an angel bright,
  In beauty's highest glow.

The stranger rose—he look'd, he gaz'd—
  He stood a statue pale;
His heart did throb, his cheek did change,
  His faltering voice did fail.

At last, 'My Emily herself,
  Alive in all her charms!'
The father kneel'd; the lovers rush'd
  To one another's arms.

In speechless ecstasy entranc'd
  Long while they did remain;
They glow'd, they trembled, and they sob'd,
  They wept, and wept again.

The father lifted up his hands
  To bless the happy pair;
Heaven smil'd on Edward the belov'd,
  And Emily the fair.

OSSIAN's HYMN TO THE SUN.

O THOU whose beams the sea-girt earth array,
King of the sky, and father of the day!
O Sun! what fountain, hid from human eyes,
Supplies thy circle round the radiant skies,
For ever burning, and for ever bright,
With heaven's pure fire, and everlasting light?
What awful beauty in thy face appears!
Immortal youth, beyond the power of years!

When gloomy darkness to thy reign resigns,
And from the gates of morn thy glory shines,
The conscious stars are put to sudden flight,
And all the planets hide their heads in night;
The queen of heaven forsakes the' ethereal plain,
To sink inglorious in the western main.
The clouds refulgent deck thy golden throne,
High in the heavens, immortal and alone!
Who can abide the brightness of thy face!
Or who attend thee in thy rapid race!
The mountain-oaks, like their own leaves decay;
Themselves the mountains wear with age away;
The boundless main that rolls from land to land,
Lessens at times, and leaves a waste of sand;
The silver moon, refulgent lamp of night,
Is lost in heaven, and emptied of her light;
But thou for ever shalt endure the same,
Thy light eternal, and unspent thy flame.

When tempests with their train impend on high,
Darken the day, and load the labouring sky;

When heaven's wide convex glows with lightnings
dire,
All ether flaming, and all earth on fire:
When loud and long the deep-mouth'd thunder rolls,
And peals on peals redoubled, rend the poles;
If from the opening clouds thy form appears,
Her wonted charm the face of Nature wears;
Thy beauteous orb restores departed day,
Looks from the sky, and laughs the storm away.

HYMNS.

THE

PRAYER OF JACOB.

O God of Abraham! by whose hand
  Thy people still are fed;
Who, through this weary pilgrimage,
  Hast all our fathers led!

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
  Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
  Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
  Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us by day our daily bread,
  And raiment fit provide.

O spread thy covering wings around,
  Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our fathers' lov'd abode
  Our feet arrive in peace.

Now with the humble voice of prayer
  Thy mercy we implore;
Then with the grateful voice of praise
  Thy goodness we'll adore.

THE

COMPLAINT OF NATURE.

Few are thy days and full of woe,
  O man of woman born!
Thy doom is written, 'Dust thou art,
  And shalt to dust return.'

Determin'd are the days that fly
  Successive o'er thy head;
The number'd hour is on the wing,
  That lays thee with the dead.

Alas! the little day of life
  Is shorter than a span;
Yet black with thousand hidden ills
  To miserable man.

Gay is thy morning; flattering hope
  Thy sprightly step attends;
But soon the tempest howls behind,
  And the dark night descends.

Before its splendid hour the cloud
  Comes o'er the beam of light;
A pilgrim in a weary land,
  Man tarries but a night.

Behold! sad emblem of thy state,
  The flowers that paint the field;
Or trees, that crown the mountain's brow,
  And boughs and blossoms yield.

When chill the blast of winter blows,
  Away the summer flies,
The flowers resign their sunny robes,
  And all their beauty dies.

Nipt by the year, the forest fades;
  And, shaking to the wind,
The leaves toss to and fro, and streak
  The wilderness behind.

The winter past, reviving flowers
  Anew shall paint the plain:
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
  And flourish green again:

But man departs this earthly scene,
  Ah! never to return!
No second spring shall e'er revive
  The ashes of the urn.

The' inexorable doors of death
  What hand can e'er unfold?
Who from the cerements of the tomb
  Can raise the human mould?

The mighty flood that rolls along
  Its torrents to the main,
The waters lost can ne'er recal
  From that abyss again.

The days, the years, the ages, dark
  Descending down to night,
Can never, never be redeem'd
  Back to the gates of light.

So man departs the living scene,
  To night's perpetual gloom;
The voice of morning ne'er shall break
  The slumbers of the tomb.

Where are our fathers? Whither gone
  The mighty men of old?
The patriarchs, prophets, princes, kings,
  In sacred books enroll'd?—

'Gone to the resting-place of man,
  The everlasting home,
Where ages past have gone before,
  Where future ages come.'

Thus Nature pour'd the wail of woe,
  And urg'd her earnest cry;
Her voice in agony extreme
  Ascended to the sky.

The' Almighty heard: then from his throne
  In majesty he rose;
And from the heaven, that open'd wide,
  His voice in mercy flows:

'When mortal man resigns his breath,
  And falls a clod of clay,
The soul immortal wings its flight,
  To never-setting day.

'Prepar'd of old for wicked men
  The bed of torment lies;
The just shall enter into bliss
  Immortal in the skies!'

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

Almighty Father of mankind,
  On thee my hopes remain;
And when the day of trouble comes,
  I shall not trust in vain.

Thou art our kind Preserver, from
  The cradle to the tomb;
And I was cast upon thy care,
  Ev'n from my mother's womb.

In early years thou wast my guide,
  And of my youth the friend:
And as my days began with thee,
  With thee my days shall end.

I know the Power in whom I trust,
  The arm on which I lean;
He will my Saviour ever be,
  Who has my Saviour been.

In former times, when trouble came,
  Thou didst not stand afar;
Nor didst thou prove an absent friend
  Amid the din of war.

My God, who causedst me to hope,
  When life began to beat,
And when a stranger in the world,
  Didst guide my wandering feet;

Thou wilt not cast me off, when age
  And evil days descend;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
  To mourn my latter end.

Therefore in life I'll trust to thee,
  In death I will adore;
And after death will sing thy praise,
  When time shall be no more.

HEAVENLY WISDOM.

O HAPPY is the man who hears
  Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial Wisdom makes
  His early, only choice.

For she has treasures greater far
  Than east or west unfold,
And her reward is more secure
  Than is the gain of gold.

In her right hand she holds to view
  A length of happy years;
And in her left, the prize of fame
  And honour bright appears.

She guides the young, with innocence,
  In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
  Upon the hoary head.

According as her labours rise,
  So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
  And all her paths are peace.

BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord
  In latter days shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
  And draw the wondering eyes.

To this the joyful nations round,
  All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
'Up to the hill of God, (they'll say)
  And to his house we'll go.'

The beam that shines on Zion-hill
  Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Zion-towers
  Shall all the world command.

No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
  Or mar the peaceful years;
To ploughshares soon they beat their swords,
  To pruning-hooks their spears.

No longer hosts encountering hosts,
  Their millions slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
  And study war no more.

Come then—O come from every land,
  To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
  With holy beauties shine.

BEHOLD! the' Ambassador divine,
  Descending from above,
To publish to mankind the law
  Of everlasting love!

On him, in rich effusion pour'd,
  The heavenly dew descends;
And truth divine he shall reveal
  To earth's remotest ends.

No trumpet-sound, at his approach,
  Shall strike the wondering ears;
But still and gentle breathe the voice
  In which our God appears.

By his kind hand the shaken reed
  Shall raise its falling frame;
The dying embers shall revive,
  And kindle to a flame.

The onward progress of his zeal
  Shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands and distant isles
  Receive the law divine.

He who spread forth the arch of heaven,
  And bade the planets roll,
Who laid the basis of the earth,
  And form'd the human soul,—

Thus saith the Lord, 'Thee have I sent,
  A Prophet from the sky,
Wide o'er the nations to proclaim
  The message from on high.

'Before thy face the shades of death
  Shall take to sudden flight;
The people who in darkness dwell
  Shall hail a glorious light;

'The gates of brass shall sunder burst,
  The iron fetters fall;
The promis'd jubilee of Heaven
  Appointed rise o'er all.

'And lo! presaging thy approach,
  The heathen temples shake,
And trembling in forsaken fanes,
  The fabled idols quake.

'I am Jehovah: I am One:
My name shall now be known;
No idol shall usurp my praise,
Nor mount into my throne.'

Lo, former scenes, predicted once,
Conspicuous rise to view;
And future scenes, predicted now,
Shall be accomplish'd too.

Now sing a new song to the Lord!
Let earth his praise resound;
Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
And fill the isles around.

O city of the Lord! begin
The universal song;
And let the scatter'd villages
The joyful notes prolong.

Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up the lonely voice;
And let the tenants of the rock
With accent rude rejoice.

O from the streams of distant lands
Unto Jehovah sing!
And joyful from the mountains' tops
Shout to the Lord, the King!

Let all combin'd with one accord
Jehovah's glories raise,
Till in remotest bounds of earth
The nations sound his praise.

MESSIAH! at thy glad approach
  The howling wilds are still;
Thy praises fill the lonely waste,
  And breathe from every hill.

The hidden fountains, at thy call,
  Their sacred stores unlock;
Loud in the desert, sudden streams
  Burst living from the rock.

The incense of the spring ascends
  Upon the morning gale:
Red o'er the hill the roses bloom,
  The lilies in the vale.

Renew'd, the earth a robe of light,
  A robe of beauty wears;
And in new heavens a brighter Sun
  Leads on the promis'd years.

The kingdom of Messiah come,
  Appointed times disclose;
And fairer in Emmanuel's land
  The new creation glows.

Let Israel to the Prince of Peace
  The loud hosannah sing!
With hallelujahs and with hymns,
  O Zion, hail thy King!

WHEN Jesus, by the Virgin brought,
  So runs the law of heaven,
Was offer'd holy to the Lord,
  And at the altar given;

Simeon the just and the devout,
  Who, frequent in the fane,
Had for the Saviour waited long,
  But waited still in vain,

Came, heaven-directed, at the hour
  When Mary held her Son;
He stretched forth his aged arms,
  While tears of gladness run:

With holy joy upon his face
  The good old father smil'd,
While fondly in his wither'd arms
  He clasp'd the promis'd child.

And then he lifted up to heaven
  An earnest asking eye;
'My joy is full, my hour is come,
  Lord! let thy servant die.

'At last my arms embrace my Lord,
  Now let their vigour cease;
At last my eyes my Saviour see,
  Now let them close in peace!

'The star and glory of the land
  Hath now begun to shine;
The morning that shall gild the globe
  Breaks on these eyes of mine!'

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Patron of Mankind appears.

He who for men in mercy stood,
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heaven his plan of grace,
The Guardian God of human race.

Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye,
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, and agonies, and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathises in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour!

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